

Shades Apart, Heaven Falls

You reach out to pat my back
But twist the knife instead
I can't touch your private world
Or illusions of your mind

Season of unearthly need
Reading further down
Time is lost and you're the same
You're acting without thought now

Who will you run to
When heaven falls

Here we stand now back to back
We're choking just to speak
I can't touch your private world
Or illusions of your mind now

Losing grip of fading thought
What difference did it make
Loosing touch of what you had
When time left you behind