

## Rest In Peace

Stiltskin

Each night I taste the silence  
Of the words in my throat  
Each day we hide in laughter  
When they turn round and float

Do you lie back and think of England  
As they shout in your face  
Stand up and give them flowers  
Mary full of grace

Temper's out of control again  
There's an itch in my soul again  
If I scratch it I will rest in peace

Each day I'm in the future  
Of a net curtained past  
Each day I'm out of pocket  
Time didn't last

Each night I wake up smoking  
And my eyes start to sting  
Wish I could keep them open  
When the trees start to sing

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Of the words in my throat  
Each day we hide in laughter  
When they turn round and float