

# The Pit

Silversun Pickups

I'm marching through branches in a fit of wanderlust  
I see you in a black hole reaching out for something just  
Silhouettes of neighbors dancing in disgust  
I'm sure you recognize my noise and you've heard about the pit  
Been told to be afraid of everything that lives within  
But it's much worse where you are, so will you go for it

I have a feeling you might  
Feeling you might

If somebody somewhere  
Will clean out your wounds  
Our dirty fingers  
Will bury the lie  
Somebody somewhere  
Will clean out your wounds  
And bury the lie  
Bury the lie

Now we tumble down a hill to a fire with a crowd  
The flicker becomes thicker as we bottom out  
The residents don't even notice our sudden shouts  
When your eyes adjust and you see what's in view  
Discolored and distempered smiles that seem new  
Do you realize they were all once like you

I have a feeling you might  
Feeling you might

If somebody somewhere  
Will clean out your wounds  
Our dirty fingers  
Will bury the lie  
Somebody somewhere  
Will clean out your wounds  
And bury the lie  
Bury the lie

No, no  
No one cares where no one goes  
No, no  
No one cares where no one goes

You recognize my noise and you heard about the pit  
Been told to be afraid of everything that comes with it  
We can talk about it later, but I think you've given in  
We can talk about it later, but I think you've given in

I had a feeling you might  
Bury the lie