

# Perfection Through Silence

## Finch

Alone at last, together in a photograph  
Our eyes are always open  
Devoted to perfection through silence  
What am I supposed to do?  
Should I sit, wait for you?  
Listen to me screaming more  
This story is told only to those who have no mold  
The truth can be bought or sold, but what are we buying?  
Nothing but silence  
What am I supposed to do?  
Should I sit, wait for you?  
Listen to me screaming more  
Tell me now just what am I supposed to do?  
Should I sit, wait for you?  
Listen to me screaming more

Fold the corners, break the silence  
Fold the corners, just for tonight  
Fold the corners, break the silence  
Fold the corners, just for tonight  
Fold the corners, break the silence  
When weakened, when will you rise?  
What am I supposed to do?  
Should I sit, wait for you?  
Listen to me screaming more  
Tell me now just what am I supposed to do?  
Should I sit, wait for you?  
Listen to me screaming more

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