Windows

The Magazines

Turn your eyes from the window so you won't see this world
The walls are closing inward, there's nowhere left to turn

You want it, you need it, the words slip away
Your crying your eyes out, your mind wants to break
Your heart is your weakness, your song plays endlessly
Wonder how you sleep

All your houses crumble
Shadows begin to howl
Spiders on the rooftops
The trapdoor's in ourselves

You want it, you need it, the words slip away
Your crying your eyes out, your mind wants to break
Your heart is your weakness, your song plays endlessly
Wonder how you sleep, it's a wonder to me

So how's it going to feel
When you don't know what's real
You tell yourself it's love, then tear your insides up
So how's it going to feel
When you don't know what's real
You tell yourself it's love, then tear yourself apart

Senses all been fractured
The traitor's in your sights
The hours spinning backwards
There's nowhere left to hide

You want it, you need it, the words slip away
Your crying your eyes out, your mind wants to break
Your heart is your weakness, your song plays endlessly
Wonder how you sleep, it's a wonder to me

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How many people must learn
How many roads must you turn
There's something hiding below

How many tears must you cry
How many buried inside
Until you finally let go

How many years must you fight
How many stories survive
Until the tables will turn

How many days must you brave
How many years must you pay
There's nothing left to let go

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