

## Haste

### "Pressure The Hinges"

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Now I'm running out of reasons.  
And I spoke too soon.  
The clock weighs on the counter top.  
And Everything is sinking through the floor.  
You hold the door and I'll pressure the hinges.  
Would you trust these locks?  
And sleep to hide your secrets?

Dodging bullets is easier when you don't believe in  
fate.  
And I swear, and I swear we won't make it obvious  
when we turn around again.

What are you afraid of?  
Are you scared you're not alone?  
You keep running out.  
Turn around again.  
You aspire to be helpless, hopeless.  
Burning all your dreams I'm running low on secrets that  
will quench your thirsty ears.  
And I'm counting the seconds between distraction and  
the moment.

Fifteen seconds till melt down.  
Fifteen seconds till the roof will hit the floor.  
I see the light in the stairway and the room is littered  
with maps and hotel keys.  
So we turn around again.

What are you afraid of?  
Are you scared you're not alone?  
You keep running out.  
Turn around again.  
You aspire to be helpless, hopeless.  
Burning all your dreams...

[x2]

Wear the robe of pig skin and he'll wear the crown.[x2]

He'll run, and he'll run, and he'll run till you stop him.

What are you afraid of?  
Why are you so afraid?

I see your eyes changing and your passion's gone  
again.  
You're still running out.  
We desire to be comfort in this broken world you're in.  
Fifteen seconds till... fifteen seconds till...

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