

Cursive, Icebreakers

A right at the light
It's the long way home
But we've got a long time to kill
Before our guts are gutted
Of bad blood they've spilled

I left on the light
Directions won't make sense to unsensing eyes
I've such insensitive eyes
I'm so fucking blind
Aren't I?

Or so it seems
But we just can't see anything
Past our sight
Or frames of mind
Our senses are snowblind
They've left us cold and crippled
Unwilling to reveal our bludgeoned egos

Turn off the light
This conversation's over
The verdict has arrived
There's no communication
When we're too deaf to hear opposing sides

These eyes have no sight past my mind
These senses are so blind
They've left me cruelly crippled
Encased within the ego
Frozen ego

Keep driving
Past the light
Keep driving
Out of mind
Out of sight