

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