

Death of a Tune

The Hidden Cameras

Silence from you is like
The death of a tune, oh
I have been driven down
By those nursery rhymes, ohAm I troubled by youth
To be wordless and useless? oh
Wordless and you
Wordless and youIt's been the same forever
It's the start of it all
A congregation
The meaning block
Spring and summerWhen I enter the room
I hear the chirp of a lark, oh
Mumbling in a whine
My own melody line, ohAnd if I sing to the wall
I'd be killing them all, oh
Killing them all
Killing them allIt's the same expression
That's been used on them all
A slow elation
That can warm the flock
Let's keep it togetherAm I just being used
When I hear mostly lies? Oh
In confusion, I think
What a pity to rhyme, ohSmothering my own muse
By a telepathy line, oh
Telepathy line
Telepathy lineIf we abstain forever
We can start the love
It's the same in heaven
As they fall apartThe mind recovers
The soul is lost
The body's my brother

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