you don't know, how easy it is for me to sing about religion, and my thoughts of you and now this time its out now back to, the basics the simple thoughts i had in mind the skyline, outlining, too specialized and overlooked i can't complain, its seems that i've got everything, i need and i just can't explain why things aren't right its the mysteries that balance how my ponderings are countless i need this one part because i think that its this time, with you and falling in sickness can't touch the things i need tonight it makes me regret this this worlds and all its perfect lies