

Single out the dying
Make more room for nothing
Make it so that there is nowhere left to go
You can't buy your soul back
You won't own it ever
You're just renting it until it rips you apart

There's a place where they go and they lie
for the sic and the lame where they can't touch me
When they die underneath all the lies and deceit
We will cover our tracks and you won't find nothing

Trying to put your finger on it
Point your finger at it
Cut your finger

Keep your eyes out of focus
Keep your mind out of synch
Keep your eyes out of focus
And watch it disappear

One will come a day when old wounds open
You let it happen
The sickness has spread too far
Don't let it happen
Your so called compassion is long gone
We see right through you

Trying to put your finger on it
Point your finger at it
Cut your finger

There's a place in my mind where I go
It protects me from love so it can't kill me
So I lie to myself uninflected with guilt
Here I am - There you are
Can you see the difference?

One will come, arms open
One will come, eyes open