

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