

OPTIONS

This is it - you are somewhere in between everything.
There are things you can't touch, can't see again.
Though the options are changing, you still feel the same.
Though the final picture is fading, you don't want to change.
You get tired while waiting too long.

In the back of your mirror you search for the one
you still find in the back of your mind,
somehow somewhere released.
And when you're closing your eyes the picture has changed.
You're in love with the wide, wide land.
You're not sure if it's lonely, but you don't care.
'Will be yours, it has always been.

Refrain:
It's tough - does not remain.
It's gone - or has it been
Just you and it still sleeps ;
the countdown's just in inside your head?

Yet the memory can't feed the Hungry
and I steadily walk until I fall
Even though I don't understand it,
I won't smash my head against the wall.

*1992
(10.10.)*