

There's a height I couldn't reach
Though I bought the wings to carry me
There's a feeling never found
Though I bought the words to bring it out
But then maybe I was better naive
Maybe I was better when I couldn't see
I felt the water over me
A cold and lonely welcoming
Not a sign they said I'd find, nor the warmth of the sire's hand in mine
But then maybe I was better naive
Maybe I was better when I couldn't see

I have seen a friend-turned-martyr bleed
And for what?
For what a stranger taught to us?
With no authority to speak?

It's always the loudest who voice only their ignorance
It's always the loudest who voice only their ignorance
With no authority to speak?

The rock should be an anchor for the weak
Not this
This unfulfilling
This subtle guilting
A prophet of sympathy...

With no authority to speak

It's always the loudest who voice only their ignorance
It's always the loudest who voice only their ignorance
With no authority to speak?
And no sense in reasoning

Maybe I was better naive
Maybe I was better when I couldn't see