

Alarmed by fascination  
The darkness in me grows  
A moment's hesitation  
The dark assumes control

Really, I don't know what matters  
I only know two things  
The first it is the flower that flatters  
The second is a scorpion stings  
Well...

I'm giving up on a wish in the well  
Alright  
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell  
Whether I am facing front or back  
Waiting in line  
Let me sling this fable

Have you seen the papers?  
They're written from a bird's eye view  
Unsafe beneath the surface of saviors  
They can't see me or you... Well...

I'm giving up on a wish in the well  
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell  
Whether I am facing front or back  
Waiting in line  
Let me sling this fable

Well the future came today  
The alarm bell sounds the stage  
While these fools twiddle their thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes

I'm giving up on a wish in the well  
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell  
I'm giving up on a wish in the well my love  
I'm sick and tired  
Whether I am facing front or back  
Waiting in line  
Let me sling this fable

Another wish, another well

I'm giving up on a wish in the well  
I'm sick and tired of trying to tell  
Oh I'm giving up on a wish in the well  
I'm giving up on a wish in the well