

# The Soundtrack Of Your Fears

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You can not tame no animal  
You can only try to communicate  
So let us try not to fall  
Down the path of dialectical games

There is no face for you to see  
There's only space for you and me  
There is no voice for you to hear  
Only the soundtrack of your fear

In the morning I will rince my dreams  
Of what is still clinging to the night  
I will watch you dress in front of me  
While the sun is singing all its lies

There is no face for you to see  
There's only space for you and me  
There is no voice for you to hear  
Only the soundtrack of your fear

Look what I've found under your bed:  
A spider hanging from its thread  
It told me that you drew its web  
And that you sell the eggs it laid

I can not seem to control my hands  
They just walk on a path of their own  
They will use you when you're on the phone  
You will try then you will understand

There is no face for you to see  
There's only space for you and me  
There is no voice for you to hear  
Only the soundtrack of your fear