

Silence

Matt Pond PA

I turned out backwards
You turn with me
Inside a basement bedroom
Descent is seldom clean

We'll climb into attics
Look down on the streets
We stayed up through the seasons
Words cannot compete

And our silence is beautiful
I hope you agree

Can't think of stopping
There's no release
The compass spinning slowly
It comes back to me

We'll walk 'til we're empty
We'll leave our seats
The accidents are glowing
We stopped words to breathe

And our silence is beautiful
I hope you agree
You're standing there
Saving your air

I turned out backwards
You turn with me
Inside a bad construction
Descent is coming clean

And our silence is beautiful
I hope you agree
You're standing there
Saving your air