

A Northern Chorus "No Stations"

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Bearing down a train you're a wreck
You have nothing yet
You're mobile, just draggin' a bit
On past the trees, the arks, and the freeze
There's no stations left but you know that

Book ends poured into place
They're set in and phrased
You've sought out an island beyond
The freeze and the fog, solid rock, movin' on
Through and eye of a camera you're home now

Home now and livin' out your dreams
I guess we both need
Light to pass through the cracks just to be seen
It's pouring down the walls
The saturate we call
Hope and heaven destination above all

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