

Surrender

The Antlers

Well I hope, when you can't hear what I am thinking, you know I
can't always talk
but I'm always listening in an absence, where you hate to feel
uncared for,
pretending there's nothing that you're not prepared for.
Who are you lapping when you're running from surrender if life
is a fatal race for all contenders?
To find the peace within the combat where we're standing, we ha
ve to make our history less commanding.

Well, our mercy is a boundary we'll surrender when love is a sa
fer place we both remember.
Like an old estate that stands in no location at the edge of an
age of endless renovation.
And while all that noise competes for our attention, we'll meet
on a quiet field in our own dimension.

We'll step inside a world far less demanding when we allow for
something less commanding.