

# Rise Against, The Approaching Curve

[Spoken:]

The music played with a calming frequency.

The speakers gently seeped the sound of ambient keyboards and light percussion, creating a seductive soundtrack to our midnight drive through curtains of blackness.

The windows were cold to the touch, reflecting the icy conditions in our immediate extremity.

Salt stains and fingerprints littered the glass, and streaks with melted snow cascaded down its length.

The music pulsed louder, yet gentle, like the far away squeal of a pot of boiling water.

The skylight was glowing faintly with vague hints of an impending dawn.

The car raced along a painfully straight stretch of road,

and she hadn't so much as turned the steering wheel two degrees in the last twenty minutes nor had we spoken.

As we were, so perfect, so happy.

They'll remember, only our smiles 'cause that's all they've seen.

Long since dried, when we are found, are the tears in which we had drowned.

As we were, so perfect, so happy.

[Spoken:]

"Why are you doing this?" she spoke as if not expecting a response.

Her voice penetrated the still air of our speechless drive, so suddenly that my heart had jumped.

"I'm not doing anything," I said, but I didn't even believe that myself.

"This is what's best, for me, for you, for us," or maybe just for me I thought,

as a tear formed in the pit of her eye. The music poured through the speakers

and we were losing ourselves in the cadence. She looked down momentarily and closed her eyes

for a bit longer than a standard blink. Then she was crying. Then she was shouting.

Then I was shouting, now pouring confessions, having no answers, or solutions,

we barely even knew the questions.

As we were, so perfect, so happy.

They'll remember, only our smiles 'cause that's all they've seen.

Long since dried, when we are found, are the tears in which we had drowned.

As we were, so perfect, so happy.

Don't put me underground, I was meant for a life somewhere else.

Please, love, give me the wheel, before both of our hearts you

will steal tonight (will steal tonight).

As we were, so perfect, so happy.

Don't remember, only your smiles 'cause that's all they've seen.

Long since dried, when we are found, are the tears in which we had drowned.

As we were, so perfect, so happy.

[Spoken:]

Our cracking voices became part of the music.

The car pressed on faster through the night. As our voices lowered,

The cadence again overtook the air.

Up ahead there was a curve approaching.

She made no indications of slowing.