

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