

Of Two Beginnings

Pain of Salvation

She is twelve and I'm only ten
buried in this soft mountain of pillows

Parents away

She asks me have I been touched
Have I done the thing with anyone yet
Silence - a shy no And there is nothing
That we'd rather share

Than that bodily warmth if we'd dare

But she's already twelve and I am

Just a child

WARM AND SHY She's so OLD - already twelve and I am only ten

Than was me, young and free, there and then Now in the hotel room I lie wondering who I am

Never quite as sure after a life of questioning

Finding out at last that freedom is

A STATE OF MIND

But still not knowing how to get along with this mankind...finding out at last that freedom is a state of mind...

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