

Single out the dying  
Make more room for nothing  
Make it so that there is nowhere left to go  
You can't buy your soul back  
You won't own it ever  
You're just renting it until it rips you apart

There's a place where they go and they lie  
for the sic and the lame where they can't touch me  
When they die underneath all the lies and deceit  
We will cover our tracks and you won't find nothing

Trying to put your finger on it  
Point your finger at it  
Cut your finger

Keep your eyes out of focus  
Keep your mind out of synch  
Keep your eyes out of focus  
And watch it disappear

One will come a day when old wounds open  
You let it happen  
The sickness has spread too far  
Don't let it happen  
Your so called compassion is long gone  
We see right through you

Trying to put your finger on it  
Point your finger at it  
Cut your finger

There's a place in my mind where I go  
It protects me from love so it can't kill me  
So I lie to myself uninflected with guilt  
Here I am - There you are  
Can you see the difference?

One will come, arms open  
One will come, eyes open