

Still I Can Hear You Singing

Paralysed Age

The house is empty without you
All the rooms seem so much bigger now without you
Without you

Wide like churches, hostility, and cold
High like halls and all their walls
Echo every footstep
Echo every word
As if it were your tiny footsteps
As if it were your little words
In these walls

And still I can hear you singing
And still I can watch you living

In these walls
In my emptiness
You're a brick
You're still singing
In these walls
In my emptiness

And still I can hear you singing
And still I can watch you living