

# Cross Out The Eyes (Live At The Warped Tour)

## Thursday

Let's call this the quiet city:  
Where screams are felt as a wave of stoplights  
Drive through the the streets as gunshots punctuate the night  
The sides we take divide us from our faith  
And the morning dove gets caught in the telephone wire  
Asleep you set the fire in your own house  
And the night was a knife that cut  
And I'm paralyzed  
Cross out the eyes  
Blur all the lines  
Tearing this canvas from the wall  
We crossed out the eyes  
Put lines through these cries  
We pulled all the leaves from the trees that fall  
A silent dance that we did into this hospital bed  
Hear voices from another room  
"It happens all the time"  
But July in the sand  
Then the leaves fall down  
And counting down our days to live  
Drain the blood from this valentine.  
"We can rise on the wings of the dove  
See blue skies getting caught in the trail of all this smoke  
We can rise like candles in the dark, yours always"  
and an envelope marked with your new address  
It was the first time face to face  
I'm crossing the line  
Talking to the other side of death  
Hearing the words that choke memories into flat lines  
I'm calling your name hoping for something to wash these dreams of you away  
Our fence was blown down in a  
winter storm and this field  
Stretched out of this world into the sound of a trace of blood in a love song  
What can we do to put a stop to the coming white days?  
I'm hoping the snow will push these dreams of you away

Songwriters

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