Splitter

Holz

Through the gardens and fields neath the tall green grass
You were walking neath the moon while covering your tracks
Working your fingers down to the skin and stone
One hand on the hammer, one foot by the door
Pushed by the wind, fed by the need for moving on,
Moving on to nowhere
When division runs deep and down into the well
All the coins you dove after lost all their spell
Covered in moss walking for silver and blood
Out in the cafe, working in the grove
Guarding the port of the future you sold
Holding on, holding on to no one
Holding on, holding on to no one
One eye in the mirror, the other on the screen
Sewn in the pockets and down into the dream
Caught up in the mortar, bricks and heavy load
Wait in the shadows down the living road
Moving on, moving on to no one
Holding on, holding on to no one

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