

# 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