

Warship "Wounded Paw"

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I can't find the way back
And what was familiar seems abstract
Did I cringe on your approach, unwelcome guest?
(You're welcome now)
Every intrusion needs a host,
Every whisper needs your breath
(To carry a secret)
But I never appointed you this post,
I don't want you to direct

How can you know what's right for me?
I never had the chance to speak
How can you know what's right for me?
I never had the chance to speak
"but no one cares about what you've got to say"

A red line, a mishap
Another town to avoid on the road map
Then you chose a length of rope instead of asking for a
hand
(And everything will have it's end)
The more that gets explained all the less I understand

No you don't do what's right for me when the objective
is to keep us weak
No you don't do what's right for me when the objective
is to keep us weak

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