

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