

## Far

Coheed and Cambria

I welcome this pain  
beating down on me  
Is it your eyes  
that choose not to see?

All I would do  
if only you knew  
All of my trust  
was given to you

Oh, please, this is what I can give  
What else do you need from me?  
I might be sick, broken, torn to pieces  
So, whatever this is, this thing that now I've become,  
you hate it so much, you keep on running from it  
No matter the distance, no matter how,  
no matter how far

I buried this hurt,  
concealed in this heart  
Go lock all your doors,  
these cold steps will warm

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(Flies)

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