

Ominous Mystery

Saybia

It's just a scar that acts like a scar
Like a car that drives like a car
It's not an ominous mystery
If you appreciate it's quality
It's just a stone that acts like a stone
Like a home that feels like a home
There'll be no rude awakening

When we find comfort in common things
Here's to the nights of despair when the stones are carved out
Here's to the mornings of hope when you're holding the end of a
stroke
Here's to holding the line
Here's to old friends and good times

There is no scene no plan of escape
No hidden feet behind the colorful drapes
There's only now and possibilities
When we get cast the point of bigger trees
It's just a choice that acts like a choice
Like a voice that sounds like a voice
We ought to take responsibility
Or we can opt the chance of liberty
I'll walk you home
I stop and repause
Revilling echoes avoid applause
I'll walk, you talk I stop and you pause
I've got no clue of applaudable noise

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