

Twin streams of traffic fix the new horizon
It could happen to anyone, anytime, anywhere
Keep your eyes fixed on the new horizon
I could be anyone, anytime, anywhere

Wait outside suffering
But nothing helps me when
I'm without it
Realise all hopes are dim
And hope that fate decides

Turn your back, don't bare your chin
And pray his memory's lasted one more year
Fill your mind with thoughts of sin
And hope that fate decides

Speak of conquests from within
To you your docile side is weak and thin
Converts to the cause are few and slim
We hope that fate decides

Turn your back don't bare your chin
And pray his memory's lasted one more year
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