

High Confessions "The Listener"

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I watched as it rounded the corner
The pulse as it slowed to a drone
Invading the parts where it's icy
I waited for something to come

The pictures on walls are too cryptic
Deliver the message in shouts
Behind every wall is a listener
Behind every tool is a [Incomprehensible]

The minute they try to dissolve us
The minute they try to decide
The steps that you fall down are slanted
They didn't take effort to fly

The glass are eroding the buildings
It sucks all the life from the streets
It scars every wall with graffiti
The journey's as blind as a prayer

The roses are getting corroded
Like metal you meet in the end
The lanterns are covered by enemies
With nobody left to defend

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