

# Asylum

## Scream Silence

be my fellow through  
the frozen pale  
and in the purple tune  
my nightingalesend me an echo when  
the curse begins  
i need your confidence  
to all my sinsconceal my trace  
conceal my vault  
conceal it tender at your soul  
conceal my face you're my  
hideawaycome seal my veils  
conceal my wound  
conceal the poems at your tongue  
conceal my face you're my  
hideawaydont let the crowd close to  
my consecrate  
they just want detain you  
to elevatestay in oblivion  
until i call  
and if i crown my sin  
the veil will fall

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