

# 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  
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