

Art Of Fighting, Territories

listen to me listen to you
what are we going to do?
and enemy right in front of my eyes
and I don't know why it's you
heat on the sand wind in the trees
shaking in both of my knees
time cannot heal what words cannot say
and clarity fades with the day
and I don't even know you anyway
whatever people call you that's your name
someone somewhere someday
I'm sick of sitting round here gathering the dust
fading into history and falling into rust
spinning out our stories, waiting out the days
turning on the table, music never plays
we've been living in a fire and leaving in a blaze
and I'm only seeing stranger, yeah I'm only seeing strangers in the ever present haze
and I don't even know you anyway
whatever people call you that's your name
someone somewhere someday