Unquiet

16 Jul 2018 14:47:2 95. 2.

Vocal

(Come settle down now. It's unnecessary)

You could have your silence,
or you could have your say.
Fret around the wasted years,
Wrecking all the way.
Can't send your feelings to the fallen
or stay looking where the voice ends.
You could have a satellite
looking for a prince.
(A) frosty little signal(s)
Or an interstellar glimpse.
Homeward-bound, rolling out the rock and steel,
To show them with your man down.

And you'll dream
That you once could believe
That in the quiet there would be choir,;
Unsaid and free.
And you'll breathe
Just a like a phrase in a prophecy
Yeah we can know it but never show it,
Unsaid and free.

You could have a silence
Like a gliding motorcade.
A crown-wearing poker face
And letters to your name.
You can't bear to second guess or reconcile
A fool's paradise with the chance to acclimatize.
I cannot find the bottom
With your days
Around my neck
What I am I supposed to do
With all the things that you have left?
These sentimental treasures
For a racketeer?
Rolling the horizon
A step into a place unknown.

Guitar

V1

You could have your silence, or you could have your say,
Fret around the wasted years, wrecking all the way.
Can't send your feelings to the fallen
Or stay looking where the voice ends.
You could have a satellite,
Looking for a prince,
(A) frosty little signal(s),
Or an interstellar glimpse.
Homeward-bound, rolling out the rock and steel
To show them with your man down.

C

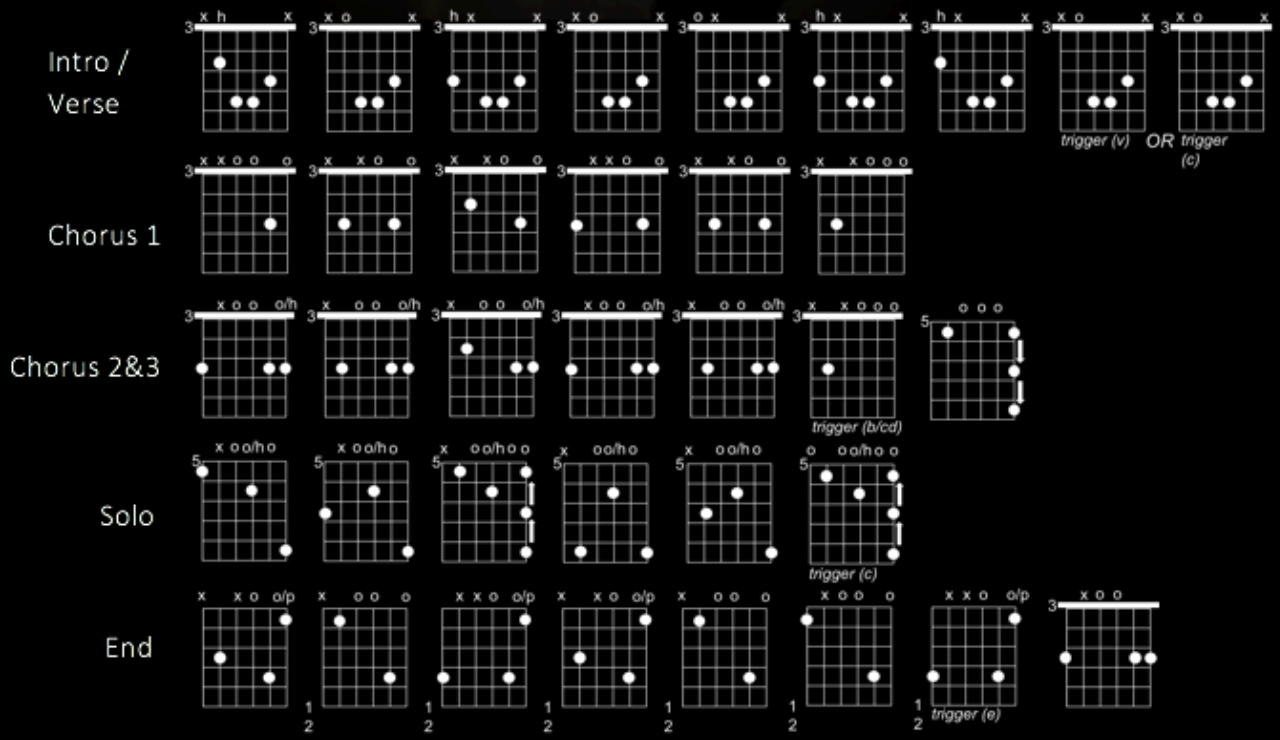
And you'll dream that you once could believe
That in the quiet there would be choirs, unsaid and free.
And you'll breathe just a like a phrase in a prophecy.
Yeah we can know it but never show it, unsaid and free.
(Come settle down now. It's unnecessary).

V2

You could have a silence, like a gliding motorcade.
A crown-wearing poker face and letters to your name.
You can't bear to second guess or reconcile
A fool's paradise with the chance to acclimatise.
I cannot find the bottom
With your days around my neck.
What I am I supposed to do
With all the things that you have left?
These sentimental treasures for a racketeer,
Rolling the horizon, a step into a place unknown

Gen_Arp

Drums

Backing vocal

Bass