

# Arcwelder, Ash

(w graber)

They borrow words for thoughts and steal what they feel from fools who choose to feel  
For every black and white for every ash to ash shades of grey will clash

For every dream there's a fool to back it up where every word has been sized up  
And maybe feels like everything  
Every line that falls and every crack an empty fear keeps coming back  
And maybe feels like everything

And every vacant hope a spring to this winter's night from hands of man of mine  
The heart of hearts will fade I'm haunted here by this loss of what I dreamed it was

But for every dream there's a fool to back it up where every word has been sized up  
And maybe feels like everything  
Every line that falls and every crack an empty fear keeps coming back  
And maybe feels like everything

And how's it supposed to be right now  
My mind's betrayed my heart again  
And how's it supposed to be right now  
My mind's betrayed my heart again

Some are yours and some are lost  
Ash to ash But lost is lost  
Some of the words are known I guess  
Hope for sign beyond what's clear  
But every truth will disappear  
Some of the words are yours alone  
Some are yours and some are lost  
Ash to ash But lost is lost  
Some of the words are known I guess  
Hope for sign beyond what's clear  
But every truth will disappear  
Some of the words are yours alone

And I tried to say that some of what this is. . . isn't everything