

## The Other Side

James Marriott

I'm too trapped in the moonlight  
Too caught in the wind  
To enjoy the view  
And I'm too stuck in the moment  
Too lost in the end  
In spite of you

I'm sick of your kind  
And I know that you won't find me  
On the other side  
But the rivers have run dry  
And nothing here will sate me  
On the other side

I'll sleep in the eye of the storm  
All the blankets adorned with my dreams  
I'll reach and get further than most  
But they're never as close as they seem

I'm sick of your kind  
And I know that you won't find me  
On the other side  
But the rivers have run dry  
And nothing here will sate me  
On the other side

And you will think  
That nothing's worth the fall  
You'll find peace at the brink  
The silence of it all  
And you will see  
That nothing bears the rope  
The weight that's underneath  
There's no way it can cope  
And you will know  
That nothing loads the gun  
The only way to go  
Is turn your head and run

I'm sick of your kind  
And I know that you won't find me  
On the other side  
But the rivers have run dry  
And nothing here will sate me  
On the other side