

There's a little child drowning in a pond
And you would have me throw a blanket on
the surface of the water
even though she was your daughter
and watch just how helplessly she dies
for the sake of how it looks
cause it's like you've read in books
It's a symbol of the way you see this life

And if a savior came upon a tray of gold
you'd insist that he had already been sold
even though you knew he hadn't
You're afraid to trade the bad in
for a good you don't know
Like a certain generation
in a proud and headstrong nation
who expects God to dance whenever she plays the fife

And if you want to talk in terms of the survival of the fittest
then take a look at the soul's auction house and whose the highest bid is
You understand the fear of man
but you forgot about the fear of God
And to the bloody ransom
that makes an ugly soul turn handsome
you give a condescending nod

There's a sense of desperation in your touch
and you say out loud you hate it very much
but you're addicted to your sadness
cause it creates the touch of madness
The kind you like inside your veins
Oh, why are you so hardened?
You know you could be pardoned
I guess you just will not let go of the reins

The lexicon of death is all you know
You feel suffocated by the falling snow
Cause you miss the beauty there
in the quiet holy air
and start looking for a desert you can roam
Your eyes too closed to see
the secret ministry
of the frost upon the window of your home
Oh, why are you so hardened?
You know you could be pardoned
and then you would not feel so alone
You're not alone.
You're not alone.
You're not alone.