

Alarmed by fascination
The darkness in me grows
A moment's hesitation
The dark assumes control

Really, I don't know what matters
I only know two things
The first it is the flower that flatters
The second is a scorpion stings
Well...

I'm giving up on a wish in the well
Alright
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell
Whether I am facing front or back
Waiting in line
Let me sling this fable

Have you seen the papers?
They're written from a bird's eye view
Unsafe beneath the surface of saviors
They can't see me or you... Well...

I'm giving up on a wish in the well
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell
Whether I am facing front or back
Waiting in line
Let me sling this fable

Well the future came today
The alarm bell sounds the stage
While these fools twiddle their thumbs
Something wicked this way comes

I'm giving up on a wish in the well
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell
I'm giving up on a wish in the well my love
I'm sick and tired
Whether I am facing front or back
Waiting in line
Let me sling this fable

Another wish, another well

I'm giving up on a wish in the well
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell
Oh I'm giving up on a wish in the well
I'm giving up on a wish in the well