

I thought I saw a man brought to life.
He was warm, he came around like he was dignified. He showed me what it was to cry.
Well you couldn't be that man that I adored.
You don't seem to know, or seem to care what your heart is for. I don't know him anymore.

*There's nothin' where he used to lie, our conversation has run dry.
That's what's goin' on, nothing's fine, I'm torn.*

I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel.
I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor.
Illusion never changed into something real.
I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn.

You're a little late, I'm already torn.

So I guess the fortune teller's right,
Should have seen just what was there, and not some holy light.
But you crawled beneath my veins and now - I don't care, I have no luck.
I don't miss it all that much. There's just so many things that I can't touch, I'm torn.

I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel
I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor
Illusion never changed into something real.
I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn.

You're a little late, I'm already torn, torn ...

Ooh ...

There's nothing where he used to lie. My inspiration has run dry.
That's what's goin' on, nothing's right, I'm torn.

I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel.
I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor.
Illusion never changed into something real.
I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn.

I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel.
I'm cold and I'm ashamed, bound and broken on the floor.
You're a little late, I'm already torn, torn ... oh...