

## Thousand Foot Krutch

### "The Weakness Of Words"

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Slow motion drips between folds  
Driest tales of tears untold  
Scrounge and panic empty hands  
Empty heart pumps empty sand  
Weighed down in a dormant feel  
Pinch a nerve to know it's real  
Pregnant with a star tonight  
Melt my tongue in speech so slight  
Eyes aglaze your satin chilled  
Skin and face of that I killed  
In your gown and wrists are crossed  
Spasm shake for that I lost  
There in plainest view I turn  
Sudden scream as past I burn  
I deny the whole of you  
Nothing else for me to do  
I deny your beauty  
Blocked entirely  
I deny that you existed  
Disused piece of me  
And now in this my darkest time  
My memory's gone and with my mind  
The rumble of this prayer to gain  
All I need to start again  
But words are weak as I am proof  
That fools use words to speak the truth  
In riddles, lies, all indirect  
But when can I myself connect?  
And I alone stand not so tall  
I block out one, I block out all  
Erase a notch, we're back another mile  
Tonight we dream the beauty in denial

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