

# Reclusion

Anberlin

Don't try to wake me up  
Even if the sun really does come out tomorrow  
Don't believe anything you say anymore  
In the morn, in the morning

Bricks to this old house are breaking  
Steel would have weathered but now forlorn  
It's alarming how loud the silence screams  
No warn, no warn, no warning

Addictions fill the table where the family used to sit  
And conversate, conversate to the sounds  
To the sounds of a record player with it's jumping needle  
And the lights that grow dim over time

With downcast eyes  
There's more to living than being alive  
With downcast eyes  
There's more to living than being alive, whoa

Are you where you thought you'd be?  
So beautiful and only twenty-three  
Opposition rests in the hearts  
With no, with no, with no opportunity

It's not that we don't talk  
It's just no one really listens and honesty fades  
Like a politician, lost in the course  
All smiles and no one remembers our names

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