The Outcast

Voivod

doorway in sight
not a second too late
into the nightsiren, spot light
wailing wolves at the gate
into the nightmad dog patrol
roaming 'round the grounds and
all set to gohiding alone
somewhere from the blood hounds
all set to gorunning all day, in every direction
finding his way, to civilization
everything's gonna work out
yes, everything's gonna work outhe used to stand by his window, you know
the view was so good, he wanted to go
and now that he's back on those same
old streets
he's locked in again, and falls on his
kneesrunning away
that is all that he knows
time and againhe fades away
and forgets where he goes
time and again

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