

sew it on  
face the fool  
december's tragic drive  
when time is poetry  
when stolen the world outside  
the waiting (could) crush my heart  
no...

sew it on  
face the fool  
the tidal wave of fear  
and brave songs dissappear  
the secret voice of dawn  
this last time raise my eyes  
no...

you'll taste it  
you'll taste it  
in time  
the right words  
in time  
the right words

sew it on  
face the fool  
the mirrors lie, those aren't my eyes  
destroy them, raise my hand  
reflected in savage shards  
a new face, a soul reborn  
no...

you'll taste it  
you'll taste it  
in time  
the right words  
in time