

Behind The Sun "Wishful Thinking"

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Damning praise of followers
Gone to your head
Trapped in self mythology
Your ego wants you dead
When the walls come tumbling down
To take you in their embrace
Your absence will go unnoticed
Another fool will take your place

And if you let yourself believe
The ends control the means
You will find yourself
Down on your knees
Waving at the darkness
Can't see the forest for the trees
Another case of wishful thinking
Buried out at sea

The deck chairs need rearranging
The ice is on it's way
A glass of refreshing kool aid
To wash away the taste
Called out holding nothing
King of jokers once again
Don't blame the odds when you take the fall
But the fool who ignored them

And if you let yourself believe
For one moment - the ends control the means
You will quickly find yourself
Down on your knees
Waving blindly at the darkness
Can't see the forest for the trees
Another case of wishful thinking
Buried out at sea

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