

# Tina Dickow, Tenter Ground No 5

So what will I become  
All comforts led astray  
Consciousness undone  
My problems moved away  
Some royal sanctity  
Somewhere just for me

This is no-man's land  
That's what I've found  
Insomnia on tender ground

This cold unfurnished life  
This minimalistic hell  
Scraping cobwebs from my eyes  
This caged animal is not doing  
So well...

This is no-man's land  
That's what I've found  
Insomnia on tender ground

Some royal sanctity  
Some downy feathered bed  
Somewhere just for me  
My creature comforted

This is no-man's land  
That's what I've found  
Insomnia on Tenter Ground

Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge  
Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge  
On Tenter Ground