

George Fox, Spawn

I can't help waiting deliberating,
depths of age pale away
and I am trying to rediscover
the wide-eyed beauty of the first glance

and you can take what's mine,
add to the weight of time
with cold eyes and a furrowed brow
and you can take what's mine,
turn back the hands of time
but for young, time is the sun

from where does fear spawn,
from the older ingrained scorn
does it mean that my mind won't cry
and I can't believe that you're happy to bleed
from your cold eyes

each year I peel back my skin
and fleshy pink appears
yet a harder layer grows,
protect uncertainty
young grow fear to love,
resist my resistance
reluctance to return a smile

from where does fear spawn
from the older ingrained scorn
does it mean that my mind won't cry
and I can't believe that you're happy
to bleed from your cold eyes