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
When 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 nowhere 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 equationThere's a red road rage
But it's not road rage
It's asylum seekers
Engulfed by a grudgeScottish friction, Scottish fictionIt 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 fiction

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