

I hold on to beauty  
If I lose my grip  
I might fall  
Won't you understand I didn't  
Clean out my mind  
Now witless is everyones goal

But one of my senses  
Left in the night  
And someone had painted  
"Hope" on my shoulder  
The panic I kept  
On a shelf out of sight  
Now, I'm not siding with you  
But there's not much I can do

Don't look to hard  
You might find me  
Curled up asleep on my floor  
Oh, I must have been murdered  
During the night  
Someone painted around me at dawn

But when it comes times  
To reach out and give  
I may be a corpse,  
But I know what I'm giving  
So don't over-reach yourself  
Unless you're prepared to fall  
Down a mountainside of anger  
Smear that stuff all over your face

But through the confusion  
I see you  
Practicing hard at your faith  
Oh your uniform's muddy  
But still I can see  
The arrangement of stars underneath

But one of these two  
Is not on my list  
We can't expect to explore  
Without explosion  
All my ideals were  
Destroyed in the flood  
And what use where they anyway?  
And when the mute get lucid, pray