

Pressure the Hinges (Live in Capetown, SA)

Haste the Day

Now Im running out of reasons
And I spoke too soon
The clock weighs on the counter top
And everything is sinking through the floor You hold the door
And Ill pressure the hinges
Would you trust these locks?
And sleep to hide your secrets? Dodging bullets is easier
When you dont believe in fate And I swear, yes I swear
That we wont make it obvious
When we turn around again What are you afraid of?
Are you scared youre not alone?
You keep running out
Turn around again You aspire to be helpless, hopeless
Burning all your dreams Im running low on secrets
That will quench your thirsty ears
And I count the seconds
Between distraction and the moment Fifteen seconds till melt down
Fifteen seconds till the roof will hit the floor So I see the light in the stairway
And the room is littered with maps and hotel keys
So we turn around again What are you afraid of?
Are you scared youre not alone?
You keep running out
Turn around again You aspire to be helpless, hopeless
Burning all, burning all your dreams
Your dreams, your dreams, your dreams Wear the robe of the pig skin
And hell wear the crown
Wear the robe of the pig skin
And hell wear the crown Hell run and hell run
And hell run till you stop him What are you afraid of?
Why are you so afraid?
Turn around again I see your eyes changing
And your passions gone again
Youre still running out
Turn around again We desire to be comforted
In this broken world youre in Fifteen seconds till
Fifteen seconds till

Songwriters

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ChaulkPublished by
THIRSTY MOON RIVER PUBLISHING INC.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>