

## Thin

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A fire's beneath the cloak of night has our minds in control  
We guard them with our weary eyes and we watch them grow  
When the time is right  
And we're ready to begin  
At the first tide, your patience wearing thin  
Scattered in from night  
I scrawl it in a winter white  
Melting into thin air

The kind of which I came to be  
Left of being swallowed whole  
By offering a piece of me  
To any given fool  
Scattered in the mud  
Like innocent shades of white  
Spreading by the wind

(Change goes on)  
(Wind blows south)

It doesn't end  
They ask us why, who said we had a chance?  
Want me to fall?  
It doesn't end (through the wind, through the wind)  
They ask us why, who said we had a chance?  
Want me to fall?

Too thin (through the wind, through the wind)  
Too thin, too thin (through the wind, through the wind, through  
the wind)

(Change goes on)  
(Through the wind, through the wind, through the wind)  
(Wind blows south)