

Distorted Fields

Failure

Every time you roll another lie
Twist your view of the real
Of all the ways you could have handled it
You chose the right to conceal

You can't bleed
If you don't have the blood
You won't see
Until you stop the flood

Distorted fields of frantic blame
Bend your view of the real
You could have learned to stand up straight
You could have tried to feel

You can't bleed
If you don't have the blood
You won't see
Until you stop the flood

Distorted fields of broken words
Cloud the air we breathe
Let's cut it back to the bone of truth
And see what hides there alone in the dark

You can't bleed
If you don't have the blood
You won't see
Until you stop the flood

You can't bleed (Couldn't give up, couldn't give up)
If you don't have the blood (Couldn't let up, couldn't let go)
You won't see (Couldn't give up, couldn't give up)
Until you stop the flood (Couldn't let up, couldn't let go)