

Windows For The Dead

Fear My Thoughts

Thank you so much for being there for me
For showing me the things I ever need
Without you I wouldn't know whom I'd be
You form my faith my visions and my greed

The human touch - no precious thing for me at all

Emotionally dead I am is what you feel
But the pictures I always see they are so real
All by the means of what I'm seeing through you
True feelings the whole world in my room

The human touch - no precious thing for me at all
[I got] remote control - a basic need is such?
Come on be real! Come on be real!
The human touch - no precious thing for me at all
[I got] remote control - a basic need is such?
Come on be real! Come on be real!

You're never telling lies! Truth is what you provide
I see the life
Who needs to smell who has to feel a thing at all
As long as I can see and hear

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