

## 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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