

# Donny Brook, Phantom Limb Pain

Shifting sails  
And wake dawn trails  
Black curtained puzzle pieces that refuse to pale  
Sifting tales  
Through shielding veils  
Corroding ill foundation of reports so frail

Royalty slumbers by the grave edge of four knights  
One from five  
Released on the ocean  
This circle of silence will splinter

Misting ails  
Cresting waves wail  
Of essence in the presence of armored exhale  
Shifting sails  
And wake drawn trails  
And paths of negligence that hold judicial scales

Fabricated tools crafted this stage you have built  
How overbearing are your strings puppets of guilt  
At peace with emotion

This circle of silence will splinter  
On from five released on the ocean  
This circle of silence will splinter

One from five

One from five released of the ocean  
This circle of silence will splinter  
One from five released on the ocean  
The eagle glides a course to the golden winter