

Got a full blown standard To question outright Now find something  
To believe in Shared a million secrets That all broke one night  
Damned bad job of concealment Sometimes here and sometimes  
gone When the mainline blows Stay sidetracked It's safe to say  
that Perfection is created It perfectly scars And digs deep under  
er skin

Been at all time highs And all time lows Sometimes barely maintaining  
It's strange that to go and Shutdown sometimes Can be so  
damned relieving Rain on the face can cleanse So deep it will  
bring a lost Feeling right back It's safe to say that Perfection  
is created It perfectly scars And digs deep under skin

As the wind blows away the words Who's left to blame?

Take a ride on the back Near the switch And make good time With  
out a hint of leaving Be from many places Be from here see what  
To see then wander alone Steel rails hum find the cure Then fall  
right back It's safe to say that Perfection is created It perfectly  
scars And digs deep under skin

As the wind blows away the words Who's left to blame?