

i put my faith in the absence of something better if it doesn't  
fit then its out of reach for me i'm a tightly wound mess neatly  
perched inside my own distress and you talk of freedom that  
means nothing to me and then you say how we ever gonna know if  
there's something better is the only way to know ourselves to go  
too far i spend my days in a fear one day a wind will blow me  
away the only thing that keeps me here are these strings of mine  
that hold me down i watch the rise and fall of a thousand days  
it means nothing to me cause i've been promised redemption for  
a life time wasted in these golden fields so far so good so many  
promises swinging in the wind directions something that i can't  
control creation eludes me its all just waiting time here in  
this field nothing but a scarecrow waiting for the world to  
tear me down