

In The Quiet

Vedera

do you see my eyes losing interest, wandering about
someone always seems to take your place
can lighting strike the same place twice in my heart
as it does when you speak
i need that fire to burn in me
tell me, will it be
disguising plans i've made before
learning what i was made for
desire is trampled by my faults
but somehow, in the quiet you make sense
will you fall on me
like you did before
oh, you've watched me in my youth
when i thought you didn't need to
you knew best