

Twin streams of traffic fix the new horizon  
It could happen to anyone, anytime, anywhere  
Keep your eyes fixed on the new horizon  
I could be anyone, anytime, anywhere

Wait outside suffering  
But nothing helps me when  
I'm without it  
Realise all hopes are dim  
And hope that fate decides

Turn your back, don't bare your chin  
And pray his memory's lasted one more year  
Fill your mind with thoughts of sin  
And hope that fate decides

Speak of conquests from within  
To you your docile side is weak and thin  
Converts to the cause are few and slim  
We hope that fate decides

Turn your back don't bare your chin  
And pray his memory's lasted one more year  
Fill your mind with thoughts of sin  
And hope that fate decides

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But nothing helps me when  
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