

# 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