

The Brotherhood Of Dae Han

"Bury Me"

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Eyes wide awake
Finding friends in the silhouettes
That invade the light
Choke on the words
In the script that the martyrs wrote
It's another rewrite
This melodramatic life
The question breeds silence
The fear will take it's place
Acceptance feeds fires
Water has lost it's face
Our mind are lost in space
So bury me bury me six feet under
I'm standing ten feet tall
So bury me bury me
I'm not the smoking gun
Digging deeper (it's our actions that are our own)
suffocation
The record plays, the needle wears away
I've lost my voice from screaming on the inside
Conscience horse from decisions on the outside
I'm falling away from all that I know
And I am alone again, alone
(can't understand speaking gibberish)
So bury me bury me six feet under
I'm standing ten feet tall
So bury me bury me
I'm not the smoking gun
Digging deeper (it's our actions that are our own)
suffocation
The record plays, the needle wears away

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