

04.

# The Project

Quiet intensity

Moore Anderson

1

Voice      € 4      a      a      a      a

Piano      € 4      c d | t t t t | t # l t c | t t t t t t t t | t # l l c

5      A min      B "      A min

Once a - gain they came for me, the light was or - ange and in -

8      B "      D min      E " MAJ<sup>7</sup>

tense, I could not move, I could not break free,





39      C                  A min                  B "

€ A                  a                  a                  t t t t t t t t t t | t || c

net.                  Then they returne to my bed-room,

> € A                  a                  a                  t t t t t t t t t t | t || c

? .                  t t t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t t t

44      A min                  B "                  D min                  C

€ C                  t t t t t t t t | A                  t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

turned my mem-o - ries to dreams,                  and my fear and vi - o -

> € d                  t t t t t t t t | A                  C t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

? .                  t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

47      E "                  D min                  E "

€ t || c                  C d t t t t t t | A

la - tion,                  be - came my night-mare screams.

> € t || c                  C d t t t t t t | A

? .                  t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

50      E "                  D min                  E "

€ d t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

Is it too late to save our earth?                  Is it too late to save our

> € d t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

? .                  t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t | t t t t t t t t

53

G min

E"

D min<sup>7</sup>

lives? Is their pro - ject just a fu - tile hope,

whether end of days ar - rives? I know control is just a person-al de-lu - sion,

so I surren-der to my fate, in-de-pen-dent life is on-ly an il-lu - sion,

64

**B**

I'm brok-en now it's much too  
late. I'm brok-en now it's much

67

**C**

**D min**

**a**

**b**

**t**