

Every now and then
Your seventh sense sees more than you
It covers you with lies and truths of
what to do

Knowing eyes, infected lies
And twisted truths
I'm far too old
To blame it on my youth

Commitment to a higher force than you
could put your faith in
These flames and fires make me too
tired to repress my sin
The world could never be so beautiful
Without you without me
without the symbols that we see

I could never say those things you
say to me in shame
I could never remember
the colours and numbers in your name
Your maker wants you back and there
is nothing I can do
I believe that you believe
your maker wants me too

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