

Peace & Quiet

White Lies

After the red ants
The black-out comes peace and quiet
Those little footprints
Fleshed out calm in my mind I lay like a compass
Digits accusing the sunrise
Raindrops abseil the window
And flinch through the hurt cries I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss
Pulling at your sympathy I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy After the hunt and the sweat
Now comes peace and quiet
Your head on my heart
Anchored the storm in my eyes I lay like a carcass
Your lips never letting the blood dry
And so I pray for tomorrow
And wait listening out for a reply I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss
Pulling at your sympathy I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss
Pulling at your sympathy I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

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