

# Outside The Gloom

From the album **MMX (2010)**

Listen, let's have a word  
from a sentence that we understood  
in the context we preferred.  
I see that your own way  
might be paved with mutual stories,  
we discover day by day.  
I apologize  
if my pompous explanation  
gets you right between the eyes  
My aim is to explain  
all the words we hear entangled  
with our feelings that remain.

Here we are outside the gloom

Times of worlds apart  
we're still haunted by the vision  
that we carried out by heart.  
Past still rings a bell  
And the sound of it may ring  
through all the stories that we tell.  
Don't say this, don't say that  
While we read each other's minds  
on what we hide during the chat.  
Meet my eyes, face to face.  
Surprised we hardly said a word,  
we understand in any case.

Here we are outside the gloom

Walk the streets, out in town  
We can be reached for every second  
Everywhere around  
Some may speak, but never hear.  
Prefer to talk with modern means  
beyond the end of near.  
Seeing `em so close, they're far away.  
Thought you felt good in their presence  
but you went astray.  
Getting in touch with the world outside,  
is just a dial away.  
Each in our own cocoon in a world's so wide.

Here we are outside the gloom

All around, the silence screams.  
Translating my imagination,  
is not as easy as it seems.  
Let's meet up, on waves ahead.  
Just like the ones we used to float on,



during simple things we said.  
I hear your words on higher ground  
and they gain a deeper meaning  
by the way they sound.  
For the dream we both pursued  
made us build a future  
since the past is now reviewed.

Here we are outside the gloom

With all those memories  
I considered it made sense  
To talk to you  
The things I'm living for,  
my dreams, my hopes, my hidden fears.  
I confide it all to you.

Whenever the past has written the wrong lines,  
it makes you tell the things you don't want to say.  
Living in silence is an option,  
depending on the price you're willing to pay.  
Using a sign, playing a mime,  
you're trying,  
to make them understand it without avail.  
Whatever you think, whatever you dream,  
is distance!  
Until you find a way to tell your tale.

With all those memories  
I considered it made sense  
To talk to you  
The things I'm living for,  
my dreams, my hopes, my hidden fears.  
I confide it all to you.  
Sense of security  
When we both can share the past  
To talk about  
Exchanging energies  
We'll find the driving force in us...  
...You and I