

Melting Point of Wax

Thrice

I've waited for this moment all my life and more
And now I see so clearly what I could not see before
The time is now or never and this chance won't come again
Throw caution and myself into the wind There's no promise of safety with these secondhand wings
But I'm willing to find out what impossible means
A leap of faith Parody of an angel, miles above the sea
I hear the voice of reason screaming up to me
"You've flown far too high boy, now you're too close to the sun
Soon your makeshift wings will come undone" But how will I know limits from lies if I never try? There's no
promise of safety with these secondhand wings
But I'm willing to find out what impossible means
Climb to the heavens on feathers and dreams
Because the melting point of wax means nothing to me
Nothing to me, nothing to me I will touch the sun or I will die trying
Die trying Fly on these secondhand wings
Willing to find out what impossible means
Climb to the heavens on feathers and dreams
Because the melting point of wax means nothing to me
Nothing to me, means nothing to me, miles above the sea

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