

## **Pitchblende "Reticence"**

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It's by design: the constructs stand, the heads will ring,  
lost from all  
The simple things.  
A moment caught, a moment spent, for popsters all the  
losers then can't  
Figure out something is wrong  
The secret's out, the mystery's gone  
I'm waiting for the one to call me on what I owe her,  
take me straight  
On her shoulders, lift me up show me how  
One hand raised, a straight arm; goose step, click  
Still, something's dying  
The constructs stand, the heads will ring, lost from all  
the simple things.  
The noise it takes to really strip a motion siezed, a  
feeling gripped  
With time long wasted, breath long baited, there's  
nothing new to show;  
The song drones on

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