

Yellow Eyes

Between the Buried and Me

[NIGHT FOUR]

Yellow eyes are seen circling... a whirlwind arriving for the passing storm
The hunt... the hunter inside
A whirlwind arriving
The wanderer wanders too far from the gold distance
Where they live... where the quiet lay their drowning heads at night
Flesh drapes on the smoking ground and then spills onto the teeth of the once protected
(Yellow eyes close in)

Yellow
Our souls grip onto a wall
Our minds slip past this old soul
Yellow

[MORNING FIVE]

Smoke is seen in both directions
My creation sits... my progress awaits
Smoke is seen in both directions
In rubble... their creation
Somewhere in the distance... somewhere
The softness of snow mutes my travels
Somewhere in the distance... somewhere

This landscape seems to change too often for comfort
A blinking light hides as I stumble downward
A stillness... it's too quiet
The hum of electricity
My crumbling bones seem to weld the new author
A stillness... it's too quiet
The hum of electricity... seems to buzz

Cut an X in my palm... leave my mark
A translation for whatever created this world for me
I sit under the crimson moon
Whatever created this world for me
Yours or mine?
They or this?
Yellow eyes

Tread light

Collisions open on us more
Revise

The simple task of our own
We serve our own hell

A cocoon leaking our own conclusions
We serve our hell well
Cope with disguise

Inner working dissect
Common phase neglect
I am tangible with no logic

Change my focus, drown my spirits
There's more to this than it may seem

Blink fast into hollow ground...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>