

there's talking in my head, I'm much too tired to think  
i'll just stand here softly weeping by the kitchen sink  
there's spirits in my house, some not the loving kind  
while sadness has its place the peace just feels so hard to find  
oh it started yesterday, the shaking in the ground  
and something told me silence would be hard and weigh me down  
so i sang without a sound, and i spoke without a word  
and i tried to comprehend all of these messages i heard

it's getting late tonight, my bones are tired and weak  
i know i should surrender when the outlooks feeling bleak  
but there's something in my heart, so animal and bound  
who wants to tear her netting and run wildly around  
and i see right through your skin, the angel that you are  
with all the hope of heaven hanging on to your guitar  
at that moment of your doubt when your walls are closing in  
there's nowhere left to lay your spells, things end where they begin

i sang without a sound... and i spoke without a word  
and i tried to comprehend... you're alright