

As I flick my wrist past your furrowed brow and through your hair,  
a sigh of remorse, accompanied by a voice of despair:  
Will you come searching if I happen to disappear,  
grab the torches, ready the horses, and lovingly persevere?

Send me out into the world, through troubles, trials and error.  
Light is most effective in darkness, man's call of distress and  
terror.

A torch in a lighted room reaps no harvest from its labor,  
but that same torch in a cave or tomb will provoke the lost to  
find a Savior.

Darkness can not overcome light, we must never stop burning bright.

As sure as children dream, stars will shine and birds still sing.

When the light fades to black, I'll be there waiting for you to  
end.

As sure as night will fall, and the heart will stop beating inside us all

when you exhale your last breath, we'll reunite in lifeless harmony... lifeless harmony.

Cover your ears children, close your innocent eyes.

Like a moth to a flame, their paths will be compromised.

I must confess, I hope it's me you hear inside your head.

Like an addiction, you don't know you're controlled, you're so misled.

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