

Giant Gentle

"THE RUNAWAY"

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He is the runaway, Lie low the wanted man

Mask his elusive face, Soon he will getaway and free is
his

future no more aimless time to spend

And evading, he's escaping

Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more.

Run in the underwood, Cover and hide the trail

Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow
on his

tail.

And yet his joy is empty and sad.

All thoughts are scarred with the prison cell and
freedom

seems like freedom's hell

Hopes stained with strange regret, His dreams are
dreams

for that he cannot get.

And yet his joy is empty and sad.

Lose all identity, Vanish in own denial

Seeks only lies and hide, Truth never brought to trial.

And caught in his own net, he looks to find endless life
and

evading, he's escaping

Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more.

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