

Pain Of Salvation, Of Two Beginnings

"Can You see him?

Lying alone on that hotel room
but with her still present
in the warm of the sheets
and the taste in his mouth
and the sweet on his skin

He has walked the roads
turning bleak
a child of Entropia
setting himself on fire
seeking a distant past
for a way out

Challenging the concept
freedom
and youth
falling into the undertow

Can You see him now?"

She is twelve I'm only ten
buried in this soft mountain of pillows
Parents away
She asks me have I been touched
Have I done the thing with anyone yet
Silence - a shy no

And there is nothing
That we'd rather share
Than that bodily warmth if we'd dare
But she's already twelve and I am
Just a child
WARM AND SHY

She's so OLD - already twelve and I am only ten
Than was me, young and free, there and then

Now in this hotel room I lie wondering who I am
Never quite as sure after a life of questioning
Finding out at last that freedom is
A STATE OF MIND
But still not knowing how to get along with this mankind

...finding out at last that freedom is a state of mind...