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Torn

Reference number PT0452

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 I adored.
You don't seem to know,
don't seem to care what your heart is for.
But I don't know him anymore.

There's nothing where he used to lie,
conversation has run dry.
That's what's going on:
nothings 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.
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.
I 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 search.

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