

Solstice Coil "Walking Graveyards"

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Please don't feed me
With useful information
I need to keep myself distracted
Disguise my aspirations in the night

And if it wasn't for the digits
I couldn't tell these days apart
I am compelled to make an effort
Fill my mind with blank
Because it's easier being tired

Tear out my face
Turn it into something that will last
Can't find my place
It's just a hole in the ground
It would fit anyone

The first bite of an apple
Is always the scariest one
I've lost the urge to make an effort
Yet my blood cells linger on
The board has stayed the same
It's the pawn who has changed
He thinks that he can retire

Tear out my face
Let me know if something isn't right
Can't find my place
I am buried in town
I never seen the sun

We are all walking graveyards

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