

# Through Silver in Blood

Neurosis

Through silver in blood  
We stand judged not by  
Eyes of flesh, when  
Transit times cross  
Prey vision consumed

Bleeding one  
Bleed alone  
Breeding love

Windstorm promised  
The teeth strained  
Eyes see glory  
Rings end in slow  
Death wash out  
Your wound, rings  
End in slow death

Don't crawl seek his burn of war  
When the fallout comes he is fire