

Cedar grains cling  
to woven skin upon walls  
I know frail truths feed  
borrowed dreams grown cold  
and from here I beg  
release and hope  
I hope  
Breathing through these lines Innocence  
lost among the torment  
of grace within the storm  
seeking darkness in the dawn  
While the emptiness divides  
every purpose with the light  
I fade I fade

Without a key without a sound  
without a chance to hold the light  
it reaches in between the seems  
to tease the madness and the grief  
To curse the walls to cure the need  
To curse the damned who damn the need  
The need to know what lies beyond, beyond the walls

Turn the Key (turn the key...)

And set free  
this I swear  
It's not enough for me to die alone  
Uproot these veins that fail to bleed  
So I will know and I will still believe we're better than these  
lies that we have learned to breathe breathing I step beyond t  
he past and let it go