

Idlewild, In Remote Part/Scottish Fiction

In the beginning, there were answers
then they came along and changed
All these questions and their answers seemed to change.

So I'll wait 'til I find the remote part of your heart
When Nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable start.

We stop in every passing place
to watch the world move faster than we do.
Watch it pass with our eyes closed the way we usually choose to.

So I'll wait 'til I find the remote part of your heart
When nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable start
and even if the breath between us smells of alcohol
we call it confusion in the best way possible.

It isn't in the mirror,
it isn't on the page,
it's a red hearted vibration,
pushing through the walls of dark imagination
finding no equation
theres a red road rage
but it's not road rage
it's asylum seekers engulfed by a grudge.

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction.

It isn't in the castle, it isn't in the mist
it's a calling of the waters as they break to show
the new black death with reactors aglow.
You think your security
can keep you in purity
you will not shake us off
above or below.

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction