

# Halfwayhome, Ignited Eyes And Cyanide

Charts And Graphs, Painted Walls, And These Poignant Explanations  
Aren't Enough To Clarify

Why I Am The Victim Of Another Innocent Conviction  
I'll Inject What I Confess Into The Water Of The Guilty  
And With My Fate Contaminate The Lifeline Of Your City

With A Taste Of Purity Replace This Bitter Cyanide you Drink  
From Empty Wells And Dried Up Grails  
And Chase It With Deceit Until You Seize

And We Follow The Lights Hoping They Lead Us To Land  
(Look Back And Watch This Skyline Fall)  
And Our Eyes Will Ignite Each Others Hearts In Our Hands  
(And Cause Eternity To Fall)

Three Words You Told The Gravest Lie

Take Our Chance With Broken Glass  
And Hope My Skin Holds Us Together  
Infiltrate The Fortress Gates  
And I Will Claim My Innocence

Three Words You Told The Gravest Lie