

## Silver Sun

### "Staging A Traffic Jam"

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A burning bridge  
Staging a traffic jam  
Intention stained upon expression  
Eyes the sky's darkest clouds  
Constipated mountains of condensation

\*at the start there was innocence  
Breaks my heart doesn't make no sense just start  
again that's the recompense just learning to fly

In a sense  
Its innocence  
Its my only defense  
On a guilt trip  
And being held hostage  
I'll wrap my heart around you  
I'll wrap my arms around you  
Falling down the stairs

\*see this chair see this empty room  
There's my heart there's my open wound 'cause the  
end always comes too soon just try to get by!

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