

The Listening

Eyes Set to Kill

Strike the ground
There's not a message in the sound
Hold out your hands
When your God's not listening.

Best believe, best believe
You'll be systematically
Placed to die tomorrow
With a taste, so sweet
It could drain the sorrow, the sorrow.

We're living through your eyes
But inside we start to die
We count our losses.

Strike the ground
There's not a message in the sound
Hold out your hands
When your God's not listening
The common ground of a modern day escape
Is calling for the listening.

You can't pull your way
Through the same situations
Time and time again
You place your pawns in straight lines
Alone to buy time
Will we find the end, find the end?

We're living through your eyes
But inside we start to die
We count our losses.

Making the wrong moves
Hoping you'll make them right
We raise our voices in time.

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Where will you turn
When your God has abandoned you?
Where will you turn
When he leaves you to die?

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We pray for God
Strip the structure
Scratch it out

We praise empty skies.

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