

There is glass between our touch,
Phantom limbs of former love...
And the truth is that I am so terrified

That the callous is deeper
Than the surface of our skin.
And it takes us twice as long,
It takes twice as long to heal.

We'll lift up the ground to see
The system of roots beneath.
Gears turn, endlessly,
To bring the world back to life
Like clockwork, when it dies.

The cadence of beating hearts,
The clock of its moving parts
Grows louder and louder
From this restless earth...

Future gardens wait patiently below
And somehow we smell them blossom
Through the snow.

Still unsatisfied,
We chase what we're denied.
As generations wait,
We can't resist the taste of possibility.
Gears turn, endlessly,
To bring us back to life again.
Like clockwork, we begin