

Danger

I've been told to expect it

I begin my descent

Down the cold granite steps

And who could have turned among those I confide in?

I think that I know what I haven't known yet

'Cause a week is a month

and an hour a day

When your reaching just pushes it further away

With your past and your future precisely divided

Am I at that moment?

I haven't decided

And stretching out into the sea... Aquitana

Is that what the prophet told me he saw?

You gave it to me but I really don't want it

I came out on top by the luck of the draw

'Cause a week is a month and an hour a day

When your reaching just pushes it further away

And what's the return on the faith I've provided?

I think that I know now but I haven't decided