

Neurosis, Through Silver In Blood

Through silver in blood
We stand judged not by
Eyes of flesh, when
Transit times cross
Prey vision consumed

Bleeding one
Bleed alone
Breeding love

Windstorm promised
The teeth strained
Eyes see glory
Rings end in slow
Death wash out
Your wound, rings
End in slow death

Don't crawl seek his burn of war
When the fallout comes he is fire