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Plankeye "Dichotomy"

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The air up here, it seems so thin Stars burn my eyes, the blood, it covers sin I flip an old coin over A new life begins 'cause the old one's over

If I tore my heart out and I threw it on the floor Would you even care? Why can't you feel that I am real? Could you be the one? Guide me to the Son

The air down here, it seems so thick Dirt in my life, you know it makes me sick I ask for water once again 'Cause my thirsty soul should be clean again

If I tore my heart out and I threw it on the floor Would you even care? Why can't you feel that I am real? Could you be the one? Guide me to the Son Guide me to the Son, to the Son

If I tore my heart out and I threw it on the floor Would you even care? Why can't you feel, well, that I am real? Could you be the one? Guide me to the Son

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