

# Circle Of Dead Children, Four Walls And A Feeling

Disfiguring the memory

So silent

So serene

One eye shut for the past

One eye opens for tomorrow's dream

Mark her the one

The one who will stand alone

Pitter-patter of dry-rotted love

Plunging, dropping, splashing into heaven's eighth lake

And casting a disfigured reflection of life in its eight rings

Dry flaking tincture under one-inch fingernails

So follow her home

Follow her to reprisal so sweet

Crying help to a barren room

Barren walls

Romance in monotone

She will never miss you

We will never miss you