

Age Of Silence, 90 Degree Angles

It has been done!
The return is completed!
Now to grow fainter
To be buried in soft shades of jade

I used to like the rainfalls - to feel tender bites
of grey city water on my white, clean face
pure from the start - dirty to the end
drawing diagonal marks - shutting me into a private prison with bars of water on skin

The smell of wet asphalt always softened up a hard world
90 degree angles, shiny surfaces covered in dirt

and worn out streets leading from nothing to nothing
Who put us here anyway? Did I ever take the time to find out?
Did they ever bother to ask? Was it even an option?
It's been returned
I wonder if the dirt has forced its way through my skin by now

Feels like it's there - itching from the inside, weakening my flesh
I need a sunblock or a dirtblock - something to protect me
Nothing's ever gonna be the same again
I'm on the wrong... surface

Nothing's ever gonna be the same again
Nothing's ever gonna be the same again

Open up the shell, wash away the facade
Let me out or let me in

Open up the shell, wash away the facade
Let me out or let me in

Please just let me, Please just let me
Please just let me, Please just let me