

## Of Two Beginnings

### Pain Of Salvation

She is twelve I'm only ten  
buried in this soft mountain of pillows  
Parents away  
She asks me have I been touched  
Have I done the thing with anyone yet  
Silence - a shy no

And there is nothing  
That we'd rather share  
Than that bodily warmth if we'd dare  
But she's already twelve and I am  
Just a child  
WARM AND SHY

She's so OLD - already twelve and I am only ten  
Than was me, young and free, there and then

Now in this hotel room I lie wondering who I am  
Never quite as sure after a lie of questioning  
Finding out at last that freedom is  
A STATE OF MIND  
But still not knowing how to get along with this mankind

...finding out at last that freedom is a state of mind...