

Rise Against "Approaching Curve"

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[Spoken:]

The music played with a calming frequency.
The speakers gently seeped the sound of ambient
keyboards and light percussion,
creating a seductive soundtrack to our midnight drive
through curtains of blackness.
The windows were cold to the touch,
reflecting the icy conditions in our immediate
extremity.
Salt stains and fingerprints littered the glass,
and streaks of melting snow cascaded down its length.
The music pulsed louder, yet gentle,
like the far away squeal of a pot of boiling water.
The skyline was glowing faintly with vague hints of an
impending dawn.
The car raced along a painfully straight stretch of road,
and she hadn't so much as turned the steering wheel
two degrees in the last twenty minutes
nor had we spoken.

As we were, so perfect, so happy.
They'll remember, only our smiles 'cause that's all
they've seen.
Long since dried, when we are found, are the tears in
which we had drowned.
As we were, so perfect, so happy.

[Spoken:]

"Why are you doing this?" she spoke as if not
expecting a response.
Her voice penetrated the still air of our speechless
drive,
so suddenly that my heart had jumped.
"I'm not doing anything," I said, but I didn't even
believe that myself.
"This is what's best, for me, for you, for us," or maybe
just for me I thought,

as a tear formed in the pit of her eye.
The music poured through the speakers and we were
losing ourselves in the cadence.
She looked down momentarily and closed her eyes for

a bit longer than a standard blink.
Then she was crying. Then she was shouting. Then I
was shouting,
now pouring confessions, having no answers, or
solutions,
we barely even knew the questions

As we were, so perfect, so happy.
They'll remember, only our smiles 'cause that's all
they've seen.
Long since dried, when we are found, are the tears in
which we had drowned.
As we were, so perfect, so happy.

Don't put me underground, I was meant for a life
somewhere else.
Please, love, give me the wheel, before both of our
hearts you
will steal tonight (will steal tonight).
As we were, so perfect, so happy.

Don't remember, only your smiles 'cause that's all
they've seen.
Long since dried, when we are found, are the tears in
which we had drowned.
As we were, so perfect, so happy.

[Spoken:]
Our cracking voices became part of the music.
The car pressed on faster through the night. As our
voices lowered,
The cadence again overtook the air.
Up ahead there was a curve approaching.

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