

We Count so We Don't Have to Listen

Birds in Row

Zeroes harvesting the gallows
And distances to braid the best of ropes
How many masks? How many speeches?
For those you'll never see speak
For those we know too well to meet
Millions of diagrams cover the walls
We count and locked the doors

Who the fuck defines the justice?
In a land of cheater
In a land of cheater

Before we all have to wear the blue
The blue's in you, it talks to you
Now is the time to listen
We lost the memory and crawl in the dark
Funny how time always leaves its mark
And how shame seems to vanish
We cherish the values that show their limits
When you ain't gotta chose to find the force to quit
Now's the time to listen, now's the time to listen

To silence all the numbers (To silence all the numbers)
Finally
To resurrect the names, and dignify the pain
Finally

Graphics hiding
Weary shoes and critics
To quantify the pain
Graphics hiding
Weary shoes and critics
To quantify the pain

Before we all have to wear the blue
The blue's in you, it talks to you

Now is the time to fucking listen