Sixth Sense

Donna Lewis

running out the door
running through the gates
setting up the soldier forceamplify the fear
do I have the faith
relying on the ghost in front of meand I can see
the coldest eyes
and I can see
the hoplessnesslightning flash
time stands still
hanging high
dark and cold
I wish I was popular
adoring eyes around meand I can see
the coldest eyes
and I can see
the hoplessness
and I can see
the damaged and the damned
and I can seethat you don't know that
you're broken
and you're not here
and you're not real
and I'm sorry
it's a dead dream
you're a nice manand I wish
I wish
I could
purify the fountainand I wish
I wish
I could
purify the fountainand I wish
I could.....

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