

# Think of England

[IAMX](#)

In the grip of a winter came love and greed  
Insane with faith I took the driving front seat  
In the lowlight comfort of Berlin streets  
The calm from emptiness duetted with my body heat I was alone at the front line  
The message I was told was to try and find  
The joy of a lifetime I just can't think of England  
I can't see the picture  
I'm still running from the fire, the fire I just can't think of England  
I can't see the picture  
I'm still running from the fire, the fire, the fire In the twilight hours of nervous rest  
I bought the beast before believing the threats  
In a foreign field I cut all regrets  
But the poisoned stories just repeat themselves  
In fucked-up mess I was alone for the first time  
The message I was told was to try and find  
The joy of a lifetime I just can't think of England  
I can't see the picture  
I'm still running from the fire, the fire I just can't think of England  
I can't see the picture  
I'm still running from the fire, the fire I just can't think of England  
Can't see the picture Can't see the picture  
Can't see the picture

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