

I find no comfort here for the taking.  
In our search for solid ground, I'm not asking for a miracle.  
She waits in coma calling out my name (it wont mean a thing),  
These steps I take (I take alone) won't make a difference.

I'm on top of all the wrong things.  
Will an answer bring me back to life?  
Back to these cold sheets and your love for sympathy,  
We don't even talk anymore.

I count my blessings.  
Your teeth like daggers cut right through the wire you walk to  
prove what's real.  
Yeah we're talking because we've got something to say.  
No matter what happens, the best is yet to come.  
She waits in coma (calling out my name).  
These steps I take wont make a difference.

I'm on top of all the wrong things.  
Will an answer bring me back to life?  
Back to these cold sheets and your love for sympathy,  
We don't even talk anymore.

Leaving me empty, defining my existence, I'm right where I belong?  
The outcome will be the greatest reward,  
basking in your presence we realize what's perfect can't be changed.

I'm on top of all the wrong things.  
Will an answer bring me back to life?  
Back to these cold sheets and your love for sympathy,  
We don't even talk anymore.