

# Silverchair, Asylum

Contained in my cotton crib  
Where I feel no turbulence  
The ocean sleeps upon a shelf and it feeds my apathy  
But I can feel it in the night  
Like rain upon my skin inside a winter  
But you began to splinter  
If I decide to recognise my thorns  
'Cause every time I see your face in a cloud I feel no violence  
So tilt the water 'til it turns me around  
To my own asylum  
Dry in the day, and fading away in the night  
I feel the sun before it's light  
And it fades away into the night  
I was afraid, I feed myself  
I cleared the shelf and killed the shame  
But I can feel it in the night  
Collect the rocks and throw them over borders  
To shake the muddy waters  
And clear myself from hiding every thorn  
'Cause every time I see your face in a cloud I feel no violence  
So tilt the water 'til it turns me around  
To my own asylum  
Dry in the day, and fading away  
And we grow, before we go over the windows  
You're just a fool for him  
'Cause every time I see your face in a cloud I feel no violence  
So tilt the water 'til it turns me around  
To my own asylum  
Dry in the day, and fading away  
Dry in the day, and fading away  
Dry in the day, and fading away in the night