

Splashdown, Over The Wall

What a fantastic lie
That the blackest of hours has no witness...
Except for the traffic signs,
Flashin' to thrill the sky.

Oh, but what they don't know,
That something's been leading me on,
Over the wall,
at night.
While you're away.

Willingly hypnotized
By the glow of an arrogant idol.
Cast them a weary eye,
Tell them they're steppin' high.

Oh, but what they don't know,
There's nothing that's leading them on,
Over the wall,
At night.
While you're away.

All of my sins are mine,
so that talk never feels she's entitled.
I feel like my words have died,
Under the heel of time.

Oh, but what they don't know,
This thing is still leading me on,
Over the wall,
How long,
will you be away...?