

## Misery Signals "Sword Of Eyes"

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There is no one on the air  
I chase parading ghosts in burning memory  
Through empty shells of stolen moments  
As all the stains are reassuring us  
That they happened  
Poring over the fragments found, lost in portrayal  
Reflected back unto ourselves  
I've been reduced to a faded impression  
Attention paid, critical.  
These elements, they fail to align  
I realize this is passing  
Do they become something more  
Under the surface of an image paralyzed  
As we become nothing  
Spectral trails echo on the air  
Aperture set  
Projected whispers through empty shells of stolen  
moments pouring over  
Look back, our illusion is the abstract trail of time  
behind  
And I give myself to the truth  
Flesh fed to the piranhas  
Liar's blood it falls into water  
Where only the water survives  
I'll stare into my own false eyes  
And watch the life in them die

The past will lay dead  
When the present is slain by the sword of eyes  
Watch these words run silent, run deep, run together  
You can't have it back  
You can never have it back

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