

Idea / Intent

The Beths

Sometimes it's dark in my head
Sometimes I give up the light for the monsters under my bed
And they feast on my thoughts
And they're well fed
Communication is hell
Get tired of checking the mail, tired of checking myself
You bet I'll be in the ring when you ring the bell

But if I let it out (Let it out)
Vibrations in the throat can convey more than just sound (Sound)
It's the idea (Idea)
That'll cut you up and cut you down
(Cut you up and cut you down)
But if I let it out (Let it out)
It's not just you versus the verbs and the nouns
It's the intent (Intent)
That'll fuck you up now
It'll fuck you up again and again

Sometimes the silence is fun
Sometimes the words taste sweeter on the tip of my tongue
They beat the bitter of war
Where nobody won
We were just casualties
In this casual fight, given up so casually
Sometimes there isn't the time or the energy

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