

# Marooned

## The Gathering

I know from a lesser tribe  
I suppose the range of my intelligence  
is way too wideAnd you don't see me  
'cause I don't have much to sayMy emotional outlet  
is consuming the better part of me  
And apart from the wrong words  
a tortured cry is making me seeThat you don't see me  
'cause I don't have much to sayhours and hours fo jealousy  
are passing me by  
Although hollow silence  
is the only wave  
going through your brainAnd you don't see me  
'cause I don't have much to say

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