

Lost Perfection a. Coulrophobia

Between the Buried and Me

These hours seem like years...
I've been starting at this wall,
wondering when it's going to take all of our lives.
I'm just glad we have jokes.
I think way too much back here.
My eyes are slowly closing;
boredom is causing this loss of interest.
When will I awake?
My eyes are slowly closing;
boredom is causing this loss of interest.
When will I awake?
Asleep...
This party of four includes three grown adults and myself.
The first adult is shy and wise enough
to keep the second one away from conversation.
(They're on a mission).
Gender is not recognized.
The third adult is a male and talks too much.
The stench of shit is in the air...
The room storms with laughter...
four turns to a hundred and the noise is unbearable.
"It's time, you are in hell, this place will kill itself soon!"
I cry, and the hands surround me.
Born into a hell... never wake to this.
I cry, and the hands surround me.
Born into a hell... never wake to this.
I have experienced nothing,
yet I fell the only one who has not done harm.
If only I could understand how to change things...
I can't fucking think.
The noise is unbearable.
I can't fucking think.
The noise is unbearable.
THE noise STOPS.

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