

Adora "Room 401"

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Room 401

Long roads were all I had in the dead of the night
Nothing could prepare me for the battles I would fight
I wasn't meant to stay in this place that I was born
I knew I had to find myself, inevitably torn
Day after day into my words I'd sink
Until those days were over, because I was the missing
link

My home in sight under these lights
It's calling out, it seems to be the only place
that restores my dying faith
in what is real and true

Long roads were all I had in the dead of the night
And nothing could prepare me for the battles I would
have to fight
Strange faces threw me in quicker than before
Memorizing lines as I hurried through the door
Where are these cruel people, vile to the core?
Surely I was trapped but nothing like before

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