

The threads that run through your life  
Hand from your sleeve  
Wind through your soul  
The kind you can't control  
The kind you can't conceive  
The kind you can't believe  
But wish you could break  
Wish you could weave  
I wish you could see  
It ties you to me  
And you fly in the face of the sun  
And you float in the tides of the moon  
The paths that run from your door  
Climb through the trees  
Wind like a snake  
The kind you can't escape  
The kind you can't conceive  
The kind you can't believe  
With prickly little thorns  
Sharp tiny teeth  
They're hungry for the threads  
Hanging from your sleeve  
Waiting on a path  
The kind you can't conceive  
But wish you could take  
Wish you could leave  
I wish you could see  
It leads you to me