Thirteen Senses, Final Call

I know you might get tired I think you're losing the plot Only fall asleep when it's gone Everything you think is lost

This is the final call
To show your hands out the door
There's no wishes on their own
Just throw them all out the door

I can see the seconds What it takes an hour to see And I don't see the sun rise I don't feel anything

Love How do you get by? How do you get by?

This is the final call
To show your hands out the door
There's no wishes on their own
Just throw them all out the door