

In Other Words

Geoff Tate

We see... what we want to see,
but only a drop of what could be.
Stop me if I'm going on...
I dream in stale complacency.
And in other words ...
tell me you're all right.
Just a whisper and I dreamed you cry,
but I survived, courageous here ...
and in other words ...on other worlds.

And when my hands begin to bleed
will you stay and comfort me?
I feel afraid I might be living. Yeah.

And if I had to the ends of Time
would I ever make you mine?
Just a whispered "yes" is all I need.

Tasting you still on my tongue,
shaking conch shells one by one,
and trails of peaceful inequities.
Insincere flattering by other ones
in other words ...

And when these wounds upon my brow,
begin to seep the truth we found,
do you feel we need to keep giving?
And if I promised the world for you,
I could make it all come true.
With a whispered "yes" it's all I need.

I don't know about tomorrow.
I just know, I'll remember today...
and the way... you looked at me.

If my hands begin to bleed
will you stay and comfort me?
You looked at me.
You looked at me.