

## The Silent Type

### "Zeppelin"

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The coins rest deep in the wells of my eyes, placed gently there after I died. It's a small penance I'm willing to pay for my fare, my fate, escape. But what beauty and grace will remain as our ruins, or relics, or names? They're all constants that stand to remind of what quickly passes by. As we quit the shore, I survey the graves; rows of old stones, unevenly paired, princess with thieves and lovers apart. So where shall I lay? With you? Alone?

The storm is now pressing its weight on all sides as it plunges its nails into pine. The tall waters will wash us away. For now, forget, erase, and leave nothing behind whence we came--no ruins, nor relics, nor names, nor anchors to hang in the tides that slowly still unwind. But we rest assured we're safe in our graves. With faces upturned, we look to be saved, but the rustling of soil will slowly subside and quietly die.

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