Accessory, The Faint

Your mouth is wide open Spit out hurried words Fade in rapid motion Before they were heard

Your fingertips are numb Touch the cold of stone Speechless they're roaming Covering the unknown

Your ears are never closed Hear the silence, the noise Cheerless they're receiving It's no question of choice

The rebels got quiet
They silently died
The moon won the battle
For the brighter light

There is nothing for sure Just nothing that hurts You can keep fighting Or repeat some words