B. Anablephobia

Between the Buried and Me

Clowns now appear
They carrying knives and cups of gasoline
Tonight is our death
Then begin to slash each other
Clowns now appearThey carrying knives and cups of gasoline
Tonight is our death, the skies open up
The flames pour in
The world watched in aweMesmerized
The skies open up, the flames pour in
The world watched in awe
Mesmerized, death is in the airThe three adults once again start talking
They ask questions of faith and love
We shall live past these days
Rid of all we've done, I see what they mean nowBut the wretched smell has overcome
I am gone, the baby born with the end of the world
Awake, awake, awake, awakeThe five of us haven't spoken in hours
Sitting alone to our own thoughts
Only we will know
What strange things boredom has created

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