

Bury Your Dead "Closed Eyes"

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Someday we will grow tired of these shells
And someday we will lay ourselves to rest
I take you into me
Breathing in you deeply

Somedays

Somedays, I can feel you burning through my veins
I look to the light.
I can feel my eyes burn,
Looking down, the ground beneath, is falling fast
Shedding the cares of this world

I'm sick.
God knows I'm sick of making
Now I'm so sick of making excuses for myself

Now all the saints are dancing with the demons tonight.
Welcome me home

I'm home
I'm home
I'm home

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