

# House on the Hill

## Silentist

Sixteen years old, only just found out today  
Nowhere to go, but she's leaving anyway  
The taxi waits outside as she turns the key  
Leaves a note behind that he'll never read  
And as the rain pours down, the meter starts to read  
She looks back one last time in tears from the backseat  
    House on the hill, a fortress on solid ground  
    Is now shuttered and still, a ghost of its former self  
Kneel at the alter this pantheon covered in dust, sing Hallelujah  
    Eighteen years old, enlisted and boarding a plane  
    He bought what they sold, just like a moth to the flame  
    He's scared and all alone in a distant place  
  
    Don't want to let it show, but the fear's on his face  
    Got a girl back home that he'll see next May  
    And what he doesn't know is there's one on the way  
    House on the hill, a fortress on solid ground  
    Is now shuttered and still, a ghost of its former self  
Kneel at the alter this pantheon covered in dust, sing Hallelujah  
    And so she wakes and breaks inside her shell  
    He wrote a note that got delivered to her old address  
    She's not coming back, he's not coming back  
    House on the hill, fortress on hollow ground  
    Standing here still, make this a solemn vow  
Here at the alter this pantheon's resurrected, sing Hallelujah

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