

Cave In, Halo Of Flies

Reality rose like the sun, and still i slept through it.

"I can always witness it another morning...."

The thoughts like these are cemented in procrastination.

Now this part of "she" is liquid form somewhere on the floor,
as a self-defiant need for a cure.

Diagnosed to emerge and roam away from roads thick as foam.

You wish to burn the candles that quietly service the arm.

Another day with the shades pulled down until the swallow returns her to sleep.

A father knocks on the silent door while this part of "she" has become an inferno shame

louder than we expect from such silent candles no so secret anymore.

Now the eyes of my eyes have opened.

Now the eyes of my eyes cling dear.

Never let the swallow return you back to sleep.

The smell of wounds have left you bug-bitten here,

and again i know reality shall rise tomorrow.

This time i hope to be awake, for i cannot postpone another morning.

Never let the swallow return you to sleep.