

Yvonne "Nightwalking"

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You say that you're afraid
What do you think I am?
The pressure in this room
Is the same that runs in my veins
The purity of every heart
The aching fear that we shall be apart
I wonder if you see
The wall that is between us
Your face is turned away
And my hands they search for nothing
My distant thoughts run cold and dark
I wear the wisdom that we shall be apart
And further on I must confess
I'm lost in all my thoughtlessness
Increasing speed contains my art
It whispers low that we shall be apart

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