

16th Avenue

"Head Of Stone"

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I'm dreaming backwards to a fallen time just one voice
scraping through a dying sky this rushing view the
broken demise a ritual i know deep inside voice of
granite the head of stone a soul searcher roaming
alone stitching closing mouth a hardened soul let your
eyes become the head of stone i'm cracking
backwards angels fallen sign a whisper voice
screaming to a dying sky this rushing life quickens
time inside and bats you over staring into the line
although my throat is burning it must collapse from
fear inside and all the edges i polished from your view
to change a mind i swear i tried i am the head of stone
isn't iction what we make it as we struggle not to drown
overloaded empty space the silence fills the head with
sound imagine holding halos buried deep into the dirty
ground changing time evolves opinion human lesson
nature bound c

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