

Somewhere in these private minds,  
The last one comes out just in time  
To clear out the chambers and sew up the lips,  
'Cause that's the price to pay for hoping every slip's not a slide.  
In other words not to get it wrong,  
It's pointless to walk when it's past time to run.  
Secured under the weight of watchful eyes,  
Lulled to sleep under clear expansive skies.  
Somewhere in these prying hearts  
Conflicting histories tear us apart  
And we hope we don't get what we deserve,  
Hide behind the targets in front of all the people we serve.