

# 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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