

Sight For The Sore Eyes

Broken Iris

Some have to see to believe it
Others are blind and can feel it
The flame burns as thick as the wick
It's getting colder in here, it's colder in...

Here comes the part where we start our lives
Don't fall behind

What a sight for the sore eyes?
It's getting colder in here it's sobering
To see them suffle to the back of the line
When the ending is near and the marks that we make areso clear

Quiverin thoughts now surround you
Engulfed by the times that we undo
The ties that hold shadows at bay
Are unbound and undone
All but the one

Here comes the part where we start our lives
Don't fall behind

What a sight for the sore eyes?
It's getting colder in here it's sobering
To see them suffle to the back of the line
When the ending is near and the marks that we make areso clear

Good-bye, nothing makes us want to try
You're too close to look behind
Just one touch, we could change so much
On the edge I stand preparing to go...but
I feel I've already been here

What a sight for the sore eyes?
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When the ending is near and the marks that we make areso clear
I feel I've already been here