

## **After The Burial "Isolation Theory"**

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So this is loneliness. I've grown too fond of this. Now i  
thirst for loveliness, to drink it's beauty. i'll never fill my  
cup if i can't seem to free my frozen heart. Torturous  
veins tangle this body. A scream of anguish, silenced  
by the distancing to anyone. So this is loneliness. I  
know this all to well. Wrap me in your wings of amity.  
Torturous veins tangle this body. A scream of anguish,  
silenced by the distancing to anyone. Isolation is a four  
letter word. Through my bloody hands i see my heart  
reach the ground. No one is there to pick it up from the  
floor.

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