

# 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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