

My Mouth, My Lips

From Indian Lakes

And I left my house behind
To move in silence and never be seen again
And who is to be my friend

And I made my own bed
Made from printed beliefs and opinions
What will I teach my sons

And all we get so far away
And oh I can't get close
But I can't keep quiet
And if I can't keep my lips closed now

And if you guide the lines of broken men to change
The way that he thinks he feels
Feel nothing at all, I feel nothing at all

But if I run from my home to the hills and the trees
Without the woods at my heels
I run from nothing at all, I run from nothing at all

And I took my closest friends
And made a graveyard of things that we never did
And things that we never said
And when I look back at them
Some were breathing but most had an ugly smile
They begged me to stay a while

The worst was that I saw them
And I hate that they saw me too
Are they sleeping in the grave I made
Are we sleeping
And if my God allows for me to speak again
I only hope I am wiser
I'll say nothing at all
I'll say nothing at all
But I can hear all the words spilling over my lips
And I can taste every lie
I've said nothing at all
I've said nothing at all

Will I say anything again (8x)