

Rest In Peace

Stiltskin

Each night I taste the silence
Of the words in my throat
Each day we hide in laughter
When they turn round and float

Do you lie back and think of England
As they shout in your face
Stand up and give them flowers
Mary full of grace

Temper's out of control again
There's an itch in my soul again
If I scratch it I will rest in peace

Each day I'm in the future
Of a net curtained past
Each day I'm out of pocket
Time didn't last

Each night I wake up smoking
And my eyes start to sting
Wish I could keep them open
When the trees start to sing

Each night I taste the silence
Of the words in my throat
Each day we hide in laughter
When they turn round and float