

# 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