

Wreath

Carver

Falling inside again
This nightmare always the same
Still never enough
Halting at the brink of discovery
Moving into the darkness
Leaking inside to cover up
Dragging me down and under
Entangled and undone at once
Old memories
I'm not in need but wish to know
What are the tragedies
The history behind the walls
Pacing futhur down
Familiar children's laughter
Dissonant and out of time
And their eyes are dead
Watching myself in a pool of water
Wearing the mask of a ghost
Smeared all across my skin
Rotton earth and insects
Endless night
Always preserving the calm
Movement behind
Bleeding animals in a field of fire
There is no absolution
Death is but a fairytale
They are mere visions
They are afraid of me
Clear insight
A smoke is rising nearby
Dust covering my coat
Blend together to spell my name
Pale, covered me with sweat
There are no words left
Sole provider of death
Distorted faith in myself
Human harvest burning
Blackest pages turning
Twisted perception come true

Captured in dreams connected
Staring right back
Spiritual decay - Still seeking
Frozen in time
Mourn this departure - All watching
Calling me back
Closure to bleak matters - I'm leaving
End of a search
Coming of morning
Calling me back
Closure to bleak matters - I'm leaving
End of a search
Coming of morning - Returning

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