

when you can want something you hate,  
and lie in perfect honesty  
from every angle things are crystal clear  
when you doubt things of which you're sure  
something seems just beyond your hand  
you wonder if your living second rate  
is my mind too open,  
is my heart still beating  
do my eyes betray a hint of loneliness  
or an ambiguity,  
i only want to see the light  
when every word makes perfect sense  
in every single line you read  
but every single line seems to conflict  
and the perspectives that i see  
a picasso reality  
i'm seeing truth through sheets of opaque glass  
where does reason stop, and romance begin  
i feel the ghosts hitchhiking on the wind  
and since when did following your heart become a sin,  
I only want to see the light