Lonely Kings, What If?

Everything we have
Is exactly what it seems
No use to add it up
Arms won't reach for it
Legs won't run to it
What if, and much to much
Now that you've sold the prize
What's left to compromise again
Bold words on a megaphone
Barbed wire everywhere we turn
Vampire at a one alarm fire
She takes a seat right beside you
If it's in your heart
Eyes not imagery
What we use to view the world
How we choose to view ourselves
Arms won't reach for it
Legs won't run to it
What if you've lost the touch,
If it's in your heart.