For a Bandaged Iris

Poison the Well

I know we've never met and you'll probably never read this.
There are certain things your voice does to me,
it makes me feel the ground and sky again.
How sad it is when you spill your guts on the paper.
It only neglects you and never relieves.
In every corner and space I search for you,
I've only found your vocal cords.
Hate that I'm never certain of what needs what most.
All day your songs spin me into a romance repeatedly to the sky.
Scream over and over again repeatedly to the sky.
In every corner and space I search for you,
I've only found your vocal cords.
Hate that I'm never certain of what needs what most.
And nothing has affected me so...
In every corner and space I search for you,
I've only found your vocal cords.
Hate that I'm never certain of what needs what most.

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