

The Only Ones, Flaming Torch

Now I know what you want
But I don't know how to give it
I think our life together has been cursed
I don't know which one of us is worse
Is it the one who lies or the one who hurts

It's a crime, it's a crime
I'm always in the wrong place in the wrong time

You say I should be there
You don't tell me where you're living
It serves as ammunition for my verse
I practice spiritual research
Among the ancient ruins covered in dirt

It's my work, it's my work
I'm always in the wrong place in the wrong term

True love is your guiding light
It's like a flaming torch
You can see magic in the night
As the flames start to distort

I can hear bells again
I hope they never stop 'em ringing
They remind me of the distant past
Looking through a window's stained-glass
When the pledge was made
And the spell was cast

It's a crime, it's a crime
I'm always in the wrong place at the wrong time