

Wilted flower seem strange to you
With all this poison at the roots?
Shut away from love and light
And you wonder why it's screaming...
Old enough to abuse me
But all too cheap to amuse me
We stand at the marketplace
With cold september eyes on the hungry people
We passed the interrogation
Signed our names at the bottom of the
Government paper
Calling memories out of mind
Pictures writhing deep inside
And once you've seen it's hard to hide
You wonder why you're screaming
Strong enough not to fear me
But all too loud now to hear me

chorus

[jeremy sings through some sort of effect. the only thing I understand is "standing outside"]

This winter time
To waste your life
You reign you die

You wait you cry
This time in the light
A small flame in the night
You come you bend you burn
You burn you burn ...

Sick enough to infect me

But too far gone to protect me

[with courage we all fall down, when the tassel hits the ground
] **

chorus

[and then repeated through different channels]