

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