

# 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