

Finch, Untitled

Everything is silent
I feel disconnected
Words turn to phrases, phrases turn to prayer

So now you know
This is my call
Do you hear me?
And if I fall
Will you be there to catch me?

When you close your eyes now
Are you satisfied?
When this is all over, there will be nothing left

So now you know
This is my call
Do you hear me?
And if I fall
Will you be there to catch me?
This is my call
Do you hear me?
And if I fall
Will you be there to catch me?

It's sharpening beneath me
Beneath my feet
The earth opens up
To swallow me
Take my hand and lead me on
Take my hand and lead me on
It's sharpening beneath me
Beneath my feet
It's sharpening beneath me
Beneath my feet

It's sharpening