In Remote Part/Scottish Fiction

Idlewild

In the beginning, there were answers
Then they came along and changed
All these questions and their answers seem to changeSo I'll wait 'til I find the remote part of your heart
Nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable startWe stop in every passing place
To watch the world move faster than we do
Watch it pass with our eyes closed the way we usually choose toSo I'll wait 'till I find the remote part of your heart
When no where else will let us choose a comfortable start
And even if the breath between us smells of alcohol
We call it confusion in the best way possibleIt isn't in the mirror, it isn't on the page
It's a red hearted vibration
Pushing through the walls of dark imagination
Finding no equation
There's a red road rage,
But it's not road rage
It's asylum seekers engulfed by a grudgeScottish friction, Scottish friction
It isn't in the castle, it isn't in the mist
It's a calling of the waters as they break to show
The new black death with reactors aglow
Do you think your security can keep you in purity
You will not shake us off
Above or belowScottish friction, Scottish friction

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