

The Silent Type

"Some Curious And Beautiful Maps"

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The hair on your arms is standing on end, so you fasten your coat 'til no air can seep in. But your fingers won't move, they're froze in a fist that you raise to the air, as if to resist, but slowly it falls back into your lap. This car is a cage, this drive is trap that will lead to a grave, a tear in your map, with crosses to trace the line of your path. The windows are down, there's ice in your hair. You wore it out wet, too tired to care. Now you drive with a crown of frost on your brow like some arrogant king who's too proud to bow to the sun that beckons before him and the warmth that's 'round the bend. But you drive with your eyes closed, intent to be led.

There once was a world so perfect and flat, men sailed off her edge or fell in the mouths of the dragons that scoured for ships to devour and heroes wrote songs to tell of their power. But now there are roads that pass without end, as you drive alone, no lives to defend from the dragons that sleep in some distant sea. You quiet their jaws with whispers you sing. Those curious maps cannot still exist, for oceans dry up and continents shift 'til the world's born anew from infinite hues that drain into one uninspiring view. So this is your fate, to drive 'til you find that one desert's dust is another man's sky and the clouds he admires are crushed by your tires, as you wish you could share a similar desire, to see some small light in the distance (a horizon held in place by a faith you thought was lost) to lead you away.

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