

Enchanting ourselves and trying to preserve  
The signals we transmit through fingertips  
It does not do to dwell on dreams  
Desperately seeking to find something real  
The hours are lingering losing momentum  
Dismembered a memory of what once was close to me  
Enchanting ourselves and trying to preserve  
The signals we transmit through fingertips

Though  
Without a doubt, I am complete  
This is unbroken, there's no defeat  
I am not abandoned, we have belief  
I am blessed

To hold tight and fight  
Following all our own advice  
Treasuring time, as time well spent  
No distance will disturb this  
Gathering the pieces  
Making the montage