

Tied to the testing of wills, where my heart breaks and spills
Left to the sight of the sky, in your arms I'm
Thrown to the wolves in the minds of your enemies
In the minds of your enemies
And I'm stone in the eyes of your foolishness

If this is what I'm meant for, no longer interesting
Fall forward to even the score
Just a thought to you

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Left to the sight of the sky, in your arms I'm
Thrown to the wolves in the minds of your enemies
In the minds of your enemies
And I'm stone in the eyes of your foolishness

And I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
In your book, in your book

If this is what I'm meant for, no longer interesting
Fall forward to even the score
Just a thought to you

(Just a thought to you)
(Just a thought to you)

Yet I'm nothing more
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book
Yet I'm nothing more than a line in your book