

# Thrice, The Melting Point Of Wax

I've waited for this moment  
All my life and more  
And now I see so clearly  
What I could not see before.  
The time is now or never  
This chance won't come again  
Throw caution and myself into the wind.

There's no promise of safety with these secondhand wings  
But I'm willing to find out what impossible means.  
A leap of faith.

Parody of an angel  
Miles above the sea  
I hear the voice of reason  
Screaming after me  
"You've flown far too high boy now you're too close to the sun,  
Soon your makeshift wings will come undone"

But how will I know limits from lies if I never try?

There's no promise of safety with these secondhand wings  
But I'm willing to find out what impossible means.  
I'll climb through the heavens on feathers and dreams  
'Cause the melting point of wax means nothing to me.  
Nothing to me  
Nothing to me

I will touch the sun or I will die trying.  
Die Trying.

Fly on these secondhand wings  
Willing to find out what impossible means  
I'll climb through the heavens on feathers and dreams  
'Cause the melting point of wax means nothing to me  
Nothing to me  
Means nothing to me  
Miles above the sea.