

All Through a Life

Rites Of Spring

All through a life
And through the lives that came before
 The ties that bind to blind
 Of those that came before
 I'm looking back
 And in looking back I hope to get beyond
 And start to mend all those days
That they left undoneBut in my veins a trace remainsAnd to want in the face of need
 Well it just seems so obscene
 But that's all that's left
 And that's all they've left to leave
 And then they point to themselves and say,
 "I look like you."
And it hurts to hear and so it must be trueBut in my veins a trace remains

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