

# Quiet

## Delays

Oh you've got your reasons  
Clouded from me  
I touch only surface  
Crested debris  
But I've seen the refinery from 20,000ft  
Ignite the sky and burn your paper wings  
Silly thing

Still you live like you're dying Just to breathe  
Quiet, things are turning alabaster  
Quiet, we don't want the house to burn

Caress the porch in whispered tones  
We don't have long to be alone

With easter island dead ahead  
It makes good sense  
To break our bread in reverie  
To our need  
So we live like we're dying just to breathe

Quiet, things are turning alabaster  
Quiet, we don't want the house to burn

And we live like we're dying  
And we live like we're dying