

Buried In Verona

"Colonel Mustard In The Conservatory With The Lead Pipe"

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Try to hold on to skin deep memories
Nothing speaks or gets a mention
Cold and dark blinds eyes suspicious
Bleeding wounds in time will heal
All others gas away
We rose out from our deepest grave
Left shedding light on darker days
Deflecting all the hate always
And now we rise, we rise up, deflecting all the hate
Once were deeper than I could have imagined
Sleeping's hard with my eyes focused
With what my life has never had
Looking back at severed ties now
See black consume it all
Drowning inside the silence but I won't snap
I will rise above this
Try to hold on to skin deep memories
Once were deeper than I could have imagined

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