

Comforting Our Thoughts In A Continuous Blue

House vs. Hurricane

Oh!

Your voice lifts my spirits to a height once held by gods, once held by gods!

Your silence sparks my dialogue,
Empty words with subtle weapons.

Do we speak in tongues to taste something?
Or is it to convince ourselves that we know more than we do?

Oh I feel my stomach turning inside out.

(All I know is I know nothing)

Oh I feel my stomach turning inside out.

(It'd be naive to think I'm not still learning)

It'd be naive to think that I'm not still learning, not still learning.