

## Idlewild

### "Scottish Fiction/Remote Part"

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In the beginning there were answers  
Then they came along and changed  
All these questions and their answers seemed to  
change

So Ill wait 'til I find the remote part of your heart  
And nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable start

We stop at every passing place  
To watch the world move faster than we do.  
Watch it pass with our eyes closed, the way we usually  
choose to

So Ill wait 'til I find the remote part of your heart  
And nowhere else will let us choose a comfortable  
start.  
And even if the breath between us smells of alcohol  
Call it confusion in the best way possible

It isn't in the mirror, it isn't on the page  
It's a red hearted vibration  
Pushing through the walls of dark imagination  
Finidng no equation  
There's a red road rage, but it's not road rage  
It's asylum seekers engulfed by a grudge

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction

It 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 reactos aglow  
Do you think your security will keep you in purity  
You will not shake us off  
Above or below

Scottish friction, Scottish fiction

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