

DAATH, Slow

I'm not going to die
I'm not going to die
Going to find out if I'm really alive
Going to find out if I'm really alive
Going to find out going to find out

[x2]
Eyes in a stream float away
Treetops, dead hornets, and waste

A simple kind of ignorance falters to the side
Exuberance to find your mind, lost her far behind

Something there silent a coil, a snake shell
Unraveling storm from the deep
Skin drops in oceans
My heart is not open
Dying sun sinks to the deep

Lies
The skin drops into the sea and ripples eternally
Lies
A dying fetus will fall from the trees
it never had a chance to breathe

So silent slipping away
Decaying
Violent end of a day
Would be crimson floating grave
I'm transfixed fading far away