

I hear things I try to say
Echo back to me the opposite way
Everything I've read spinning round my head
Lets escape to where the air is cold & thin

Oh, I might have believed in a miracle once, Everest
Oh, I might have believed though I'm feeling deceived
and for all I care
I don't wanna know

Ghosts are dancing round the mime
Haunted by the sense of passing time
Dreamers know the way to survive the day
They'll escape to where the air is cold & thin

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All the film has been exposed
In my photographic memory I suppose
When it rains it pours, screaming through the doors
All the pain & pent up eyesores I recall

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