

## If I Had Eyes

# "The Storm That Buried Celawyth City"

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seashore the crashing of waves against the sand is  
pivotal  
to the nature to the situation to the situation  
demonstrating which is lacking in concept in substance  
when the waves dont crash against the sand  
they bury the ones we love city streets towns above  
the wrath of rising water the threat of no tomorrow  
like storm clouds like a dream bury us all in an  
aquamarine grave  
under the sands of time and we will be erased  
from the time we knew forever i wish i'd never  
bury the ones we love city streets towns above  
the wrath of rising water  
the threat of no tomorrow  
until our hero comes

until we can save ourselves  
until the lungs of the sea retract  
. until our own lungs collapse  
and she won't and she won't  
and she won't know what hit her until she's already  
gone

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