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 nowThe 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 leftCut until all that is left is new material
Myself
Day in, day out
Deep down I know what I must doSo much happens behind closed doors
So much happens behind our closed doors
This key will open them
Expose us allCrusty-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 doThe 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

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