

Finch, Perfection Through Silence

Alone at last
together in a photograph.
Our eyes are always open
devoted to perfection through silence.

What am I supposed to do?
Should I sit wait for you?
Listen to me screaming more.

This story is old
only to those who have no mold.
The truth can be bought or sold.
But what are we buying?
Nothing but silence.

What am I supposed to do?
Should I sit wait for you?
Listen to me screaming more.
Tell me now just what am I supposed to do?
Should I sit wait for you?
Listen to me screaming more.

Fold the corners, break the silence
Fold the corners just for tonight
Fold the corners, break the silence
Fold the corners just for tonight
Fold the corners, break the silence
When weakened, when will you rise?

What am I supposed to do?
Should I sit wait for you?
Listen to me screaming more.
Tell me now just what am I supposed to do?
Should I sit wait for you?
Listen to me screaming more.