

Where I'll be found

In the mystery of the moonlight
we move swiftly through the overhanging trees
While the lonesome prophet's crying
He's begging for the stars to leave him be
All the vagabonds assemble and they call themselves
the tourists of the dark
While in the shadows of the parliament
The wire men stage their final coup d'etat

The time has come
I'm moving fast
A whimper turns
Into a blast
I brace myself
I won't be hanging round

You know where I'll be found
You know where I'll be found
I'll be wading upstream
Chasing the sacred sound
You know where I'll be found

The remnants of the hourglass
Are shattered in fine pieces on the floor
While the wire man stands before you
Blood dripping right off his uniform
And you see your life come at you
Just as if it was rehearsed
As if the law was just a means
For the bad men to hid from the worse

The time has come,
I'm losing height
I melt into the dead of night
I brace myself
I won't be hanging round

CHORUS

Oh I'll be wading up the river
I'll be searching for the source
I'll be moving through the valley
I'll be running way off course
And I won't be taking answers
And I won't be taking sides
I'll be deep inside the underground

CHORUS