

Higher, Circle Of Death

Once placed upon a group of repeats
Those individuals make my time so unworthy and impressed
How silent you are than the lights
Discovering what could only hide for so long
After and a week you know that we'll be gone
We run this game and we need to escape

I'm over that way of communicating
Over and around
Everyone is anyone
I could say I can wait but what would that mean?
Where would I be?
Are you still listening to me?

Oh, tethered heart of the words you've grown to starve
The world is overrated where you are
Very simple, unimpressed
And we're growing up so fast
Now the lights
Discovering what could only hide for so long
After and a week you know that we'll be gone
We run this game and we need to escape

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