

A Static Lullaby, Stare At The Air

It's in the air
For all our guests to stare
Their speech left pacified
With a cowards glare
It's in the air
As our guests thought we stare
Their speech left pacified
With a cowards glare

Is she haunted by
(Is she haunted by a glow)
That beauty soft
(That beauty soft as now)
A frantic pounding grabs his heart
The beats mimicked by his thoughts
By his thoughts

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To plot against
(To plot against this)
May be a deadly
(May be a deadly deed)
With a shriek of horror fleeing
Bring them to their weary knees
With a shriek of horror fleeing
Bring them to their weary knees

A poet crumbles by the alter
A shock for one to bare
The fainting of a man
By the lips
(Under the veil)
The reckless
(Become the tragic)
Reside night
(Bring light to day)
In the wake somethings
May never beat the shame in pain

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