

# Eight, Moving

In my soul there's silence  
and i just can't keep going on like this  
and if i go its violence  
it's gone beyond us holding on to this

and in this soul-less science  
the lines I've drawn still leave this emptiness  
and the distance floods in  
its gone beyond us all controlling this

After all these things, when I'm going to decide  
It's an open space and I'm learning to align  
and after everything, when I've pushed it all aside  
I'll be going back to the things I know inside

All this time I've been trapped inside  
I think it's gone too far, I know it's gone too far  
(Its) stronger now, your grace has covered well  
and I'm moving more like . .

After everything, when I know I must decide  
It's an open space and I'm learning to align

To face this, to face my  
I think I've gone too far, I know I've gone too far  
To change this, to change my line

This time I know, I'll be facing my  
to be on my own, to be left inside  
This time I know I'll be facing this alone