

Nitin Sawhney

"Cold And Intimate"

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You see me walk
You see me fall
You touch the tears upon my face
I taste your world
I smell you fear
I feel your bitter sweet embrace
Nothing mentioned nothing gained
Your here and then your gone
Yet complications keep me sane
We cold and intimate

I watch the news
I hear your words
I smell the lies beneath your smile
You hesitate you deviate
>from pictures filled with silence
Nothing mentioned nothing gained
Your here and then your gone
A simple world appears insane
We cold and intimate

A search within
We search without
We touch the corners of our minds
We play our lives
Deceive our friends
We taste the fruit of our own lies
Pointless ventures
Endless games
We wonder here at all
Nothing in this world can change
Only cold and intimate

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