

The Hiding Place

Psyche

The city street's like an exhibition
I held your picture in my hand
A lifetime in your eyes
Remember how you wanted me
The hidden scars you'll never see
And the sound of us breathing

This is our hiding place
Another warm embrace
When will they ever learn?

It's like a vision in the hands of fate
Religion on the monitor
A word that breaks my soul
No one left to rescue me
Just unfinished melodies
We're on the silver screen

Even the greatest stars
Are alone in the looking glass
Are alone tonight