

# Pisces/Almost Home

## Good Riddance

The sense of fear on which you feed  
When the people can believe  
The things they read  
Wee been brought up to feel left out  
Eclipsed by the shadows of our doubtThe pieces rise and rearrange  
And all the smiling faces seem so strange  
With tacit symmetry and prose  
I feel the doors behind me closeYoue here alone inside this crowd  
Youe faced the world and made us proud  
But when the bitterness returns  
There nothing left to hide the burnsIe waited  
Ie written on promises and dreams  
A thousand times  
Still relegated to these lines

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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