

Ikon

"Fine Line"

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Absence is my religion
Foray my words do speak
Torn from my own incision
This day forever bleak

I stand in my own pity
I crawl upon it's face
I feel I am a victim
For madness I can taste

Sometimes I think of me
Sometimes I think of you
But most of all I know
What more now can I do

It all must pass to reason
It all will fall from grace
And now in my obsession
It leads to such a waste

Confronting my horizon

It leads me cold and fray
To touch will end in treason
For this I cannot pay

Sometimes I think of me
Sometimes I think of you
But most of all I know
What more now can I do

It all must pass to reason
It all will fall from grace
But now in my obsession
It leads to such a waste

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