

Pressure the Hinges

Haste the Day

Now Im running out of reasons
And I spoke too soon
The clock weighs on the counter top
And everything is sinking through the floorYou hold the door
And Ill pressure the hinges
Would you trust these locks?
And sleep to hide your secrets?Dodging bullets is easier
When you dont believe in fateAnd I swear, yes I swear
That we wont make it obvious
When we turn around againWhat are you afraid of?
Are you scared youre not alone?
You keep running out
Turn around againYou aspire to be helpless, hopeless
Burning all your dreamsIm running low on secrets
That will quench your thirsty ears
And I count the seconds
Between distraction and the momentFifteen seconds till melt down
Fifteen seconds till the roof will hit the floorSo I see the light in the stairway
And the room is littered with maps and hotel keys
So we turn around againWhat are you afraid of?
Are you scared youre not alone?
You keep running out
Turn around againYou aspire to be helpless, hopeless
Burning all, burning all your dreams
Your dreams, your dreams, your dreamsWear the robe of the pig skin
And hell wear the crown
Wear the robe of the pig skin
And hell wear the crownHell run and hell run
And hell run till you stop himWhat are you afraid of?
Why are you so afraid?
Turn around againI see your eyes changing
And your passions gone again
Youre still running out
Turn around againWe desire to be comforted
In this broken world youre inFifteen seconds till
Fifteen seconds till

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