

The Quiet, Deadly Ticking

Haste the Day

Tell me, is this what you wanted?
How was I supposed to know exactly how you were?
And how am I to act when I don't even know my worth?
The minutes turn to hours and the hours turn to days
So, tell me, is this what you wanted?
Hanging there suspended as someone pulls your strings
That night that I awoke I never even knew your name
The weeks turned into months and the months turned into years

So, tell me, is this what you wanted from me?
Or am I something else?
Is this what you wanted from me?
Or am I something else?
Who pulls your strings?

We are the sand worn down from stone
And although we're scattered
Our voices sing your death song
We are the weight of the world's sorrow
And you will witness the strength of our souls
And our voices speak of death

Still hanging there suspended as someone pulls your strings
That night that I awoke I never even knew your name
The weeks turn into months and the months turned into years

Is this what you wanted from me?
Is this what you wanted from me?
We swear that you will soon meet your end

We are the sand worn down from stone
And although we're scattered
Our voices sing your death song
We are the weight of the world's sorrow
And you will witness the strength of our souls
And our voices speak of death

So tell me is this what you wanted?