

# The Runaway

## Gentle Giant

He is the runaway, Lie low the wanted man  
Mask his elusive face, Soon he will getaway and free is his  
future no more aimless time to spend  
And evading, he's escaping  
Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more. Run in the underwood, Cover and hide the trail  
Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow on his  
tail. And yet his joy is empty and sad. All thoughts are scarred with the prison cell and freedom  
seems like freedom's hell  
Hopes stained with strange regret, His dreams are dreams  
for that he cannot get. And yet his joy is empty and sad. Lose all identity, Vanish in own denial  
Seeks only lies and hide, Truth never brought to trial.  
And caught in his own net, he looks to find endless life and  
evading, he's escaping  
Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more. Run in the underwood, Cover and hide the trail  
Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow on his  
tail.

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