

# The Church, For A Moment We're Strangers

In the empty place the soul stripped bare  
Of skins and heart and I come apart  
In your icy hands  
I forget my role, as I stare into your soul  
In the empty place you change your mind  
You change your clothes you change your pose  
For a perfect fit  
I forget the cast, as I stare into your past

For a moment we're strangers  
For a minute you look away  
For a second or always  
For an instant another day  
Such strange things you say

In the empty place we dress our wounds  
Collect our coats, a window gloats  
Above a street  
I prepare my case, as I stare into your face

Just one me one you  
The world contains a few  
Is it true, is it truly new  
Are we through the stolen door once more