

I fought my feelings and got in the way  
Could've been easier like a decade of days  
Projection, young marriage, lighting the stage  
I wanted feelings, that got in my own way

Then wrote that letter that had nothing to say  
Staccato vision like a kingdom of days  
All lonely, or not lonely, century away  
But still a vision as if help's on its way

Someone who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to the one  
At the end of the century

The air is clearer a decade away  
Singing to a mountain that was empty all along  
All lonely, young marriage lighting the way  
She wanted feelings that got in her own way

Someone who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to the one  
At the end of the century

Someone who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to someone  
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Someone who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to someone  
Who will lead you to the one  
At the end of the century

A century, how long is that?  
Three billion, one hundred and fifty five million  
Nine hundred and seventy three thousand, six hundred seconds  
Eight hundred and seventy six million hours  
Or thirty six thousand, five hundred days  
Almost as long as one of those endless dark nights of the soul  
Those nights that never end  
When you believe you'll never see the sun rise again  
When a single second feels like a century

A century (x9)