Van Der Graaf Generator, Lifetime

I can remember it so well, the bed of roses where we lay, the crown of thorns I was so keen to give away. All the warning signs ignored, the passion's played.

I could foresee what was to come, I had a sense of what might happen. The river runs and very rapidly becomes a torrent, sweeping us towards our ricochet.

It takes a lifetime to unravel all the threads that have tied us in our webs of tourniquet.

I stake no claim on memory.
I stand on ceremonial quicksand.
I look for something with solidity to hold: something lasting, something pristine, with no sense of decay.

Can you remember how that was? Can you remember?

It takes a lifetime's understanding of the flow to surrender, let the current sweep you away. What if I'd told you I would never let you go, I would hold you every step along the way? It takes a lifetime to unlearn all that you know to return the things you borrowed for a day.