

Donny Brook

"Phantom Limb Pain"

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Shifting sails
And wake dawn trails
Black curtained puzzle pieces that refuse to pale
Sifting tales
Through shielding veils
Corroding ill foundation of reports so frail

Royalty slumbers by the grave edge of four knights
One from five
Released on the ocean
This circle of silence will splinter

Misting ails
Cresting waves wail
Of essence in the presence of armored exhale
Shifting sails
And wake drawn trails
And paths of negligence that hold judicial scales

Fabricated tools crafted this stage you have built
How overbearing are your strings puppets of guilt
At peace with emotion

This circle of silence will splinter
On from five released on the ocean
This circle of silence will splinter

One from five

One from five released of the ocean
This circle of silence will splinter
One from five released on the ocean
The eagle glides a course to the golden winter

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