

Shadows wept across the floor as she made her way towards me
In Tamzin's hand the splintered rose, a symbol her purity
And I was struck for the thirteenth time that she hadn't seen me waiting
And reality rained cruel and fast from the wounds that she was hiding

Feel the world is wasting your time

I caught her arm and in her eyes, the first words of the inner reason
She held me close and in her mind I saw her paint that forbidden season
We can't just leave, I think I said but my words held scarce their meaning
The book is sealed, the motive read that Tamzin's words were healing

Feel the world is wasting your time

Tamzin said she's leaving
Tamzin said she's bleeding
Tamzin's just a touch away

Tamzin said she's leaving
Now she's stopped believing
Tamzin's just a touch away

Feel the world is wasting your time