

# The Mute

## Radical Face

Well, as a child I mostly spoke inside my head  
I had conversations with the clouds, the dogs, the dead  
And they thought my broken, that my tongue was coated lead But I just couldn't make my words make sense to  
them  
If you only listen with your ears... I can't get in And I spent my evenings pullin' stars out of the sky  
And I'd arrange them on the lawn where I would lie  
And in the wind I'd taste the dreams of distant lives  
And I would dress myself up in them through the night  
While my folks would sleep in separate beds... and wonder why And through them days I was a ghost atop my  
chair  
My dad considered me a cross he had to bear  
And in my head I'd sing apologies and stare  
As my mom would hang the clothes across the line  
And she would try to keep the empty... from her eyes

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