

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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