

Nodes Of Ranvier

"Don't Blink"

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The very idea of beauty died so long ago

The very idea of beauty died so long ago

But sometimes I catch a glimpse

But sometimes I catch a glimpse

But sometimes I catch a glimpse

But sometimes I catch a glimpse

At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand

At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand

At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand

At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand

At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand

At the call of your name or the touch of another's hand

I see this place as Adam once saw Eden

(and I see people as Adam once saw Eve)

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

But gone is the garden of perfection

(The dirt we've become is the dirt we came from)

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