

Dash Channel, Unspoken

Seems you are my closest friend
There's no ears for what I care
I'm afraid of the weight of those words
so I won't talk anymore
what I think is my load

I'm not lying
I'm not telling the truth
and what I'm trying to do
Is to make things good

What's been told will grow up strong
I'm conditioned by my tongue
Naming hurts me, Words define
what we see, it's been taught to see
And what we feel is unspoken

I'm not lying
I'm not telling the truth
What I'm trying to do
Is to make things good

So don't ask me
the right question now
I'll be fine till I tell you
What's the point of us