

The Soundtrack Of Your Fears

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You can not tame no animal
You can only try to communicate
So let us try not to fall
Down the path of dialectical games

There is no face for you to see
There's only space for you and me
There is no voice for you to hear
Only the soundtrack of your fear

In the morning I will rince my dreams
Of what is still clinging to the night
I will watch you dress in front of me
While the sun is singing all its lies

There is no face for you to see
There's only space for you and me
There is no voice for you to hear
Only the soundtrack of your fear

Look what I've found under your bed:
A spider hanging from its thread
It told me that you drew its web
And that you sell the eggs it laid

I can not seem to control my hands
They just walk on a path of their own
They will use you when you're on the phone
You will try then you will understand

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There's only space for you and me
There is no voice for you to hear
Only the soundtrack of your fear