

Wind for Wings

Fallujah

Tortured by sorrow
For reasons I can't follow
Can I give wind to your wings?
While you pretend to feel what's real

You want what's mine
I've known it all along
Thoughts become perverse
There's code behind her words

Flawed is the man who thinks himself a god
Mistrusted are the words of her creator
They're nothing but contempt

Strange it is to love the one that's
Dreaming of your death
What is it I look for in this elusive test?

Rigged it is this game I played
And that's my one regret

Can I give wind to your wings?
While you pretend to feel what's real
You know there's something more
I have everything that you want

Caged from the world
Where silence is the sound
Born with the thirst to
Strike my creator down

Weakness in your heart
Each feeling consuming you
Can you claim everything I thought
Impossible to lose

Nothing but scorn in her breath

Can I give wind to your wings?
While you pretend to feel what's real
You know there's something more
I have everything that you want