

It's It's not like I want it back again
It's not like I want the sky to open
And rain down in visions of black again
But now that the sun has finally broken through
There's not a lot I can do
There's not a lot I can do
The Sky is perfectly blue

The wind comes, whips the trees bare again
The wind comes, invoking secrets of the form
And part of me wants to be there again
Restless, naked, howling for the dawn
I'm not invoking a storm
I'm not invoking a storm
The air is perfectly warm

It's not like I want it back again
Chaos can find another lover
It's not like I'm wearing all black again
The days come sweet, but are they cutting through?
There's not a lot I can do
There's not a lot I can do
The sky is perfectly blue

If it's not Love
Then make it Pain
Not some sort of half life
I can't explain
And if it's peace
Then make it real
Not this sort of numbness
That I cannot feel
Take all my love but leave me my fears
This sort of half life bores me to tears
So bring me rapture
And bring me bliss
Or take it all away
But don't leave me this

It's not like I want it back again
It's not like I want my heart ripped open
In some sort of vicious attack again
But now that the sun has finally broken through
There's not a lot I can do
There's not a lot I can do
The sky is perfectly blue

The sky is perfectly blue