Hollow Talk

Josh Groban

Echo star is a crossing you
Trembling noises that come too soon
Spatial movement which seems to you
Resonating your mass call few

Hollow talking and hollow girl
Voicing up from the root of pain
Never said it was good, never said it was me
Shadow rises and you are here

And then you carve
You cut it out
And everything
Goes back to the beginning

Silence seizes a clotted room
Dying to shed not a breath too soon
Darkness rises in all you do
Standing and drawn across the room

Spatial movements and butterflies
Shadows scatter without a fight
There has never been bad, there has always been truth
Rooted whispers of the things you lose

And then you carve
You cut it out
And everything
Goes back to the beginning
Goes back to the beginning

There has never been bad, there has always been truth
Rooted whispers of the things you lose

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