

The Dazzled

Crystal Stilts

I sit in the window watching my days from a safe distance
Clock towers toll and I am frozen every instant
Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of existence
It can't be saved. It's already lost, it thrives on my resistance
We are bound and marching to an ever static distance

I sit in the window watching my days from a great distance
Clock towers toll and I am frozen every instant
Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of existence
It can't be saved. It's already lost, it thrives on my resistance
My resistance, thrives on my resistance

Backward I brood and forward I dream for figments of existence
We are bound and marching to an ever static distance, static distance