The Dirt Whispered

Rise Against

She got down on hands and knees, one ear against the ground,
Holding her breath to hear something, but the dirt made not a sound tonight

Echoes of songs still lurk on distant foreign shores, where we
Danced just to please the gods that only ask for more, so it goes

But still we give ourselves to this
We can't spend our lives waiting to live

On cold nights
In a prayer for dawn
But the daylight
Isn't what she wants

The concrete
Calls my name again
I'm falling
Through the cracks I slip

The postcard says wish you were here
But I'd rather I was there, holding
On to the simple things before they disappear, that's what I meant

But that was then, and this is now
I'll make it up to you somehow

On cold nights
In a prayer for dawn
But the daylight
Isn't what she wants

The concrete
Calls my name again
I'm falling
Through the cracks I slip

Our destination, a feint smile,
Another station, another mile,
Another day gone, I swear that I will

Be there before dawn, so be there I will

She got down on hands and knees, one ear against the ground,
Holding her breath to hear something, anything at all

The dirt whispered, "Child, I'm coming home."

On cold nights
In a prayer for dawn
But the daylight
Isn't what she wants

The concrete
Calls my name again
I'm falling
Through the cracks I slip

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