

Neurosis, The Eye Of Every Storm

A wind carries your scent
To those who will find you out
A storm forces you down
To seek shelter from the rain

Your trail leads to a mine of cyanide and gold
A free falling darkness leads you to yourself

I am low to the ground again
I have the future bearing on down
I run with the starlight to the end
The tail of the echo subsides

(Now oath breaker sinks low x2)

So I crawl through the hailstones
My eyes fixed on my return

(Now oath breaker sinks low x2)

Time brings them all home
To the eye of every storm