

Writing On The Walls

The Intake of Glass

The scenery decays
Through vacant eyes
Fading all I see
To black and white
No colors to describe
No voice to reply
My emotions slowly die
No lows or highs, I'm flatlined
The writing on the walls
May be foreign to us all
'Cause the casualties of war
Haven't changed us much at all
Reality replays through strain and strife
Causing crashing waves to change the tides
Wash away the lines
Erase the space in time
New emotions, show a sign
Hold to life down a flatline

The writing on the walls
May be foreign to us all
'Cause the casualties of war
Haven't changed us much at all
I won't let you bury me
You're not ready to bear the weight
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