

## January Jaunt "Wrong Lane ~ Low Light"

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A silent whisper from around the bend  
Has left me by the wall of lament chains  
On the platform between reasons and believes  
A wrinkled face is shining clear with guilt

In the woods of my inner self  
I sought the tomb of secrets  
I prayed the voices would lead me there  
But they gave me nothing but all there lies  
No, they gave me nothing but all there lies

How am I supposed to get up and fly  
When you have stolen everything from me  
Everything that I relate to skies  
Relate to starts  
And to my heaven  
To my heaven over all

Observing a life from beneath  
Observing a life like a thief  
Stealing the precious moments  
That we all take for granted

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