

sew it on
face the fool
december's tragic drive
when time is poetry
when stolen the world outside
the waiting (could) crush my heart
no...

sew it on
face the fool
the tidal wave of fear
and brave songs dissappear
the secret voice of dawn
this last time raise my eyes
no...

you'll taste it
you'll taste it
in time
the right words
in time
the right words

sew it on
face the fool
the mirrors lie, those aren't my eyes
destroy them, raise my hand
reflected in savage shards
a new face, a soul reborn
no...

you'll taste it
you'll taste it
in time
the right words
in time