

Peace & Quiet

White Lies

After the red ants, the black-out comes peace and quiet
Those little footprints fleshed out calm in my mind
I lay like a compass, digits accusing the sunrise
Raindrops abseil the window and flinch through the hurt cries

I feel this great pressure coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss, pulling at your sympathy
I feel this great pressure coming down on me
(when my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

After the hunt and the sweat now comes peace and quiet
Your head on my heart anchored the storm in my eyes
I lay like a carcass, your lips never letting the blood dry
And so I pray for tomorrow and wait listening out for a reply

I feel this great pressure coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss, pulling at your sympathy
I feel this great pressure coming down on me
(when my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy