

Blacken the Page

Therapy?

The truth is loose
The truth is loose
And it's coming after you
Your reckless youth, it's residue
It's catching up with you

This restlessness, this restlessness
Like you're at war with yourself
And your skin's on back to front
And you don't know what you want

Behold in me, behold in me
A bad example of free thought
Through endless nights I am a witness
Frescoes of the skull

Born over a grave
We count down the days
And fill in the space
To blacken the page
I want it erased
Blacken the page

A way with words, a way with words
You can't switch off from yourself
Shut it off, shut it off
Let the silence sing itself

I want this over
This rubbish
And I'm sure you feel the same
In a moment
I'll be finished
And all else will remain

Born over a grave
We count down the days
And fill in the space
To blacken the page
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