

Pressure the Hinges

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

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