

Sleepless "Strings"

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We pull our strings from the one inside
As the mind turns down from the thoughts we hide
I'll never forget the nights when our skin became pale
Oh I thought you said "take me now" or is it a tale?

The freezing hand of the killing kind
The loneliness of a burning mind
My finest hour as it turns into anger
We read what we see - danger
The tearing of a lip is away to wake
Drifting teardrops on my skin fill me like a lake
I'll never forget the nights
When our skin became pale
Oh I thought you said
"Take me now" or is it a tale?

Resonating strings echo with desire
Sparks made by friction, a light from a fire
Doors are closed and winds blow higher
Faith becomes a liar

Sometimes I believe what you get is what you give

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