

Rentokill

"Sounds Of A Pityful End"

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We keep on howling through this quiet scene, our footsteps wither and everything seems to fall apart while we are moving on. in this quiet scene it's in our hands if the footsteps get a second chance, don't throw this moment away, the spirit depends on our intention to cry out. it's never too late! this is a riot of words and i'm ready to start an unstable moment. we can search for the sun deep inside our broken hearts. there is a reason for this intensity, the final fact for me to stay. the fear of change, and we are pounding on prosperity that once made us so strong. but time keeps ticking slowly away, so if there's anything to do, do it! so if there's anything to say - this is a riot of words and i'm ready to start an unstable moment. we can shoplift the sun out the stores of broken hearts. this is a call to wake the blind, the chance for escape. a long necessary consequence for that weakness is taking me apart. bricks need to fall, break down the wall, hear the apathy call you by your name, the same mistakes made on a different day, the spirals inside won't provide a solution, the fire will die when you cut it off the air. we linger, we hesitate as time moves on. far too few have been there for too long and we keep waiting for that song. the fire, the fire's on! so if there's anything to do, if there's anything to say, if there's any chance to get rid of that sound of a pityful end, my head in the sand. no! what better place than here? what better time than now? we have to focus on it!

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