

On

Vaux

Your answers fall as red lips on the receiver of your telephone

When turning out means turning on

And dial tones lost for all too long

Orders placed and then withdrawn

All is just five minutes gone

Wires hold up all that's wrong

When it's just us and...

Time won't deal this penance

And try burn look away

Sign for small talk session

Found with nothing to say

It's no more right

Than it's the same

Silent tonight

Silent to...

Pass the sounds that pass all wrong

Until all interest stumbles down

Begin the pull of siren's song isn't that what drives us on

And your just here to tag along

Trail so far then left alone

Answers fall as red lips on the receiver of your telephone

God damn this pace

It's much too slow

It's much too old

It's nearly stalling

It's holding back

It's loosing ground

And giving way

It's tried not true

And can't pursue

We're loosing patience

When palms are read

And forced tongue said

Nothing's changed

Why should we waste this teenage land

Why should we bow for anything

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