

# Rites Of Spring, Remainder

We are all trapped in prisons of the mind,  
it's a hard sensibility  
but we'll see it through in time  
but when words come between us  
Noiseless in the air  
Believe me, I know it's so easy to despair.

but don't  
Tonight i'm talking to myself  
There's no one that I know as well  
Thoughts collide without a sound  
Frantic, fighting to be found

And I've found things in this life  
that still are real  
a remainder refusing to be concealed  
And I've found the answer lies in a real emotion  
Not the self-indulgence of a self-devotion

Too many situations  
Left with too little to say  
So we try, we try to feel our way  
And if decisions cause divisions  
Tell me who's to blame?  
Pick a target for convenience  
When there are other ways

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