

Architecture In Helsinki, Need To Shout

There's a sword in your side,
That you'll ignore until blood shows,
And later on, when it's gone,
When something's wrong,
The violence grows and it's designed,
To spy and try to poke your eyes,
While laying low.

Beneath the seven different reasons for satellites,
Eleven different reasons for fists in fights,
There's never been a reason for
shouting when it's quiet,
But no-one's ever listening.

Seven different reasons for satellites,
Eleven different reasons for fists in fights,
There's never been a reason for
shouting when it's quiet,
But no-one's ever listening.

When you need to shout
No-one's ever listening
When you need to shout
No-one's ever listening

And don't go dragging your name,
Through the mud and the rain,
When it dries I know some dust that
wants to get in your eyes.

Put a stethoscope on,
You'll notice the beat is gone,
All that's left is hesitations
from your previous life.

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