

Hollow Talk

Choir of Young Believers

Echoes start as a cross in you,
Trembling noises that come too soon
Spatial movement which seems to you,
Resonating your mask or feud
Hollow talking and hollow girl,
Force it up from the root of pain
Never said it was good, never said it was near,
Shadow rises and you are here
And then you cut
You cut it out,
And everything
Goes back to the beginning
Silence seizes a cluttered room,
Light is shed not a breath too soon
Darkness rises in all you do,
Standing and drawn across the room
Spatial movements are butterflies
Shadows scatter without a fire
There's never been bad, there has always been truth,
Muted whisper of the things she'll move
And then you cut
You cut it out
And everything
Goes back to the beginning
Never said it was good, never said it was new,
Muted whisper of the things you feel

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