Black, Dont Take The Silence Too Hard

Now and again an innocent shines out from the crowd and scenes that roll down the streets the inhuman streams. down from the trees, and up from their knees. Jump overboard, strike for the shore, leave your clothes to the fire. Counting the days your innocence paid. You can play it, re-arrange it, you can change your mind. Tell me how the horrors escape as we follow their trail 'til dark. Once for the need, twice for the thrill, into the groves, into the groves. Wash up ashore, follow the call, leave your debts behind you. Counting the ways that innocence pays. You can play it, re-arrange it, you might change your mind. (solo) In the big city heat a photo can fade, who were the saints of old? Keep a brush at your heels and cover your tracks, aim for the higher ground in the field. Jump overboard, strike for the shore, leave your clothes to the fire. Counting the days your innocence paid. You can play it, re-arrange it, you can change your mind. Change your mind. Change your mind. Change your mind.

--->> Enrique Morano <<---