

the time has come to speak of many things  
of jacks and queens and kings

i bared my wrists and promised to begin  
but you cut the blade straight in

try hard my love do you hear the distant strings  
please remember what this means

did i come back for all of this?  
it seems absurd somehow...  
with one well-placed flick of the wrist  
you've really done it now...

(all of my blind ambition left me deaf with perfect vision)

the time has come  
for things to come undone  
that we should not have begun

at last i felt a numbness overcome  
and now you turn and run...

the time has come  
to take me in your arms and touch these fragile scars

you have the choice now so decide  
if you want in or out  
there is too much left for us to try  
you cant just give up now

the time has come  
to speak of many things  
of jacks and queens and kings

it took that cut to bring me back to life  
theyre bleeding, theyre frightened but i hold out both my hands:  
no one in the world will ever touch me there again.