

Catacomb

Prozak

I cannot breathe, but I don't seem to struggle
I hear the voices of my grandparents and my brother
Everything so unfamiliar, yeah I know my way
To describe this feeling, it's the opposite of pain
No separation from the sky and the ground
Livin it only to my imagination as I look around
All along the outskirts walk the lost souls
Screaming in the language that only the shadows know
Script of the any recollection of the former lives
So full of sorrow otherwise hollow on inside
The feeling is so lonely that I have to turn away
I ponder how awfull to be the final price to pay
Continue moving to the trenches of this outter realm
The feeling of being followed is certain what I cannot tell
Up from down left from right night from day, day from night
But the whisper in the wind told me "it's all right"

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Walking down this dark hallWay with many doors
And every single room is the place that I've been before
Door one was the hospital I was born in
And trade a cross from that was my grandmother she was so ill
In the same chair when she lost air such a blank stare
Tryin call her name but I can only speak in prior
Moving on into the third door
I feel the presence of my cousins and uncles so I'm in corridor
Of this dark room that is pitch black
Since that I've never seen the faces I knew they never be comin
g back
The forth room is empty
But I can understand symbolically that's how I feel most of my li
fe
So it was me
Door five help my spirit guides inside
Their hands are joining in the circle protecting me from all si
des
A dark figure black for sixth door
Cloud black the whisper in the wind spoke again and it said "tu
rn back"

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