Extremophile Elite

Between the Buried and Me

To see one's self is hard to explain
Last night was the first notion of this
Once again real life and dreams are whirling amongst one another
Space flight navigator
A walking mirror
Galaxy drifter
Entwined together
To grasp the other hand
To hear the other speak
Carve one's skin out of their own soil
Sends chills throughout my bodyWake up to a dirt covered surrounding
Machines in the distance
Something far too familiar
The world comes to a screeching halt when I cover my ears
Lift off the hands and the claws work again
Digging graves
Deeper graves
The machines deafen my ears with such extremity
Constant maze from digging graves
I bury my head in the dirt
It all stopsThis sends bliss throughout me
Upside down dreaming
The sound of earth soothes my entire body
Real life and dreams are whirling
(A hand lifts my head out of the dirt)
Pulling hairs from what seems to be my brain
I see him, me, us?
The walking mirrorEyes slowly open as dust clouds surround me
Speak to me freely
I am listeningThe clanking of machines scream in the distance
I strain in order to get up
Soon I stumble down a dirt hill and see a buried man
Just his skull is underground
Once again real life and dreams are whirling amongst one another
Walking into a certain state of desperation
(Dig deep into the soil to lift the mans head. It pulls out of the ground with ease.)Carve one's skin out of their own soil
Sends chills throughout my body
It is a corpse

Something is buried where his head once lay
A note, my note
My hands shake and I fall to my knees
Slowly read "please know I love"

Songwriters
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