

Where Do We Draw the Line

Poets of the Fall

On your palm an endless wonder
Lines that speak the truth without a sound
In your eyes awaits the tireless hunger
Already looks for prey to run down
So why do we keep up this charade
How do we tell apart the time to
Leave from the time to wait?

What does tomorrow want from me?
What does it matter what I see?
If it can't be my design
Tell me where do we draw the line?
Tell me where do we draw the line?

The dance of flames and shadows
In the street
Make poetry nobody's ever heard
The weight of loneliness
Stands on your feet
The cage already there around the bird
So why don't we join the masquerade
Before it all falls apart
Before our love becomes insatiate

What does tomorrow want from me?
What does it matter what I see?
If I can't choose my own design
Tell me where do we draw the line?

What does tomorrow want from me?
What does it matter what I see?
If we all walk behind the blind
Tell me where do we draw the line?
Tell me where do we draw the line?

Where's the cooling wind?
Where's the evergreen field?
Where's my mother's open arms?
Where's my father lionheart?

S'like the sun's gone down
Sleeps in the hallowed ground now
With the autumn's browns leaves
With the one who never grieves

So why do we keep up this charade
How do we tell apart the time to
Leave from the time to wait

What does tomorrow want from me?
What does it matter what I see?
If it can't be my design
Tell me where do we draw the line?

Whatever tomorrow wants from me
At least I'm here, at least I'm free
Free to choose to see the signs

This is my line...