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 againHow sad it is when you spill your guts on the paper
It only neglects you and never relievesIn 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 mostAll day your songs spin me into a romance
Repeatedly to the sky
Scream over and over again, over and over again
Repeatedly to the skyIn 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 mostAnd nothing has affected me so
And nothing has affected me soIn 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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