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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