

Pilate, Endgame

Lying here tonight,
lying here tonight it's all you think of,
Parading through these lights and
falling from these heights it's all you think of.

For chance has laid its cold hand on your shoulder,
It's now your right, to watch falling sands, you're getting older.

Suddenly surprised, suddenly surprised by these mires,
It's a funny thing this life, you're catching up with time, do you tire?
You were caught by the window'