

In the Ten Years Gone

Bernard Fanning

In the ten years gone
Barely a word has passed between us
Since that brutal morn
The shadow fell upon us
The dawning of the silent

And in the years before
I never knew that I was sleeping
Slowly drifting on
Through the company I was keeping
Till that brutal dawn

Now I wanna know
With all the thinking that you've done
Did the answers ever come
Are they just around the bend

Now I'm not asking you for anything but answers
I'm not hoping you'll start throwing forgiving gestures my way
But how far would you go, cut neck clean away

And in the years to come
Wide awake to all my failures
I've sat upon them long enough
To see the beauty and the danger
Of the brutal morn

But I wanna know
When you're lying there at night
Making edits of your life
And it's me you're thinking of
How do you explain
After all you overcame
Only bitterness remains

I'm not asking you for anything but answers
I'm not hoping you'll start throwing forgiving gestures my way
Your final act of kindness, will you cut neck clean away
How far would you go to cut neck clean away