

Between Two Fires

The Mountains

I was born again every night
Into trial for a while
Half awake
Out of breath
Shivering
Saying things
What's happening?
What's going on?
Who's hiding there?
Anywhere?

The other side of getting by is losing every sense of pride When our lungs collapse

When our voices dissolve

I will join the choir

When the waves roll in

And we all turn to dust

In between to fires

I'll try to forgive myself

When our lungs collapse

When our voices dissolve

I will join the choir

When the waves roll in

And we all turn to dust

In between to fires On mountaintops

In monasteries

On river banks

In cemeteries

In prison cells

On balconies

In dancing halls

Through guillotines

I was born again every night

Tunnelling to the light

The other side of getting by is losing every sense of pride

Above a thousand islands in my sleep

We lose our treasures in the sea

I find myself now proudly stealing the parts I need for me When our lungs collapse

When our voices dissolve

I will join the choir

When the waves roll in

And we all turn to dust
In between to fires
I'll try to forgive myself When our lungs collapse
When our voices dissolve
I will join the choir
When the waves roll in
And we all turn to dust
In between to fires
I'll try to forgive myself When our lungs collapse
When our voices dissolve
I will join the choir
When the waves roll in
And we all turn to dust
In between to fires
I'll try to forgive myself

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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