

Damiera, Immure

How could I feel that we're in condition to get along
Impending a suffocating fight
Outside is appealing
Feeling like we feel
Connected in a cloud of "let's lost";
Time fits to find we've extended everything
Spread thin accomplishing nothing right
Each time we're colliding
Feeling like we've killed
The focus of a time that's been lost
Let's distinguish when connection falls away
Finding a decision when our senses run away
Feels like we sing with open stomachs hanging
To feed upon the challenge of consumption
Still
I'm ashamed/beat
In this optimistic hole
Is there light at the end?
Finally let's distinguish when connection falls away
Keeps us from pretending every other step we take
Finally let's distinguish when connection falls away
Keeps us from pretending every step we take
We can recognize all the ways we've led to
Stillness and content
I can hardly feel
What was once alive
Buried in disguise
Finally let's distinguish when connection falls away
Keeps us from pretending every other step we take
Finally let's distinguish when connection falls away
Keeps us from pretending every step we take