

Over The Rhine, Within Without

is it because I cannot see you
that you feel so free to steal
my excess baggage
full of darkness and despair
while I fumble with my locks
you're content to stand and knock
yet I know your knack for theivery is rare

do you know they call it arson
setting fires without permissions
in my heart for sure and maybe elsewhere too
though your lack of inhibition
captures my imagination
I end up a wiser person thanks to you

it's coming to fruition
the sympathetic vibration
your train is at my station
within without

then there is your flare for murder
there's a dagger in the border
of your cloak and I suspect a captain's gun
as you put to death suspicions
kindly kill my fears as well
exorcise and slay the demons one by one

though I'm usually pacifistic
you are mercifully sadistic
and I didn't know that murder could be good
but the roses came crimson
springing from the prison
of the floorboards where there once were stains of blood

it's coming to fruition
the sympathetic vibration
your train is at my station
within without
it's calming my suspicion
with soothing intuition
your train is at my station
within without
within without
within without
within without