

Jerry Cantrell, Afterglow

Where you end and I begin there's no light
A parasite who lives within a hingeless door
Far below the surface there, breathe a heavy sigh
Stand alone in a circle squared, preparing to try

Where you go, ash and cinders form the afterglow
Blowing over

You never know the shapes are thin, drawn in shadow lines
Dust and foam the state I'm in, a sense of pride

Where you go, ash and cinders form the afterglow
Blowing over

Trying hard to bleed slower
Hear you're sinking low... get lower
Trying hard to bleed slower

Zeroes in my hand, and it's time
Reach into the sand, come fill me again

Where you go, ash and cinders form the afterglow
Blowing over
Undertow, ash and cinders light the afterglow
Sucking under

Trying hard to bleed slower
Hear you're sinking low, I'm lower
Trying hard to bleed slower