

# Black, Alive

Listen to the silence growing louder  
A whisper can sometimes be louder than a scream  
Even in your wildest dreams  
Oh growing louder  
And then I am  
Never more alive than when I am  
Lying in your arms again  
Some say that each and everyone is dying  
They don't admit that they have never really  
Lived at all  
And swung it at the big ball  
Oh I don't fight it  
For I am never more alive than when I am  
Lying in your arms again  
Some people act like love was just a kind of guessing game  
But when they want you what the hell are they responding to?  
And some people act like they're immaturing  
And I don't know if I am only growing younger  
But I am never more alive than when I am  
Never more alive than when I am  
Lying in your arms again  
Listen to the silence growing louder