Thin

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A fire's beneath the cloak of night has our minds in control
We guard them with our weary eyes and we watch them grow
When the time is right
And we're ready to begin
At the first tide, your patience wearing thin
Scattered in from night
I scrawl it in a winter white
Melting into thin airThe kind of which I came to be
Left of being swallowed whole
By offering a piece of me
To any given fool
Scattered in the mud
Like innocent shades of white
Spreading by the wind(Change goes on)
(Wind blows south)It doesn't end
They ask us why, who said we had a chance?
Want me to fall?
It doesn't end (through the wind, through the wind)
They ask us why, who said we had a chance?
Want me to fall?Too thin (through the wind, through the wind)
Too thin, too thin (through the wind, through the wind, through the wind)(Change goes on)
(Through the wind, through the wind, through the wind)
(Wind blows south)

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