

Spitshine Sonata

The Bled

I lost my voice in the fire
I burned my eyes
Staring at your eclipseI was just a child
My father's favorite
My father's favoriteSuch delicate arms
Keep reaching toward the horizon
As we keep starving for this beautyWe are sick with distance
Starving for this beauty
We are sick with distance
Grieving for his failureWe are sick with distance
We are sick with distance
We are sick with distance
We are sick with distanceYou keep me on my knees
Mummified in your arms
You keep me on my knees
Mummified in your armsYou keep me on my knees
Mummified in your arms
This is the last chance that you will get
To breathe my name into his chestI lost my voice in the fire
I burned my eyes
Staring at your eclipseI was just a child
My father's favoriteSuch delicate arms
Keep reaching toward the horizonOnly the deaf find peace
Only the blind won't reach
Only the deaf find peace
Only the blind won't reach

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