Broken Iris, Sight For The Sore Eyes

Some have to see to believe it Others are blind and can feel it

The flame burns as thick as the wick

It's getting colder in here, It's colder in...

Here comes the part where we start our lives

Don't fall behind

What a sight for the sore eyes?

It's getting colder in here it's sobering

To see them shuffle to the back of the line

When the ending is near and the marks that we make are so clear

Quivering thoughts now surround you

Engulfed by the times that we undo.

The ties that hold shadows at bay

Are unbound and undone

All but the one

Here comes the part where we start our lives

Don't fall behind

What a sight for the sore eyes?

It's getting colder in here it's sobering

To see them shuffle to the back of the line

When the ending is near and the marks that we make are so clear

Good-bye, nothing makes us want to try

You're too close to look behind

Just one touch, we could change so much

On the edge I stand preparing to go... but

I feel I've already been here

What a sight for the sore eyes?

It's getting colder in here it's sobering

To see them shuffle to the back of the line

When the ending is near and the marks that we make are so clear

I feel I've already been here.