

Buried

Written by Admin

Sunday, 05 September 2010 14:53 - Last Updated Sunday, 05 September 2010 15:26

Song: BURIED

CD Title: PSYCHOSOMATIC

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Sitting here I spin, On water and more,

How many times, Has it happened before,

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The wind picks up, A howling brutal cry,

Trembling again, Her stories will die,

Chorus

I think she's buried, deep in the ground,

She's not getting up, She can't be found,

They let us know, How can we trust,

Feel the tightness, Squeezing her bust,

The frozen cascade, The cycles are due,

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Wonders of all, Can eyes be true,

By shifting of weight, degrees of great feat,

It happens again, No plan can complete,

She calls to us, Where can we go,

Mistakes were made, Outside the flow,

The incredible power, they had to abuse,

With sight more clear, it's terrible misuse,

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No over or under, Much too late,

It has been discovered, There was no escape,

Time rounds the corner, searching all around,

We get so close, She will be found,

Rising up from hiding, to recount the past,

Her work can be seen, of knowlege this vast,