

Restricted by rhythm, restricted by rhyme,  
Writing lyrics can be tough sometimes.

So much to say, but how to say it,  
Make it accessible and make it fit.  
Give it some meaning, a little direction,  
Try to be honest and make a connection.

I've come... to learn... the limits... of language.

Take any single experience, translate it into writing,  
Play around with all the words and try to conjure up the feeling.  
See that the feeling only existed in the action,  
And can't be recreated no matter how good the description.

With these words we've found communication.  
We have a process for relation,  
But nothing more than approximations.

See the difference between words and events, the memories and the moments.  
Understand and never forget that the description is not the describes,  
The word is not the thing, the explanation,  
Is not the explained.

The limits of language. (The limits of language!)  
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The limits of language.

So much to say, but how to say it,  
Make it accessible and make it fit.  
Instead of wasting all our time sat around talking about it,  
Maybe it's about time we got out and lived it.