

Neurosis, Hidden Faces

Through the eyes I have known you
Your spirit is stretched thin
Your veil is a hole
Stream a dark tide's betrayal
That rips through its own
Through the eyes of the wheel
I will see you coming
Through the waves of lies
I will see you coming
Through the years of burden
I will see you coming
Through the weathering vine
I will see you coming
The feral now feeds you
Instinct is pure
All reactions are sane
Eyes on the mountain
Hidden faces
Spirit faces