

Good Religion

"Pisces/almost Home"

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The sense of fear on which you feed
When the people can't believe
The things they read
We've been brought up to feel left out
Eclipsed by the shadows of our doubt

The pieces rise and rearrange
And all the smiling faces seem so strange
With tacit symmetry and prose
I feel the doors behind me close

You're here alone inside this crowd
You've faced the world and made us proud
But when the bitterness returns
There's nothing left to hide the burns

I've waited
I've written on promises and dreams
A thousand times
Still relegated to these lines

Like water untainted the sad.
Quixotic trail I've left behind
Somehow it echoes in my mind
And it almost feels like coming home

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