

Pretend Eyes

"Siberia"

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And each time it leaves me out of this world
Sometimes it's sneaking up on me
I am feeling sharp paralysis breeze
Howling through me every time
I feel alive

Beneath the orange glow incinerating
I'm combusting now I want out
But there's a screen of intangible pattern
In front of my eyes so I'm blind
With my mind

Make it to the next one
With all the shroudings still in tact
Make it through the warfield
With a navigating mind in head

Slippery climb to better things
Ridiculous apparition
Slippery climb to better things
The trap's apparent trap's apparent

And don't bother with the clenching now
The root loses it's hold

Make it to the next one
With all the shroudings still in tact
Make it through the warfield
With a navigating mind in head

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