

Greenwheel, Flood

Pull me from the wreck
or watch and stand serene
shards of broken glass
shattered like the innocence we lost so long ago
See me empty
and fill me with a false sense of warmth and cold, so cold
I don't owe you anything
purge this skin of feeling
left me cold and trembling
I don't owe you anything
Am I afraid of
how much sense this makes
do I deny
and tempt the inevitable
can I restrain this flood
from rising rising rising...
I get carried away
can I restrain this flood