

Finger Eleven, Thin Spirits

another face
another empty space
the feelings fade
and all the lonely ones are left hiding

your spirit's so thin
there's nothing left to take
without rhyme or reason
you point the other way
i don't need to watch as
you go down in flames
i said over and over

the water comes
and leaves its faint traces
you're bored to tears
i'll keep you here but you won't listen