

(Hammill, Part II : Vanblow)

I never thought it could come to this,  
as you sit there crying,  
hanging on with your fingertips  
to something that's already dead.  
Now we're into a game  
and it's all a bit strange.

Once on a time we were sincere;  
now, we're acting charades,  
hiding behind cracked images  
from other people's stages;  
now, we're into a game,  
and it's all a bit strange,  
but familiar, too...  
the rules never change; I know it, but do you?

I've seen it all before,  
and this play no longer moves me,  
but the closing of a door  
is never easy.