

# 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...