

Kyte, Planet

Silence and suffering speaks the most
The deep heavy feeling hot and cold
Stop with the worst as you wait for the shallow
And chase after castles like there's no tomorrow
Sometimes dust flies up

Hold your breath
Make a straight round surrender
And timing is a planet
Faced around with honest answers
Choking on a silent device

Return from the clockwork just to make you see
The deep orange brickwork let it be
Stop with the worst as you wait for the shallow
And chase after castles like there's no tomorrow
And sometimes dust flies up

Hold your breath
Make a straight round surrender
And timing is a planet
Faced around with honest answers
Choking on a silent device

(Return from the clockwork just to make you see)