

Panic Prone

Chevelle

Gave in again
The bastard
Can't keep refusing rights
So he'll loan the cash
But the sin
Is on the hands of you

So, to care or
Plead silence, weak hands are calling

There's close enough
And there's too far
It won't change an empty stare
But I can't seem to end
These images
Hauntingly looks like hell

So, to care or plead silence
Weak hands are calling
To care or plead silence
Weak hands are calling

Come, enter the foreign
Face, all that's shameful
Cheat, may the past find
Out, separating

To care or plead silence
Weak hands are calling
To end this catastrophic scene
Awake and breathe in

To Care or (care or)
To Care or (care or)