

The Pit

Silversun Pickups

I'm marching through the branches in a fit of wanderlust
To see you in a black hole reaching out for something just
Silhouettes of neighbors dancing in disgust I'm sure you recognize my noise and you heard
about the Pit
Been told to be afraid of everything that lives within
But it's much worse where you are
So will you go for it? I have a feeling you might
Feeling you might Somebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
With dirty fingers
We'll bury the lie
Somebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
We'll bury the lie
Bury the lie Now we tumble down a hill to a fire with a crowd
The flicker becomes thicker as we bottom out
The residents don't even notice the sudden shouts When your eyes can adjust and you see what's
in view
Discolored and distempered smiles that seen you
Do you realize we were all once like you? I have a feeling you might
Feeling you might Somebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
With dirty fingers
We'll bury the lie
Somebody somewhere
Will clean out your wounds
We'll bury the lie
Bury the lie No, no
No one comes
No one goes
No, no
No one comes
No one goes Running lies my noise and you heard about the Pit
Been told to be afraid of everything that comes within We can talk about it later
But I think you've given in
We can talk about it later
But I think you've given in I had a feeling you might
Bury the lie
Oh, oh

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