

For a Bandaged Iris

Poison the Well

Oh, I know we've never met
And you'll probably never read this
There are certain things your voice does to me
It makes me feel the ground and sky again
How sad it is when you spill your guts on the paper
It only neglects you and never relieves
In every corner and space I search for you
I've only found your vocal cords
Hate that I'm never certain
Of what needs, what most
All day your songs spin me into a romance
Repeatedly to the sky
Scream over and over again, over and over again
Repeatedly to the sky
In every corner and space I search for you
I've only found your vocal cords
Hate that I'm never certain
Of what needs, what most
And nothing has affected me so
And nothing has affected me so
In every corner and space I search for you
I've only found your vocal cords
Hate that I'm never certain
Of what needs, what most

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