

# 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...