

So the mind won't lie  
And the arm won't set  
And the bright red eye isn't off you yet  
So the words won't come  
And the hand won't touch  
And a midnight sun doesn't look like much  
As an iris contracts, facing the day  
I can tell you've cracked  
Like a china plate

When the world insists  
That the false is so  
With a philippic as Cicero  
The tighter the fist  
The looser the sand  
If I don't resist  
Will I understand?

All things change  
Dividing tides far as I can see  
All fades through but [?] of you, as Ylajali  
All I see, dividing tides  
Rising over me  
Ooh, wait  
Oh, will you wait?  
[?]  
You, alive...