

The Stranger

Ten

Talk to me
Talk to the stranger.
Talk to the stranger.

Tired of wasting precious time praying for the rain
Rip away my innocence, take away the pain
Everyday I fantasize, sad enough but true
Dreaming of a better life, outside the tomb

Wizened, the expressionless faces made of clay
Colour ground to monochrome, dirty shades of Grey
Counting our tomorrows like all our yesterdays
Carbon copies thrown around, rewind, erase

Talk to me now talk to the stranger
Turn a shrouded face to the light
Burn beyond this place to another world
Talk to me now talk to the stranger
Talk to me now talk to the stranger
Throw this isolation a line
Don't deny this taste of another, girl
Talk to me now talk to the stranger

I could give her everything if she has the key
She who holds this beating heart, tears it out of me
Patience is a lonely sound, now it's wearing thin
Losing my control around this fire within

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