

Concrete

Shame

Do you feel alone (well sometimes I do)
Do you feel replaced (feel like there's nothing at all)
Fearing the unknown (stare into the abyss)
Craving escape (waiting for the call)
And are you really hurt (I pull the curtains close)
Are you really here (I watch the paint run dry)
Finding gold in the dirt (we can stay afloat)
Measure money with fear (at least we can try)

And is she with you now (no she's never around,)
Is she hearing me (not one little bit)
Raise a plucked eyebrow (covered in concrete)
Covered in concrete (just like dirt)
Will the questions stop (I feel the temperatures rise)
Will the answers end (I see another one coming for me)
Monitored from the top
As the unit bends

No more, no more, no more questions
No more, no more, no more questions

And how does it feel
How does it taste
Would you rather it's real
Or would you rather it's fake
We can bring you up
We can bring you close
The time has passed for luck
And now it's time for hope

And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me
And I hope that you're hearing me

No more, no more, no more questions
No more, no more, no more questions
No more, no more
No more, no more

And when the answers trickle thin
You and I can finally think
About the words in which we gave
Were they condemned or were they praised
What was their worth
What was their mean
Laugh as they simply meant nothing