

We're About 9, Move Like Light

If I move like light
I can leave this town
Catch the midnight train
Head for northern ground
In the distance I can see an anxious girl
Walking on the tracks in a stagnant world

Ten years pass
She once laid her head
On a neighbour's step
Waking in the red
Like ancient times, with silent walls
In a darkened tomb, fastened to the stall

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By a moonlit window
So the farmer creeps
As he walks along
Hears the moaning sheep
In the distance, he can hear a daughter's cry
Through the thickening brush, tries to run and hide

Vice
Caught between right and wrong
The mother hangs her head to a solemn song
Gripped in her hands
Hold solid steel
In a foreign form
Where sorrow is healed

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