

Rites Of Spring, Persistent Vision

I was the champion of forgive forget
But I haven't found a way
To forgive you yet
And though I know you and I are through
All my thoughts are lines converging in on you

I wish sometimes, the mind were blind

I see - What must be seen
To feel - What can't be real
To know - What's done is done - it goes on and on

I am the victim of a persistent vision
It tracks me down with it's precision
And though I know you're not in my eyes
I can't seem to clear you from my mind

I wish sometimes, the mind were blind

I see - What must be seen
To feel - What can't be real
To know - What's done is done - goes on and on

Help me. I can't see at all.

I was the champion of forgive forget
But I havent a way to forgive you yet
and though I know you're not in my eyes
I can't clear persistent vision