

# Robert Post, High Tide

I don't cry anymore  
My tears have dried and my eyes have died  
I don't see anymore  
My eyes are blind and my magnifying glass is broken  
I don't smell it anymore  
I cannot smell the way to heaven  
I don't understand it no more  
There's no logic to anything I've scored

I don't fear it anymore  
My sword is too sharp on the edge of freedom  
I don't care anymore  
My freedom is a jail and I am jaded  
I don't scream anymore  
My lungs are empty of air and my tongue is tied  
I cannot raise the devil anymore  
I am more than burnt-out

I've had it  
I know you've had it  
It's been far long since  
I've felt so wrong  
Now it's time to give it a try

On the edge of love  
Too many times life's been broken  
Now vulnerable more than ever  
Can't let it be stolen  
Away  
Hey  
With the high tide of one girl