

The Silent Type

"Alarms"

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How can I feel safe anymore? This medicine damps the alarms. Though anger still tolls, its ring is gone. But what good is hate without that first taste of spite on your tongue you share with your love to make her crave more? How will I know when my poison sinks in? I'm numb to the kill. I can't watch you fight.

Now even my touch can't be cured. No matter how scarlet and pure, it will cloud your blood with something spoiled, the ink from a pen that patterns your skin with marks you can't read, a language so strange it's meaning is vague. The words have been bled, they're soaked in the page. You may tear them out or burn them away, but what's written can't be changed. Reword, rewrite, rename, revise 'til no words you keep reveal the lies that you twist and hide between the lines that you hope will keep their secret silent.

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