

## Dichotomy

Plankeye

The air up here, it seems so thin  
Stars burn my eyes  
The blood, it covers sin  
Flip an old coin over  
A new life begins and the old one is over  
If I tore my heart out and threw it on the floor  
Would you even care?  
Why can't you feel that I am real?  
Could you be the one?  
Guide me to the Son  
The air down here  
It seems so thick  
Dirt in my life  
You know it makes me sick  
I ask for water once again  
'Cause my thirsty soul should be clean again