

Yvonne, Nightwalking

You say that you're afraid
what do you think I am?
The pressure in this room
is the same that runs in my veins

The purity of every heart
The aching fear that we shall be apart

I wonder if you see
the wall that is between us
Your face is turned away
and my hands they search for nothing

My distant thoughts run cold and dark
I wear the wisdom that we shall be apart

And further on I must confess
I'm lost in all my thoughtlessness
Increasing speed contains my art
it whispers low that we shall be apart