

So the mind won't lie
And the arm won't set
And the bright red eye isn't off you yet
So the words won't come
And the hand won't touch
And a midnight sun doesn't look like much
As an iris contracts, facing the day
I can tell you've cracked
Like a china plate

When the world insists
That the false is so
With a philippic as Cicero
The tighter the fist
The looser the sand
If I don't resist
Will I understand?

All things change
Dividing tides far as I can see
All fades through but [?] of you, as Ylajali
All I see, dividing tides
Rising over me
Ooh, wait
Oh, will you wait?
[?]
You, alive...