

Single Gun Theory, From A Million Miles

There is an indentation from where she lay.
Her tiny stature is sleek, now she's far away.
Only the thoughts of her remain,
Despairing, desperate, full of self blame.

Under the water, I saw her lying there,
Creamy skin, lots of flowing golden hair.
It was alive, that I know,
I saw her gesture to me with the ebb and the flow.

Tormented by the futility of life,
I can see the stars from a million miles.
Are you out there, somewhere?
Transposed?

Tormented by the futility of life,
I can see the stars from a million miles.
Are you out there, somewhere?

The corpse was dredged from the sea that night.
Hair matted around its body tight.
It was no comfort to identify,
The pallid flesh, the life, deprived.

The sea, is writhing now,
It's like a bed of rising passion.
When something is, that intense, you can never tell,
What will happen next.

Tormented by the futility of life,
I can see the stars from a million miles.
Are you out there, somewhere?

Tormented by the futility of life,
I can see the stars from a million miles.
Tormented by the futility of life,
I can see the stars from a million miles.