Thrice, For Miles

I know one day, all our scars will disappear, like the stars at dawn
and all of our pain, will fade away when morning comes
and on that day when we look backwards we will see, that everything is changed
and all of our trials, will be as milestones on the way

and as long as we live, every scar is a bridge to someone's broken heart
and there's no greater love, than that one shed his blood for his friends

on that day all of the scales will swing to set all the wrongs to right
all of our tears, and all of our fears will take to flight
but until then all of our scars will still remain, but we've learned that if we'll
open the wounds and share them then soon they start to heal

as long as we live, every scar is a bridge to someone's broken heart
and there's no greater love, than that one shed his blood for his friends

we must see that every scar is a bridge, and as long as we live
we must open up these wounds
when some one stands in your shoes and will shed his own blood
there's no greater love. we must open up our wounds