

# Brick Window

[Sean Watkins](#)

I'm this thick black curtain that you see  
Invitations all went out with ease  
Ninety-two chances for connection die  
Replaced by pitch black and blinding light  
You'll find empty space where life should be  
Void of everything that you should see  
Can you hear a cry for help behind this wall  
Ten feet thick and twenty high?  
Behind all this makeup is no one you know (Behind...)  
I safely speak the truth and watch confusion grow  
(Safely speak the truth and watch confusion...) Can someone my potential realize?  
Can you tear me down and show your eyes?

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