

# Quiet Riot

## Chopstick.

I pull back the blinds, taste the air  
Time to return to the warmth they gave you  
All looks the same, feel so strange  
Time passes by in a silent vacuum  
I push back the night  
Step out into the echo  
You've been standing in the corner  
Always listening to the same words  
Night goes, composing in echoes  
Between all the other insects  
Looks like a world lost now  
Tear out the blinds, nothing's changed  
I can't place the names but they sound familiar  
I've died inside, seven days  
Time passes by and died a fraction  
Here comes the time  
The sins of diseration  
Feels like maybe you belong here  
Gather sentences from nowhere  
Creatures crawling out the wood work  
Stand straight, face to face with your fears  
Looks like a world lost now  
Who protects you from your protectors  
Gone, he waves a stick, keeps you sick  
Push back the night  
Push back the night  
Push back the night  
Here comes the time  
The sins of diseration  
Feels like maybe you belong here  
Gather sentences from nowhere  
Creatures crawling out the wood work  
Stand straight, face to face with your fears  
Looks like a world lost now, looks like a world lost now  
Looks like a world lost now

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