

## Saving

## Thirteen Senses

I see so little time  
My eyes are crossed, my hands are tied  
All I wanna do is that great thing  
I never see a passer-by  
My skin is cold, it's turned to ice  
And everything I do, I want leaving me

And I guess it's a might  
With a light that you fight  
You turn a blind eye  
To the world in the sky

I didn't know in your lies  
Above your head you hold so high  
All my energy is behind it  
A dream for the passers-by  
My eyes are wasted here tonight  
I never tried to get across the feeling

And I guess it's a might  
With a light that you fight  
You turn a blind eye  
To the world in the sky