

Pieces

Illnath

Will you be the one to walk straight into the sun?
Or will you be the one to watch
the rest of the world passing you by?

I can never be the one to stand at home and watch
The world go by, I would rather be here

You can never see the world
for what it is and when you die in the night
No one will be there to pick up
the pieces of what was never even there
So when you call for me think twice,
when I arrive I am your knife?

Will you be the one to fly all the way to the moon?
Or will you be the one to never feel wind
underneath your crooked wings?

I can never be the one to stand at home and watch
The world go by, I would rather be here

After you have seen my face
there will be nothing left of but a shade
After you have seen my face
there will be nothing left of but a shade of me

You can never see the world for
what it is and when you die in the night
No one will be there to pick up
the pieces of what was never even there
So when you call for me think twice,
when I arrive I am your knife?