

What have you seen?
What have you felt?
Your lips are closed, the curtain's shut
And all that we can see is on your sleeve.
All that we can see is on your sleeve.

I know from time to time
That hope seems a foreign land.
A distance we cannot reach,
A language we cannot speak.

Your life is hidden in your skin.
Though not entirely so...
Some things can't be kept.
And through all the things we'll find out,
We will hold on tighter
To the surface life.

I know from time to time That hope seems but a foreign land.
A distance we cannot reach,
A language we cannot speak.

In your words, the movement of your eyes,
The expressions on your face,
In the rush of your walking.

And through all the things we'll find out,
We will hold on tighter
To this surface life.

With our closed fists, we will feel like
We've succeeded again.

What have you seen?
What have you felt?

Your lips are closed, the curtain's shut
All that we can see is on your sleeve...
And all that you can see is on my sleeve.

I know from time
That hope seems but a foreign land.
A distance we cannot reach,
A language we cannot speak.