

Rest In Peace

Stiltskin

Each night I taste the silence
Of the words in my throat
Each day we hide in laughter
When they turn round and floatDo you lie back and think of England
As they shout in your face
Stand up and give them flowers
Mary full of graceTemper's out of control again
There's an itch in my soul again
If I scratch it I will rest in peace
Each day I'm in the future
Of a net curtained past
Each day I'm out of pocket
Time didn't lastEach night I wake up smoking
And my eyes start to sting
Wish I could keep them open
When the trees start to singTemper's out of control again
There's an itch in my soul again
If I scratch it I will rest in peace
Each night I taste the silence
Of the words in my throat
Each day we hide in laughter
When they turn round and floatTemper's out of control again
There's an itch in my soul again
If I scratch it I will rest in peace

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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