

House Of Hallways

Go Radio

And as it gets dark in this house of hallways
And no corridor leads to the stairs
With still wet black paint on all the windows
We got no clocks cause time don't care here

So tell me your name young noble stranger
And tell me just what we're doing here
Have you painted walls with all the answers
Have you hidden doors with all our fears

Cause the soul's rock hard but the heart's trapped underneath
And the weight of it all gets enough just to crush the best out
of you and

me

But I swear that there's someone who cares here enough to set u
s free

And if the world don't turn just enough to bring her honest
Then I guess we're better off forgotten

The walls stay too thin in this house of hallways
They let through the echoes and the stares
And they'll bleed bright red with scribbled riddles
Scratched out of their panels by angered air
Cause God knows I've made all my own choices
And if I drown alone it's cause I choose
To spend my time drinking in the stairwells
When we've both got way too much to prove
What he said is