

Second Hand Syndrome

Nodes Of Ranvier

A blank stare says it all never mind my unsteady hand
Are we really nothing more than the walking decay?
Do we have to live this way?
Time's knife pressed against our veins
There's no turning away, the fragility of humanity
Never could quite understand
The importance of pretty things it's killing me
Unavoidable tragedy finally it's here and now we remember only
good times
Everything I am has come from sound

Please memory don't fail me
Last day of the rest of our lives
Last chance to make things right
And now I know
Our eyes aren't all that see
Each day that we wake up
We struggle to feel alive
Living under the knife
I hold close those dear to me