

And the days they speak to me
With all their history
Little ways passing phases all so consistently
As the gazes reached for me with that intensity
Through this maze of misled praise the words get into me

Staring at faces of our times to reconcile
There's always patience waiting for a place in our minds
And in that autumn you'll find
Every orphan will loose their need to pine
Reassure them the world before them
Staring at faces

Change...

Cause words alone will soon dissolve
And leave us with a face we can't console
In the zone conscious of tones
We can't resolve

Staring at faces of our times to reconcile
There's always patience waiting for a place in our minds
And in that autumn you'll find
Every orphan will loose their need to pine
Reassure them the world before them
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