

# The Church, Invisible

Sitting in the shadows and the evening oscillating  
Feeling light and feeling like it's a-gonna change  
Hoping for a moment for some gentle consolation  
Waiting at the station where the treats are out of range

She's sitting in a carriage being jostled by the motion  
Overhearing conversation, the grinding of the steel  
Scenes fly past the curtains that the darkness paints uncertain  
And memories are meaningless, her motives are concealed

Through countrysides and mountains and the village by the ocean  
Where the stranger's waiting for her in the plushness of his car  
Winding and rewinding, pushing all directions  
Till the limit of implosions, which is never very far

All I ever wanted to see  
Was just invisible to me

Out there in the distance the horizon meets resistance  
The summer falls down drunken on the longest of the days  
Rushing past the ruins of the churches and the Porsches  
Reflected in the mirrors and the echoes in the haze

He drums impatient fingers on the chrome and on the leather  
Running through the reasons in the corners of his mind  
Sifting tiny diamonds on his shaky mental islands  
Where he often claims asylum from the structures left behind

The wind blows through the headstones and the milestones/maelstrom's (2:55) making music  
The melody reminds us the girl's still far away  
Asleep in her compartment, dreaming of the darkness  
As the train speeds on the darkness to the approaching day

All I ever wanted to see  
Was just invisible to me