

Windows, to the world are what we're looking through
Who knows, if what we find is true
Seeing, is believing as some people say
Knowing, is to get a better view

For the windows of the world
Are never open all the way
And the voices of the past are not forgotten
Till you leave it all behind you
You will never see the day
'Cause your life is on the line

Tasting, of the wine of some forbidden fruit
Reaping, the sorrows that we sow
Reaching, to the stars will never bring us home
Teaching, what we really could not know

For the windows of the world
Are never open all the way
And the voices of the past are not forgotten
Till you leave it all behind you
You will never see the day
'Cause your life is on the line

Touching, we are moving to the things we feel
Trying, to be what we could never be
Turning, if we'd only open up our hearts
Yearning, for the things we cannot see

And the windows of the world
Are never open all the way
And the voices of the past are not forgotten
Till you leave it all behind you
You will never see the day
'Cause your life is on the line
On the line