

Guardians in open fields  
Climbing up the borrowed hills  
Tell me nothing else is real  
Forever where the red lights spill

Unconscious of the world outside  
While the autumn glides on by  
And I know by now the bells define  
The sound of us on borrowed time

And I wonder what  
Will become of us  
In your arms I trust  
As the walls  
Crumble into dust

Goodbye I wish you way more than luck  
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I don't need my innocence  
Just so I can lose it again  
Soaking in the eastern rain  
Now this is water, this is pain

'Cause you're infinitely transient  
Walking into town again  
Blowing in the western wind  
Another suit, an empty man

And I wonder what  
Will become of us  
In your arms I trust  
As the walls  
Crumble into dust

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