

It's late  
By your window, a story ends

Two flames, broken fingers  
And false pretence

So here we stand in the arms of fate  
Here we stand ten years too late

And I can hear you call for my loveless arms

See my love  
I did escape you, I broke the lock

And I trained my heart to hate you  
I carved it into rock

But I can hear you call for my loveless arms  
And I still see you fall as I run so fast

And here we stand in the arms of fate  
And here we stand ten years too late

And I can hear you call for my loveless arms

Well I am not a bow and arrow  
Or a slingshot at your side  
So please don't, don't try and use me  
To make others treat you kind