

Stephanie Forryan

"Two Steps Removed"

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Iâ'm standing barefoot on the same dirty tile as
yesterday
But I am not the same and I could swear Iâ'm standing
in a completely different place
Iâ've been told I have all the makings of a crazy girl
That my life has a tendency to fall apart around me
more than normal
And Iâ've been told I have all the makings of a failure
Maybe Iâ'll prove them wrong just to be spiteful
To spite them
To spite myself

I am content to stand silent in the stairwell
Hide on the stairway and listen to the voices that rise
from below
From time to time I can hear a word spoken by your
voice
It is softer and lower than the others
Softer and lower than the others
I cannot understand but I am comforted

Hungry hands outstretched and open on the floor
The wood is worn away, worn away
By the pacers and the dreamers and the audience
spectators
The lights are focused on the ceiling and no one is
looking at the stars
All they can see are concrete slabs of grey â- overcast
day

Her hand reaches towards the curtain and pulls it back
slowly
To reveal no one other than the face she saw this
morning
The voices are still echoing in her head, if not on the
stairs
The cloth pulled back, she sits on the ground, her feet
are bare and no one is around
Itâ's in moments like these peace is found

And here the mirrors are covered in veils
And here the faces are veiled in tears and masks

And no one asks
No, no one asks
No one asks
Because
No one cares

I lock myself
In an empty room
Where I am free to do and be the fool you made me
into
The windows are closed
Iâ'm the only one home
In the fluorescent glow
And the echoes
And the echoes
And the echoes
And the echoesÂ...

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