

Now that you know  
You never said a word with tangled hands dry,  
and I see through rose-colored eyes.  
Tell me I'm the only chance  
constantly hanging from the sky.

Pursuing design both far and wide.  
Now that you know there's time,  
rethink everything heard by the careless choir.

The way we see these things...  
it's how we dream about reality.  
Problematic to believe, let alone perceive.  
With doubt your mind reads through internally, while observation flees.  
Nothing can turn the sun back around.

Pursuing design and out of time.  
Now that you know there's time,  
rethink everything heard by the careless choir.

Sit and watch as I arise.  
I lean on surmise, though their eyes are far from dry.  
Will fingers uncross? Will these knots untie?  
take a chance, hope high, do not let life pass you by