

My hands are dry, it's the coldest of weeks
I think I'll stay but you'd better leave
Who are you now to not say what you seek
I'll never know what you think about it
I'll never know oh where you are
I'll never bring you back to the holy house that you wanted
I'll never bring you back, oh no, through the ones you haunted

Hear them whistling, see them waving, hear them calling out
I am alright, but I've been thinking there's something better
Something that I once had

Seemingly all the things I've learned
In awhile are lost until I've hurt
And I lost them... out of my...
Lost them... out of my mind
I never bring you back
To the holy house that you wanted
I'll never bring you back along
Through the ones you haunted

You can't feel it
You can't feel it
For awhile
But in time it'll show
It'll show
All will show