

Matt Pond PA, Riser Two

bargain sight and the clumsy way of thinking
was there ever intuition i'm lost thinking of fires to suburban desires
tied too tight are the slings for all the sorrows
will you wait until tomorrow to tell all of your lies
so that i might be there with you

false alarms of the memory i'd forgotten
of the stores that i've been lost in
there are pills for the fear so that i might wake up with you
i want to be there when you come to
in surprises are the answers and when silence breaks
I will admire the bones and the bareness of the truth

every night there are charms to mask the terrors
could be all our thoughts are errors
hope that you're tired so that I just might see through you
I want to be there when you come to
in surprises are the answers and when silence breaks
I will admire the bones and the fairness of the truth
I want to be there when you come to no more armed response desire and when silence breaks
I will admire the bones and the bareness of the truth