

House

Marillion

This house aches
I whistle it's tune
After so much noise
Freedom is silence
Half the house is missing
Taken half of me with it
I had imagined this
Hurting in a different way
Hurting in a different way

I still have the hi-fi
Quiet at all volumes
As my dull thoughts
Echo viscous and slow like the tolling of some great bell under water

When she cries she cuts me
And when she smiles I wanna die
Afraid of knowing myself
Our eyes stare out while we hide inside

Looking at it, not seeing it
Looking at it, not seeing it

The open windows
Let in the spring air today
And the birds sing their thankfully happy, brainless song
But the silence here finds a way to stay
Some kind of explosion
God, if you hear me
Throw me a line or strike me down
Do you refuse even to accuse
C'mon, do your worst
But lift this curse

Built this house on solid ground
But now it's crumbling tumbling down
Will nobody here even cry out for help?
As it slowly collapses into itself

Looking at it, not seeing it
Looking at it, not seeing it

Hanging on to this pain
It's no good
It's no good

But we try again

We try again