

# Still I Can Hear You Singing

Paralysed Age

The house is empty without you  
All the rooms seem so much bigger now without you  
Without you

Wide like churches, hostility, and cold  
High like halls and all their walls  
Echo every footstep  
Echo every word  
As if it were your tiny footsteps  
As if it were your little words  
In these walls

And still I can hear you singing  
And still I can watch you living

In these walls  
In my emptiness  
You're a brick  
You're still singing  
In these walls  
In my emptiness

And still I can hear you singing  
And still I can watch you living