

Thrice "Cataracts"

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Cut these thorns and kick these stones, and keep those
birds at bay.
Plant deep and dark, and help my heart receive the
words you say.
The words you say are somehow lost on me, they die
on deafened ears; when
You open -
Up your mount to speak I hear but I can't hear the
words you say.
Pin me down, and take away this heart of stone, wind
and sound, awake my
Old dry bones.
Help my heart perceive the light of day. I stumble
through a darkened vale,
With a veil -
Cast over me and cataracts, all is black. O, I see but I
can't see the
Light of day.
I'll fight or run to keep from going under the knife;
don't let me slip
Away.
'Cause though the blade is sharp, I know you're saving
my life; don't let
Me slip away.

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