

Pallas

"Sanctuary"

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Is this the sanctuary
We talked of in the night?
Is this the sanctuary?
I must try to do what's right

A cold light shines from the watchtower window
Chill wind scratches out my face
Blown between the bars
That hold this place

Is this the sanctuary
We talked of in the night?
Is this the sanctuary?
I must try to do what's right

Twilight howl, the searchlight owl
Wire fingers grip the air
Freedom only comes
To those who dare

Is this the sanctuary
We talked of in the night?
Is this the sanctuary?
Where all our hopes have turned to stone

Nothing left to lose but life itself
Nowhere left to go but through the wire
Cross the compound's barren waste with dread
The sun shall rise upon the free and dead
The free and the dead, ooh

Run (run)
Hide (hide)
But you can't flee what lies inside
Sleep (sleep)
Dream (dream)
But only to the sound of screams
Fear (fear)
Doubt (doubt)
That save for death, there's no way out
Seek (seek)

Find (find)

The free and promised land that lies nearby
And... and...and...and...

And though I wear the yellow badge of hate
I walk a free man through the opening gate
Still ghostly figures line the wire in a daze
No need for flowers here, there are no graves

And though I wear the yellow badge of hate
I walk a free man past the padlocked gates
I pause to look the searchlight in the eye
To ask it shed it's light upon the reason why?

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