

From A Million Miles

Single Gun Theory

There is an indentation from where she lay
Her tiny stature is sleek, now she's far away
Only the thoughts of her remain
Despairing, desperate, full of self blame
Under the water, I saw her lying there
Creamy skin, lots of flowing golden hair
It was alive, that I know
I saw her gesture to me with the ebb and the flow
Tormented by the futility of life
I can see the stars from a million miles
Are you out there, somewhere?
Transposed?
Tormented by the futility of life
I can see the stars from a million miles
Are you out there, somewhere?
The corpse was dredged from the sea that night
Hair matted around its body tight
It was no comfort to identify
The pallid flesh, the life, deprived
The sea, is writhing now
It's like a bed of rising passion
When something is, that intense, you can never tell
What will happen next
Tormented by the futility of life
I can see the stars from a million miles
Are you out there, somewhere?
Tormented by the futility of life
I can see the stars from a million miles
Tormented by the futility of life
I can see the stars from a million miles

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