

## **Circle Of Dead Children "Four Walls and a Feeling"**

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Disfiguring the memory  
So silent  
So serene  
One eye shut for the past  
One eye opens for tomorrow's dream  
Mark her the one  
The one who will stand alone  
Pitter-patter of dry-rotted love  
Plunging, dropping, splashing into heaven's eighth  
lake  
And casting a disfigured reflection of life in its eight  
rings  
Dry flaking tincture under one-inch fingernails  
So follow her home  
Follow her to reprisal so sweet  
Crying help to a barren room  
Barren walls  
Romance in monotone  
She will never miss you  
We will never miss you

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