

For You

Stream of Passion

Sitting on a throne of glass,
Watching every season pass.
In your cold, hollow stare the story is told again.
Could it be? Did you see us trying to cut the strings?

Then it all became a vision of the past
And the distance something we could never grasp.
But just know that when we turned our backs and left
There were way too many things left to be said.

Every thorn, the pain in every wound,
It's all for you,
It's all for you.

It's all for you,
It's all for you,
It's all for you.