

No one knows where the byway leads to  
No one knows what it turns into at the end  
Meet me down by the black inlet and I'll show you it  
I'll show you it

Nails replace the rain, piercing the people to their staves  
The sun illuminates such a wonderful display

No one seems to know anyone there  
No one knows who they love or how they smile  
Where do people go when they need some deliverance?  
Deliverance

The blackness fascinates the privileged and the misbehaved  
Still, no one has ever walked themselves all of the way