

The Bled

"Spitshine Sonata"

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I lost my voice in the fire
I burned my eyes
Staring at your eclipse

I was just a child
My father's favorite
My father's favorite

Such delicate arms
Keep reaching toward the horizon
As we keep starving for this beauty

We are sick with distance
Starving for this beauty
We are sick with distance
Grieving for his failure

We are sick with distance
We are sick with distance
We are sick with distance
We are sick with distance

You keep me on my knees
Mummified in your arms
You keep me on my knees
Mummified in your arms

You keep me on my knees
Mummified in your arms
This is the last chance that you will get
To breathe my name into his chest

I lost my voice in the fire
I burned my eyes
Staring at your eclipse

I was just a child
My father's favorite

Such delicate arms
Keep reaching toward the horizon

Only the deaf find peace
Only the blind won't reach
Only the deaf find peace
Only the blind won't reach

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