

After The Burial

"Your Troubles Will Cease And Fortune Will Smile Upon You"

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When I return
I dream of another life
Failure transparent in the palm of my hand
I am the contortionist
We are the contortionists
I can feel this distance is further and farther without
you
Contorting to fit somewhere I do not belong
Brick by brick
Stone on top of stone
I create
From these towers
Built of nothingness
I will fall
And like these wordless feelings
There is an emptiness we long to feel inside
Father when will you come home?
I have been dying inside
Mother where have you gone?
Oh so how hard I've been trying
Hours upon hours
I am fucking sleepless
We are wretched, no sleep for the wicked
And at night we come undone
This is not who I ever was
We are anything
We are the contortionist
We are the wordless feelings
We are the great divide
We are the emptiness we long to feel inside
We are anything
We are the contortionist

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