

## Haste The Day

### "The Quiet, Deadly Ticking"

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Tell me, is this what you wanted?  
How was I supposed to know exactly who you are?  
And how am I to act when I don't even know my worth?  
The minutes turn to hours and the hours turn to days  
So, tell me, is this what you wanted?  
Hanging there suspended as someone pulled your  
strings  
That night that I awoke I never even knew your name  
The weeks turned into months and the months turned  
into years

So, tell me, is this what you wanted from me?  
Or am I something else?  
Is this what you wanted from me?  
Or am I something else?  
Who pulls on your strings?

We are the sand worn down from stone  
And although we're scattered  
Our voices sing your death song  
We are the weight of the world's sorrow  
And you will witness the strength of our souls  
And our voices speak of death

Still hanging there suspended as someone pulls your  
strings  
That night that I awoke I never even knew your name  
The weeks turn into months and the months turned into  
years

Is this what you wanted from me?  
Is this what you wanted from me?  
We swear that you will soon meet your end

We are the sand worn down from stone  
And although we're scattered  
Our voices sing your death song  
We are the weight of the world's sorrow  
And you will witness the strength of our souls  
And our voices speak of death

So tell me is this what you wanted?

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