

In the end
Your just as well being here
And out amongst
The frozen ponds and parks
I understand
The clarity, the solitude
But I'm beginning to think
I said too much

My words don't turn you on
Your here less than your gone
The spark still fights the worst
Where's the hunger wheres the thirst
Anymore

I felt the fight
I felt the good
So I'm awake
Its not the dream
I hope it was the last
Your cubicles, your tentacles
Will still find you
You cant hide from all the weight and wear

My words don't turn you on
Your here less then your gone
The spark still fights the worst
Where's the hunger wheres the thirst
Anymore