

Broken mirror on the wall, you give no reflection of me at all
Your wicked ways I won't understand, intoxicating weaker men
Rusting scissors in the drawer pull me closer to a life no more
Why am I so confused, unimpressed and unamused?

No, something's not right. Open your arms to the sky. Focus the
light
It's a combination of numbers, oh and a set of missing keys
I've been painting pictures but the colors disagree
And bad things come in threes

The wind is blowing
I am falling through a hurricane as buildings tear up from the
ground
No way of knowing where I'm going, circulating through the wild
est night
Given to the sudden urges for more
Something's not right. Open your arms to the sky. Focus the lig
ht
I've been, I've been painting pictures
I can't, I just can't taste of freedom
I've been, I've been painting pictures
Stuck in a room full of voices, with nobody to be seen
I can sense the danger as the colors now agree
And the picture is obscene

The wind is blowing
I am falling through a hurricane as buildings tear up from the
ground

I can't, I just can't taste of freedom
I've been, I've been painting pictures
Tempted and enticed, I neglected Eden
You know that I can't, I just can't (can't) taste the freedom

Give me forgiveness, total regression, remedy
Double the vision, triple the tension, trickery
Total division, given destruction, synergy
Double the vision now
Give me devotion, total remission, remedy
Double the vision, triple the tension, trickery
Total division, given destruction, synergy
Give me devotion now
Give me forgiveness, total regression, remedy
Double the vision, triple the tension, trickery
Total division, given destruction, synergy
Double the vision, how?