

## 90 Degree Angles

Age of Silence

It has been done!  
The return is completed!  
Now to grow fainter  
To be buried in soft shades of jade

I used to like the rainfalls - to feel tender bites  
of grey city water on my white, clean face  
pure from the start - dirty to the end  
drawing diagonal marks - shutting me into a private prison with  
bars of water on skin

The smell of wet asphalt always softened up a hard world  
90 degree angles, shiny surfaces covered in dirt

and worn out streets leading from nothing to nothing  
Who put us here anyway? Did I ever take the time to find out?  
Did they ever bother to ask? Was it even an option?  
It's been returned  
I wonder if the dirt has forced its way through my skin by now

Feels like it's there - itching from the inside, weakening my flesh  
I need a sunblock or a dirtblock - something to protect me  
Nothing's ever gonna be the same again  
I'm on the wrong... surface

Nothing's ever gonna be the same again  
Nothing's ever gonna be the same again

Open up the shell, wash away the facade  
Let me out or let me in

Open up the shell, wash away the facade  
Let me out or let me in

Please just let me, Please just let me  
Please just let me, Please just let me