

# Project 86, Untitled (Soma/Circuitry Demo)

It struck me as curious how you could create dead men but not living ones  
Eyes I dare not meet in dreams, the hope only of empty men  
Lips that would kiss form prayers to broken stone  
And I heard them all singing, each to each  
I do not think that they will sing to me

We shall take part in it as the handful of dust and the splinters of bones  
Rat's feet on broken glass in dry cellars  
And I heard them all keep calling my name  
Calling my name, calling my name

Soma, soma, running, running down  
Do I dare disturb you?  
Soma running down, rivers of blood

Horizon lines I know too well