

Xysma, Above The Horizon

Towards the horizon
From under the sea
Firmament
Is laughing at me
Greenish visions
From the past
Millions of coffins
Of the future
The waves sing death
I'm listening to their message
The sky melts and the star fries
I'm a cell in your veins
Ears turn into birds
Flesh starts to shrink
My tearduct evacuates shapes and rain
Slugs are crawling on the sun
Your mental health is weakening
The planet surrounds you
You're only a reflection
Look at me - I'm your scenery
Paint me and you'll see
Close your eyes and you'll be free