

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.