

# Chevelle, Panic Prone

Gave in again  
The bastard  
Can't keep refusing rights  
So he'll loan the cash  
But the sin  
Is on the hands of you (you)

So, to care or  
Plead silence, weak hands are calling

There's close enough  
And there's too far  
It won't change an empty stare  
But I can't seem to end  
These images  
Hauntingly looks like Hell

So, to care or plead silence  
Weak hands are calling  
To care or plead silence  
Weak hands are calling

Come, enter the foreign  
Face, all that's shameful  
Cheat, may the past find  
Out, separating

To care or plead silence  
Weak hands are calling  
To end this catastrophic scene  
Awake and breathe in

To Care or (to care or)  
To Care or (to care or)