

From Out Of Nothing

Terrorvision

From out of nothing, I see before me,
Restricted access to former glories,
Who turned the page and who wrote the book?
Who had to tell us that we had to look?

And I wonder was my head in the clouds?
Cos' I had it all and let it go,
Should I listen to the sound of the crowd I don't know?

From out of nothing and set before me,
Some colour picture paintings, telling stories,
In black and white and shades of grey,
Who stole the palette? You don't say you don't want to say.

And I wonder was my head in the clouds?
Cos' I had it all and let it go,
Should I listen to the sound of the crowd I don't know?

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Cos' I had it all and let it go,
Should I listen to the sound of the crowd I don't know?
[x2]