

Finders

Us, Ghosts

There's a wave coming down to take me out,
To wash me away. With no sense of up or down
I've lost myself, I'm sinking deep.

My breath is running short,
I've got to do something to make it ashore.
I swim from this floor
Seeking salvation on broken boards.

I emerge to discover there's nothing, With no trace of hope.
This is a road I must travel alone,
A road that will lead me back to the shore again.
It seems that every breath is farther gone than the last.
I'm on the verge of collapsing,
And things are always seeming to get worse.

I've been searching,
But nothing ever comes close to being found
With each day passing more and more slowly,
I've been holding on with no sign of land.
I only wish that, I only wish that I
Could figure out the place of which I belong.
I keep telling myself to breathe.
I like to believe.. that one day I'll break free.

Please stop wasting all your breath
You're just standing in the way
Stop the lies, Step aside
You prevent these hands to reach
As I hover over depths
Watching these steps, These steps I take
My mind is just
My mind is set
And there's nothing left to say

These waves may take you far,
Come back where you belong.
This world may never change,
One day I'll break free.

Lyrics submitted by Gene Kaiser.

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