

The Abandoned One

Communic

Days are passing, weeks are counted
Two weeks, four weeks, six weeks gone
Where am I now, I'm missing home
Behind locked doors they await my plea
Do they all see through me, do they all know?

I'm sending this message to all
Hoping sometime it will reach a shore
Someone to find, bring back hope
I will wait - cold and forlorn

Does it matter where we are
In an orphan home, or in a mansion of gold
All these people with no place to call home
Too bad no one cares
Who decides where the journey starts

A tidal wave will bring me safe away
Until I reach a distant shore
I've been away for a long time now
No one is waiting for me I know
Time will erase all my darkest dreams
I'm still counting days

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Behind locked doors they await my plea
Do they all see through me, do they all know?
No one is waiting for me, I know...

It's all going to get better now
Fool's paradise - the promised fields
Thinking positive, not the opposite
After the tide, a new dawn will rise

It's all going to get better now
The beholder comes, to clear my head
Thinking positive, not the opposite
Six feet under, the end to it all will come

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