

Cataracts

Thrice

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 mouth 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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