

# Who Knew?

Scott Henderson, Steve Smith, Victor Wooten

Every single notion burned indelibly  
Every motion leaving scars behind  
All sincere emotion received skeptically  
With no preparation for life eternal  
Every tear that's fallen brings one thousand floods  
Paper cuts are leaving blood behind  
All the silent laughter ringing piercingly  
I blink, making my eyes mine  
Words in their worthlessness  
They should be weighted down  
But do I truly wish their cessation?  
Fly

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