

Choir Of Young Believers

"Hollow Talk"

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Echoes start as a cross in you,
Trembling noises that come to soon.
Spatial movement which seems to you,
Resonating your mask or feud.
Hollow talking and hollow girl,
Force it up from the root of pain.

Never said it was good, never said it was near,
Shadow rises and you are here.

And then you cut;
You cut it out,
And everything
Goes back to the beginning.

Silence seizes a cluttered room,
Light is shed not a breath too soon.
Darkness rises in all you do,
Standing and drawn across the room.
Spatial movements are butterflies
Shadows scatter without a fire.

There's never been bad, there has always been truth,
Muted whisper of the things she'll move.

And then you cut;
You cut it out.
And everything
Goes back to the beginning.

Never said it was good, never said it was new,
Muted whisper of the things you feel.

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