

Silver Spoon

"The Others"

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And now, as the light turns grey, it is so strange to be
in this place
I walked thru many a field - up to this land, which talks
of peace
They told me yeah, I was a child... and then they added
- I had no right
Today I'll turn eighteen and I'll find out just what
they mean

And perhaps they may be right
And we should not ever come
But you cannot take a soul and forget it in the cold
Something must be wrong

The sun has now set down and the sky is all but clouds
It is now clear, the game you play - my only right, is to
go away
And so be it, you win this time; but let me tell you a final
rhyme
I stand my ground and I still claim that all the men are
born the same

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