

The Bear Quartet, Twinreceiver

our last conversation
died quietly on the line
somewhere between
"I miss you" and "goodbye";
in a home I can't remember
I stood and watched,
it turned darker
this is the same night

for all the bad feelings
that I can't pin
and all the wrecked memories
they drag in
this is the same night
this is the same night

guilt with its aftertaste of pain
has come here repeating your name
louder as the weather grows worse
until it washes away my frail nerves

for all the bad moods
that I can't pin
and all the sad memories
they drag in
there is a twin,
trying to find a way in

from the womb to this room
I've been suffering
the same nightmare
there's no one out there calling trying to find a way
trying to find a way back in
trying to find a way
trying to find a way back in