

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