

Thea Gilmore, Apparition Number 13

You've narrowed it down to pictures of memory
You've narrowed it down to dots on a screen
You've narrowed it down to the few or the many
You've narrowed it down 'till there's no space between

You've narrowed it down to the heat or the fever
You've narrowed it down to opinion or blood
You've narrowed it down to belief or believer
You've narrowed it down to a drought or a flood

You're missing the mark, you're sitting alone
Saying it's a long way to Berlin for some painted stone
It's a long way to China where a boy once stood
And it's a long way to Calvary for some nails and wood

You've narrowed it down to hate or be hated
You've narrowed it down, you have covered your eyes
You've narrowed it down to the line you created
You've narrowed it down so you don't have to try

You're missing the mark, you're sitting alone
Saying it's a long way to Berlin for some painted stone
It's a long way to China where a boy once stood
And it's a long way to Calvary for some nails and wood

And you've narrowed it down to the blinkers of reason
You've narrowed it down to the fingers of chance
You've narrowed it down to a soul for a season
You've narrowed it down to the fight or the dance
You've narrowed it down to the fight or the dance