

# Lay Your Ghosts to Rest

## Between the Buried and Me

Under it all  
A new world  
A new world made with the hands of madness  
These hands  
They will always do the cutting  
Piece by piece the pain gets worse  
If only I could see myself right now The gathering of flesh  
Transforming my face into an unrecognizable state  
Smooth out the eyes  
Smooth out the lips  
Every mirror is a past idea smashed upon recognition (These selfish reasons, the letter is all I left for  
explaining) Will it be found?  
Will the right hands deliver?  
The heartache I left Cut until all that is left is new material  
Myself  
Day in, day out  
Deep down I know what I must do So much happens behind closed doors  
So much happens behind our closed doors  
This key will open them  
Expose us all Crusty-eyed symphony  
Awakened by my grunts and moans  
Why do I do this to myself?  
I suppose the choice was all mine  
God felt so much better before the mirror glimpse  
On the surface I know what I must do The precaution documents  
The fail safe way back "home".  
Should I end it right here and now?  
That would be far too selfish  
I shall end what I've begun  
The creation of more  
More of us  
The skin and bones of destruction  
An army of weak souls  
Weak minds  
Weak life (Written in a language I can understand. My brilliance seems questioned with these instructions. Fairly  
obvious for precaution documents I suppose. The "Night Owls" always send me back. Seems to be in their  
DNA) I wake to my own whimper  
Ship is counting down

Must regroup myselfThe end starts now

Songwriters

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