

Quiet

Delays

Oh you've got your reasons
Clouded from me
I touch only surface
Crested debris
But I've seen the refinery from 20,000ft
Ignite the sky and burn your paper wings
Silly thing

Still you live like you're dying Just to breathe
Quiet, things are turning alabaster
Quiet, we don't want the house to burn

Caress the porch in whispered tones
We don't have long to be alone

With easter island dead ahead
It makes good sense
To break our bread in reverie
To our need
So we live like we're dying just to breathe

Quiet, things are turning alabaster
Quiet, we don't want the house to burn

And we live like we're dying
And we live like we're dying