

Silverchair "Asylum"

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Contained in my cotton crib
Where I feel no turbulence
The ocean sleeps upon a shelf
And it feeds my apathy
But I can feel it in the night
Like rain upon my skin
Inside a winter
Would you begin to splinter
If I decide to recognise my thorns

Cause everytime I see your face in a cloud
I feel no violence
So tilt the water
Til it turns me around
To my own asylum

Dry in the day
And fading away in the night

I feel the sun before it's light
And it fades away into the night
I was afraid, I feared myself
I cleared the shelf
And killed the shame

But I can feel it in the night
Collect the rocks
And throw them over borders
To shake the muddy waters
And clear myself
From hiding every thorn

Cause everytime I see your face in a cloud
I feel no violence
So tilt the water
Til it turns me around
To my own asylum
Dry in the day
And fading away.....

And we grow in a garden
Where all that we know

You're just a fool for him.

Cause everytime I see your face in a cloud
I feel no violence
So tilt the water
Til it turns me around
To my own asylum

Dry in the day and fading away
Dry in the day and fading away
Dry in the day and fading away
.....in the night.

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