

(w graber)

They borrow words for thoughts and steal what they feel from fools who choose to feel

For every black and white for every ash to ash shades of grey will clash

For every dream there's a fool to back it up where every word has been sized up

And maybe feels like everything

Every line that falls and every crack an empty fear keeps coming back

And maybe feels like everything

And every vacant hope a spring to this winter's night from hands of man of mine

The heart of hearts will fade I'm haunted here by this loss of what I dreamed it was

But for every dream there's a fool to back it up where every word has been sized up

And maybe feels like everything

Every line that falls and every crack an empty fear keeps coming back

And maybe feels like everything

And how's it supposed to be right now

My mind's betrayed my heart again

And how's it supposed to be right now

My mind's betrayed my heart again

Some are yours and some are lost

Ash to ash but lost is lost

Some of the words are known I guess

Hope for sign beyond what's clear

But every truth will disappear

Some of the words are yours alone

Some are yours and some are lost

Ash to ash but lost is lost

Some of the words are known I guess

Hope for sign beyond what's clear

But every truth will disappear

Some of the words are yours alone

And I tried to say that some of what this is. . . isn't everything