

The Window

Thrice

All that I know's within the walls of this room where there's a
window
Roughly boarded up
It's true the gaps are patched but even through the tiny cracks
, I feel the wind blow
I see a light it's strange as you

And there's nothing I can say
There's no way I can prove
That there's a place
Beyond this room
But still, there's something in the way
The light comes shining through
And in the way
The curtains move

Late in the night I lay awake
My eyes fixed on the window
Swing my ears until
I thought
That I might have heard a song
Somehow hiding in the soft glow
All this time, and never knew

And there's nothing I can say
There's no way I can prove
That there's a place
Beyond this room
But still, there's something in the way
The light comes shining through
And in the way
The curtains move

I found a note scratched in the wall
In a pained and earnest scrawl
The hand I recognized was somehow mine already slight with dread
There's no wind and there's no light
There's no song in here at night
There's nowhere to hide, we're terrified
It's all inside your head

Still, there's something in the way
The light comes shining through
And in the way
The way the curtains move