

Woods Of Ypres

"Intro: The Looming of Dust in the Dark (& the Illu"

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Sunlight shines
On the clothes that lay on a chair
A desk covered in clutter
The floor covered in hair

It shines on a figure, so thin and frail
It shines on his skin, so sick and pale
It shines on the wall, where for so long
I have stared
Breaking the spell of authentic despair

As my eyes come into focus
I turn to face to face the room
The movement from the sheets creates a breeze
Sweeps the dust from its place

It so quietly swarms
And hangs in the air
It shines in the light
And makes me aware

Death is looming in here
And it's getting to you
Under dust, over time
It has been burying you

It now stirs up the room
As it enters my sight
Rising up from the dark
From the surface it lies

As if hinting to me
To choose day over night
To leave all of this dark
And seek the warmth of the light

Outside this room where my life wastes away
Her priorities lie
In collecting corks from bottles she plans to make into
things

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