

# Ray Wilson & Stiltskin, Inside

Swing low in a dark glass hour  
You turn and cower  
See it turn to dust  
Move on a stone dark night  
We take to flight  
Snowfall turns to rust  
Seam in a fusing mine  
Like a nursing rhyme  
Fat man starts to fall  
Year in a hostile place  
I hear your face  
Start to call  
And if you think that I've been losing my way  
That's because I'm slightly blinded  
And if you think that I don't make too much sense  
That's because I'm broken minded  
Don't keep it...  
Inside  
If you believe it  
Don't keep it all inside  
Strong words in a ganges sky  
I have to lie  
Shadows move in pairs  
Ring out from the bruised postcard  
In the shooting yard  
Looking through the tears  
Out on the black slate time  
We move in line  
But never reach an end  
Fall in a long stray town  
As the ice comes down  
Rivers start to bend  
And if you think that I've been losing my way  
That's because I'm slightly blinded  
And if you think that I don't make too much sense  
That's because I'm broken minded  
Don't keep it...  
Inside  
If you believe it  
Don't keep it all inside