

Be the Quiet

Disciple

Why are you so angry and cold-hearted to the hand that helps you
You're breaking, destroying what is around you
I'm pleading, would you let me into you? All the fingers point to you
I'm reaching out my hands to you
If you won't let me, there'll be no one to save you this time Will you let me be the quiet in the storm that you
created
Will you let me be the quiet in the storm that you created Why do you rush into the raging of the ocean that
drowns you
It's breaking, destroying what is around you
I'm pleading, would you let me into you? All the fingers point to you
I'm reaching out my hands to you
If you won't let me, there'll be no one to save you this time Will you let me be the quiet in the storm that you
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