

Inside

Stiltskin

Swing low
In a dark glass hour
You turn and cower
See it turn to dust
Move on a stone dark night
We take to fight
Snowfall turns to rust

Seam in a fusing mine
Like a nursing rhyme
Fat man starts to fall
Here in a hostile place
I hear your face start to call

And if you think
That I've been loosing my way
That's because I'm slightly blinded
And if you think
That I don't make too much sense
That's because
I'm broken minded

Don't keep it
Inside
If you believe it
Don't keep it all inside

Strong words
In a Ganges sky
I have to lie
Shadows move in Pairs
Ring out from a bruised postcard
In the shooting yard
Looking through the tears
Out of the black slate time
We move in line
But never reach an end
Fall in a long stray town
As the ice comes round
River starts to bend

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