

Breathless "Touchstone"

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Overhead the sky seems almost clear the fire has seen
the water dry and age falls back on itself again save
yourself and stay warm by the hope you hold like I do I
do What kind of home is this? What kind of home is
this? I don't know, I don't care what time of day it is
"Send me more water, and now" she cried and the
clock rolls it's tired eyes wait until morning hold out
until it comes Heaven know swhere all this goes wasted
thoughts that find no words are you listening? are you
listening? What kind of home lets the cold winds blow
in from the badlands around where we are? and how
can a moment burn down the bridges we've worked
hard so long to secure? it's a fine time for kind hearts
to hang up their fine thoughts and throw all regret to
the fire and burn with their memory the wounds and
the reveries that all of their efforts have bought
gainsay resigning and callenge maintained we borrow
the skills for the course andhand itn the outcome
forgetting to count up that seconds in time are our loss
So christen these kind hearts with names they don't
deserve and measure out the sanity that falls into
lunacy hung bitter sweet faded and lost Please don't
turn away from the innocence we hear perfection is
always ruined when it's near enough to hear those here
would die for me I fear and no one trys by their own
admission so pass the time and the ammuniton there
is more for those still searching oh come on and look
again it's not a question of superstition there is no
need to be afraid

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