

A spoken word assumes the shape
Of histories to come
And the question raised is a shadow on the run
And so you lower your voice
And you make your choice
And then you whisper, "There could be no other way"
And for the very first time in a very long time
I can believe the words you say
Oh
But I'm not your enemy
And I hope you know
I sit and stare into your hollow eyes
And away we go
And I want you to know...
I'm not gonna blame you
For the beginning of the end
I've been reading the sign waves
Have been all my life
'Cause we know the difference
Between the worlds the eye begins to wander
How...
But your eyes are as cold
As empty caves
In unmarked graves
You know I wish that there could be some other way
And for the very first time in a very long time
You can believe the words I say
Well, I'm not your enemy
And I hope you know
I see the hunger in your hollow eyes
And I watch it grow
Caught in the flow
Of your blood's undertow
No, I'm not gonna blame you
For the beginning of the end
I've been reading the sign waves
Have been all my life
'Cause we know the difference
Between the worlds the eye begins to wander
How...
I'm not gonna blame you
For the beginning of the end
I've been reading the sign waves
Have been all my life (I have been all my life)
'Cause we know the difference
Between the worlds the eye begins to wander
(Wonder how...)
(I've been all my life)
Spoke to your ghost in a dream so real
Like a photograph for the way
That I feel to wonder (how) how
It's time to take your chemical
Close your eyes
And the twilight pulls you under