

## In Remote Part/Scottish Fiction

Idlewild

In the beginning, there were answers  
Then they came along and changed  
All these questions and their answers seem to change

So I'll wait until I find the remote part of your heart  
Nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable start

We stop in every passing place  
To watch the world move faster than we do  
Watch it pass with our eyes closed the way we usually choose to

So I'll wait until I find the remote part of your heart  
When no where else will let us choose a comfortable start  
And even if the breath between us smells of alcohol  
Call it confusion in the best way possible

It isn't in the mirror, it isn't on the page  
It's a red hearted vibration  
Pushing through the walls of dark imagination  
Finding no equation  
There's a red road rage,  
But it's not road rage  
It's asylum seekers engulfed by a grudge

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction

It isn't in the castle, it isn't in the mist  
It's a calling of the waters as they break to show  
The new black death with reactors aglow  
Do you think your security will keep you in purity  
You will not shake us off  
Above or below

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction