

Cataracts

Thrice

Cut these thorns and kick these stones, and keep those
birds at bay.
Plant deep and dark, and help my heart receive the words
you say.
The words you say are somehow lost on me, they die on
deafened ears; when you open -
Up your mouth to speak I hear but I can't hear the words
you say.
Pin me down, and take away this heart of stone, wind and
sound, awake my old dry bones.
Help my heart perceive the light of day. I stumble
through a darkened vale, with a veil -
Cast over me and cataracts, all is black. O, I see but I
can't see the light of day.
I'll fight or run to keep from going under the knife;
don't let me slip away.
'Cause though the blade is sharp, I know you're saving my
life; don't let me slip away.