

Endgame

Pilate

Lying here tonight, lying here tonight,
its all you think of

parading through these lights, parading through these lights,
its all you think of

for chance has laid its cold hand upon your shoulder,
its now your right to watch falling sands, your getting older

suddenly suprised, suddenly suprised by these lights,
its a funny thing this life, you catching up with time, do you
tire

your caught by the window, caught by the window, caught by wind
ow