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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