

# Boole, Suitor (Live)

Blind me on the front line  
Of other bloodlines, dying sunshine rays  
Is our goal controlling?  
Are we folding, are we holding sway?

Progeny loves company  
And my tragedy is a wondrous theory  
The only thing to break my fall  
Will be the one I saw when I was small

Save me from the pain and fear  
And the madness of these feigning years