

Between The Buried And Me "Lost Perfection A) Coulrophobia"

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These hours seem like years...
I've been starting at this wall,
wondering when it's going to take all of our lives.
I'm just glad we have jokes.
I think way too much back here.
My eyes are slowly closing;
boredom is causing this loss of interest.
When will I awake?
My eyes are slowly closing;
boredom is causing this loss of interest.
When will I awake?
Asleep...
This party of four includes three grown adults and
myself.
The first adult is shy and wise enough
to keep the second one away from conversation.
(They're on a mission).
Gender is not recognized.
The third adult is a male and talks too much.
The stench of shit is in the air...
The room storms with laughter...
four turns to a hundred and the noise is unbearable.
"It's time, you are in hell, this place will kill itself soon!"
I cry, and the hands surround me.
Born into a hell... never wake to this.
I cry, and the hands surround me.
Born into a hell... never wake to this.
I have experienced nothing,
yet I fell the only one who has not done harm.
If only I could understand how to change things...
I can't fucking think.
The noise is unbearable.
I can't fucking think.
The noise is unbearable.
THE noise STOPS.

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