New Model Army, Wired

At the witching hour we'll be gone from here
When the snake-black roads are just about clear
Onto the hard-line dark horizon
Through the silver in the air
And if home is where the heart is
We'll just keep going until we disappear

The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of a river a mile wide
I am wired, I am wired, I am so wired
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of an ocean, rising tide
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild

Sometimes I feel her with me
I feel her eyes upon my face
I feel her pulling me down in a tangle
Of sweat and hair and grace
For the only things worth wishing for
Are the ones that you cannot possess

The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of a river a mile wide
I am wired, I am so wired, I am so wired
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of an ocean, rising tide
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild

And in the shadows of the trees
You can see like an animal sees
You can gather up the stars like seeds
And through them back into the night