Above The Horizon

Xysma

Towards the horizon From under the sea Firmament Is laughing at me Greenish visions From the past Millions of coffins Of the future The waves sing death I'm listening to their message The sky melts and the star fries I'm a cell in your veins Ears turn into birds Flesh starts to shrink My tearduct evacuates shapes and rain Slugs are crawling on the sun Your mental health is weakening The planet surrounds you You're only a reflection Look at me - I'm your scenery Paint me and you'll see Close your eyes and you'll be free

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