

Cedar grains cling
to woven skin upon walls
I know frail truths feed
borrowed dreams grown cold
and from here I beg
release and hope
I hope
Breathing through these lines Innocence
lost among the torment
of grace within the storm
seeking darkness in the dawn
While the emptiness divides
every purpose with the light
I fade I fade

Without a key without a sound
without a chance to hold the light
it reaches in between the seems
to tease the madness and the grief
To curse the walls to cure the need
To curse the damned who damn the need
The need to know what lies beyond, beyond the walls

Turn the Key (turn the key...)

And set free
this I swear
It's not enough for me to die alone
Uproot these veins that fail to bleed
So I will know and I will still believe we're better than these
lies that we have learned to breathe breathing I step beyond t
he past and let it go