

The Measuring of Truth

You let me burn
It's a lesson i have yet to learn
Be well on guard
These vibes can take our place apart

There's no wonder left and it's of no surprise
That it hurts to leave your paradise

Isn't the price you made me pay a bit too high
Give me a slice of your days and of your nights

No one's afraid to lie
In the eye in the eye
Of the storm
Let it pass by let it just pass by Like an oath
Unsworn

I twist and turn
The measuring of truth and who it may concern

Isn't the price you made me pay a bit too high
Give me a slice of your days and of your nights
I want you to return

We trip we fall
We stand up again and build a wall