

# The Dirt Whispered

Rise Against

She got down on hands and knees,  
One ear against the ground,  
Holding her breath to hear something,  
But the dirt made not a sound tonight

Echoes of songs still lurk on distant foreign shores,  
Where we danced just to please the gods that only ask  
for more,  
So it goes

But still we give ourselves to this  
We can't spend our lives waiting to live

On cold nights  
In a prayer for dawn  
But the daylight  
Isn't what she wants

The concrete  
Calls my name again  
I'm falling  
Through the cracks I slip

The postcard says wish you were here  
But I'd rather I was there,  
Holding on to the simple things before they disappear,  
That's what I meant

But that was then, and this is now  
I'll make it up to you somehow

On cold nights  
In a prayer for dawn  
But the daylight  
Isn't what she wants

The concrete  
Calls my name again  
I'm falling  
Through the cracks I slip

A destination, a fading smile.  
Another station, another mile.  
Another day gone, I swore that I will.  
Be there before dawn.  
So be there, I will.

She got down on hands and knees,  
One ear against the ground,  
Holding her breath to hear something,  
Anything at all

The dirt whispered, "Child, I'm coming home"

On cold nights  
In a prayer for dawn  
But the daylight

Isn't what she wants

The concrete  
Calls my name again  
I'm falling  
Through the cracks I slip

I slip

(Through the cracks I slip)

Through the cracks I slip  
Through the cracks I slip