

## Fine Line

Ikon

Absence is my religion  
Foray my words do speak  
Torn from my own incision  
This day forever bleak

I stand in my own pity  
I crawl upon it's face  
I feel I am a victim  
For madness I can taste

Sometimes I think of me  
Sometimes I think of you  
But most of all I know  
What more now can I do

It all must pass to reason  
It all will fall from grace  
And now in my obsession  
It leads to such a waste

Confronting my horizon  
It leads me cold and fray  
To touch will end in treason  
For this I cannot pay

Sometimes I think of me  
Sometimes I think of you  
But most of all I know  
What more now can I do

It all must pass to reason  
It all will fall from grace  
But now in my obsession  
It leads to such a waste