

## **Haste The Day "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, yes I swear  
That 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 count the seconds  
Between distraction and the moment

Fifteen seconds till melt down  
Fifteen seconds till the roof will hit the floor

So 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, burning all your dreams  
Your dreams, your dreams, your dreams

Wear the robe of the pig skin  
And he'll wear the crown  
Wear the robe of the pig skin  
And he'll wear the crown

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?  
Turn around again

I see your eyes changing  
And your passion's gone again  
You're still running out  
Turn around again

We desire to be comforted  
In this broken world you're in

Fifteen seconds till  
Fifteen seconds till

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