

Rupert Hine "The Outsider"

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I hear them talking through walls
This one way mirror won't show their faces at all
Voices like my conscience shadowed inside a false
reply
The young one won't relent, the other has a heart of
stone
So to the spider the web is home
Now the fly lands
The fly must stay
I am the outsider
A night-watchman with no eyes
I am the outsider - about to break inside
I hear them talking through walls
Two brutal men who defy all danger one falls
Places dates then urgent footsteps fade down the hall
unchased
In silence now I'm caught awake, at last he is alone
So to the spider the web is home
In the wrong hands
His wings were torn
I am the outsider
A night-watchman with no eyes
I am the outsider - too late to break inside
The Yugoslavian: Braco
(Orchestral & choral arrangement written & played by
Rupert on the
'New England Digital' Synclavier II Computer
Synthesizer, P.P.G. Wave 2
Digital Synthesizer and, of course, the Mini-Moog

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