

Why is it impossible now
To trace every echo
Back to its birth?
Why is it impossible now
To kiss every fever away?

There is truth that's hiding
Behind every wall that surrounds us.
It takes a lifetime
To pull the bricks away.

Why is it impossible now to know?
(Is this the way to understand?)

With the weakest of ears
We'll try only to hear
The sound of our voice,
Louder than fear of waking up
Alone.

Let conversations carry
The unraveling of skin.
The ink will pour an answer
In children's handwriting.

If all words are cameras,
Hold still.
Shutters slide to unveil
Fingerprints of angels
And a language made of film.

With surgical precision,
We'll cut every piece into order.
And beneath soft faces,
We'll climb halfway to God.

Why is it impossible now to know?
(Is this the way to understand?)
Why is it impossible now
To trace every echo
Back to it's birth?