

## **Cave-In "Halo Of Flies"**

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Reality rose like the sun, and still i slept through it.  
"I can always witness it another morning...."  
The thoughts like thse are cemented in  
procarastination.  
Now this part of "she" is liquid form somwher on the  
floor,  
as a self defiant need for a cure.  
Diagnosed to emerge and roam away from roads thick  
as foam.  
you wish to burn the candles that queitly service the  
arm.  
another day with the shades pulled down until the  
swallow returns her to sleep.  
A father knocks on the silent door while this part of  
"she" has become an inferno shame,  
louder than we expect from shuch silent candles no so  
secret anymore.  
Now the eyes of my eyes have opened.  
Now the eyes of my eyes cling dear.  
Never let the swallow return you back to sleep.  
The smell of wounds have left you bug-bitten here,  
and again i know reality shall rise tommorow.  
This time i hope to be awake, for i cannot postpone  
another morning.  
Never let the swallow return you to sleep.

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