

Pilate, Don

Your love's faceless, she leads you on and on
Your wine's tasteless, she leaves you sleeping with your ghosts,
sleeping with your ghosts

It holds you tight, between these lines, it holds you tight
It holds you tight, between these lines, it holds you tight

Did the fires rip through your town, did you wait for rain to drown your sorrow,
In the light your hurt concealed, in the bed your soul revealed,
I'm sleeping with your ghosts, sleeping with your ghosts

It holds you tight, between these lines, it holds you tight
It holds you tight, between these lines, it holds you tight

You walk cross these fields in solitude,
The sting of your tears forestalls you,
This world lies in fear and waiting,
Just open your eyes it's there for the taking

It's holds you tight, but it's your right, but it's your right...

Hear the wind through the trees,
Feel the tide of the sea,
See the world at morning light,
Feel my heart beat tonight,
Over sea and over land,
Feel life slip through your hands,
I'll raise it up for you to see,
But don't waste your breath on me,
Don't waste your breath on me...