Another Door

Pain Confessor

Some destination,
A footstep in the sand
Some indication,
A truth to understand.
I'm going hunting,
To find it if I can.
But it might be just an arrow,
To still some other plan.
(Chorus)
Hidden meanings and love's strange ways
Keep me looking for more and more,
But all I find is that behind

Each new door is another door.
Time's printed pages,
Words you won't forget;
go out and try to live them,
you'll be an angel yet.
I'm going hunting,
I think I'll win the bet.
But it might end up winning me sorrow,
And leaving my soul in debt.
(Chorus)

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