

# Poets Of The Fall, Where Do We Draw The Line

On your palm an endless wonder  
Lines that speak the truth without a sound  
In your eyes awaits the tireless hunger  
Already looks for prey to run down

So why do we keep up this charade  
How do we tell apart the time to leave from the time to wait

What does tomorrow want from me  
What does it matter what I see  
If it can't be my design  
Tell me where do we draw the line

The dance of flames and shadows in the street  
Make poetry nobody's ever heard  
The weight of loneliness stands on your feet  
The cage already there around the bird

So why don't we join the masquerade  
Before it all falls apart before our love becomes insatiate

What does tomorrow want from me  
What does it matter what I see  
If I can't choose my own design  
Tell me where do we draw the line  
What does tomorrow want from me

What does it matter what I see  
If we all walk behind the blind  
Tell me where do we draw the line

Where's the cooling wind  
Where's the evergreen field  
Where's my mother's open arms  
Where's my father lionheart  
S'like the sun's gone down  
Sleeps in the hallowed ground now  
With the autumn's browns leaves  
With the one who never grieves

What does tomorrow want from me  
What does it matter what I see  
If it can't be my design  
Tell me where do we draw the line

Whatever tomorrow wants from me  
At least I'm here, at least I'm free  
Free to choose to see the sign  
This is my line