

I saw the man
feeding on twelve lumps of coal
I felt the draw of his personal need,
felt myself fall into his soul.
A baker's dozen falling into
his soul

I held the man,
still losing my way
showered by a hail of guilt
I turned my back and stumbled away
I left him down and stumbled
my way

You can walk away
you can search for days
for all things in the world that are true
but the golden center is: you
the golden center...

I found the man
lying in a field of woe
I reached inside him, my breath held still
I felt his blood stain my hands
and had to let go
Left for dead in the world
below

You can run away
you can fast for days
or taste all in the world for what's true
but the golden center is you

he got in line with the rest
pealed the mask from his face
cast the smile away
corrupt with disgrace
he discarded belief
fragmented by grief
he lived the big damage
he lived
the big damage
he chose
the big damage
He chose.

He walks alone
down a road of despair
sees through a glass stained darkly
without hope of repair
Between rage and forgiveness
is a life so unfair