

Dichotomy

Plankeye

The air up here, it seems so thin
Stars burn my eyes, the blood, it covers sin
I flip an old coin over
A new life begins 'cause the old one's over
If I tore my heart out and I threw it on the floor
Would you even care?
Why can't you feel that I am real?
Could you be the one? Guide me to the Son
The air down here, it seems so thick
Dirt in my life, you know it makes me sick
I ask for water once again
'Cause my thirsty soul should be clean again
If I tore my heart out and I threw it on the floor
Would you even care?
Why can't you feel that I am real?
Could you be the one? Guide me to the Son
Guide me to the Son, to the Son
If I tore my heart out and I threw it on the floor
Would you even care?
Why can't you feel, well, that I am real?
Could you be the one? Guide me to the Son

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