

## New Horizons

Echo & the Bunnymen

If... I got distant  
From all the gifts that heaven sent... every missed and misspent...  
Wish... every instant  
Every twist was different...  
Not every lip sent kiss meant...  
This... is the distance... between guilt and innocence...  
In self-built self defence...

New horizons, new horizons, new horizons, new horizons

Is... this my sentence  
All this life as penitence?  
In the past imperfect  
Tense... are the senses...  
Life just a sequence of events... then a breathless silence

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Horizons, horizons, horizons, horizons

(I want something more) Anything  
(I want something more) Anything  
(I want something more) Anything  
(I want something more) Anything