

Pressure The Hinges

Haste the Day

And now I'm running out of reasons.
And I spoke too soon.
The clock weighs on the counter top.
Everything is sinking through the floor.
You hold the door and I'll pressure the hinges.
Would you trust these locks?
And sleep to hide your secrets?
Dodging bullets is easier when you don't believe in fate.
And I swear, I swear we won't make it obvious when we turn around again.
What are you afraid of?
Are you scared you're not alone?
You keep running out.
Turn around again.
You aspire to be helpless, hopeless.
Burning all your dreams I'm running low on secrets that will quench your thirsty ears.
And I'm counting the seconds between distraction and the moment
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Fifteen seconds till melt down.
Fifteen seconds till the roof will hit the floor.
I see the light in the stairway and the floor is lettered with maps and hotel keys.
So we turn around again.
Wear the robe of pig skin and he'll wear the crown.
He'll run and he'll run and he'll run till you stop him.
I see your eyes changing and your passions gone again.
You're still running out.
We desire to be comfort in this broken world you're in.
Fifteen seconds till...
fifteen seconds till...