

Wishing is cold this year in Pyrenean snow
Or have my nerves been sabotaged and stripped?
And I can't hear you anymore
Are you now stone silent or are my ears clipped?
And I've been riding trains
Because I'm so afraid to drive
I'm whirling lifeless over metal tracks
Too scared to stay alive
And what paralysis is worse:
That from the world or from inside?
And where's the borderline at which the two divide?
Wishing could be the motion at the window's edge
Is it owl wings or my eye's mistake?
If dreams just hold me hostage to electrical codes
Then how can you enact them when I wake?
I chase the trains forever
Hoping someday they will stop
I see myself through windows
And he doesn't care if I catch up
What destination do I reach
Somewhere ahead or lifetimes back?
Oh either way, there's no escaping from this track
There's no escaping from this wishing that I were never
afraid
And wishing these rails had never been laid
And I will be strong and I will be brave
And I'm right behind you, show me the way
Inside I am red but the sky is grey
And you're right beside me but further away each day
And I'm still riding trains