

## Silver Sun

### "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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