

# Cynic, The Space for This

Space, raise my arms  
Space, wake my eyes  
Space, grace my heart  
Can I be the space for this  
Soft omens  
Traced in air  
Phantom warnings  
Disassembling the captains chair  
Can I be the space for this  
Will I be the space for this  
Breathe out, breathe in  
Out of ruins  
Weve haunted like owls  
The future druids  
Drop the crystal goblet forming spells  
Can I be the space for this  
Will I be the space for this  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Must I bend the sky to realize  
A bundle of thoughts  
On a dirty cloth perfumed  
To tell you who you are  
A bundle of thoughts  
On a lonely ghost pursuit  
Lost inside the space for this  
Raise my arms  
Space, wake my eyes  
Space, grace my heart  
Can I be the space for this  
Will I be the space for this  
Breathe in, breathe out  
Must I bend the sky to realize  
Can I be the space for this (I will)  
Will I be the space for this  
Must I bend the sky to recognize  
I can be the space for this  
I will be the space for this  
I am now the space for this  
I am now the space for this  
I just bend the sky and realize