

Desert of Song

Between the Buried and Me

The Radios stopped tuning.
This Static is forbidden.
The chords quit strumming...
But we found our new home.

It will rain (falls so slow)
It will rain down here.

The drums quit thumping.
These tones are forbidden.
The throat can't start singing...
The scarecrow is watching.

It will rain (falls so slow)
It will rain down here.

Here, we're awake in the desert of song.
The silence is broken.
Here, we're awake and the silence is broken.
Silence is broken.
Silence is broken.
Here... we... sing...
Sing with the fear.

Fear: the control tower.
The new sun comes by the hour.
Ghosts slowly disappear in the fog...
Silence: the suffering.
We've built back the age-old sound of song.
Here... we... sing...
Sing with the fear.

Here, we're awake in the desert of song.
The silence is broken.
Here, we're awake and the silence is broken.
Silence is broken.
Silence is broken.
Here... we... sing...
Sing with the fear