

Of Two Beginnings

Pain Of Salvation

She is twelve I'm only ten
buried in this soft mountain of pillows
Parents away
She asks me have I been touched
Have I done the thing with anyone yet
Silence - a shy no

And there is nothing
That we'd rather share
Than that bodily warmth if we'd dare
But she's already twelve and I am
Just a child
WARM AND SHY

She's so OLD - already twelve and I am only ten
Than was me, young and free, there and then

Now in this hotel room I lie wondering who I am
Never quite as sure after a lie of questioning
Finding out at last that freedom is
A STATE OF MIND
But still not knowing how to get along with this mankind

...finding out at last that freedom is a state of mind...