

## Second Hand Syndrome

Nodes Of Ranvier

A blank stare says it all never mind my unsteady hand  
Are we really nothing more than the walking decay?  
Do we have to live this way?  
Time's knife pressed against our veins  
There's no turning away, the fragility of humanity  
Never could quite understand  
The importance of pretty things it's killing me  
Unavoidable tragedy finally it's here and now we remember only  
good times  
Everything I am has come from sound

Please memory don't fail me  
Last day of the rest of our lives  
Last chance to make things right  
And now I know  
Our eyes aren't all that see  
Each day that we wake up  
We struggle to feel alive  
Living under the knife  
I hold close those dear to me