

Bo Stakka, Mute

Stains, all around
I try to count and give them numbers
Stains, without sound
Soaked in long deserted wonders
Remains, of fired rounds
They keep a secret in their slumber
Remains, lost and found
We told the truth and then we stumbled

Let the splinters take the stand and wait for a rewind
Let them tell you all about the crime
I will be mute and let the numbness shout to you now
I will be mute, cos only silence speaks the truth
I will be mute, and fill the air without vibrations
And I will be mute, only silence speaks the truth

Break, what is whole
Then smash the parts into tomorrow
Break, a broken hole
And fill the nothingness with sorrow
Let the void sound, hear it scream confessions in your head
Let the perfect emptiness embrace you in it's lead
Conversate oblivion to see how it's combined
It will tell you all about the crime
I will be mute and let the numbness shout to you now
I will be mute, cos only silence speaks the truth I will be mute,
and fill the air without vibrations I will be mute,
only silence speaks the truth