

Within Without

Over the Rhine

Is it because I cannot see you?
That you feel so free to steal
My excess baggage
Full of darkness and despair

While I fumble with my locks
You're content to stand and knock
Yet I know your knack
For thievery is rare

Do you know they call it arson?
Settin' fires without permissions
In my heart for sure
And maybe elsewhere too

Though your lack of inhibition
Captures my imagination
I end up a wiser person
Thanks to you

It's comin' to fruition
The sympathetic vibration
Your train is at my station
Within without

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There is your flare for murder
There's a dagger in the border
Of your cloak and I suspect
A captain's gun

As you put to death suspicions
Kindly kill my fears as well
Exorcise and slay
The demons one by one

Though I'm usually pacifistic
You are mercifully sadistic
And I didn't know
That murder could be good

But the roses came crimson
Springin' from the prison
Of the floorboards
Where there once were stains of blood

It's comin' to fruition
The sympathetic vibration
Your train is at my station
Within without, within without

It's calming my suspicion
With soothing intuition

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