Pisces/Almost Home

Good Riddance

The sense of fear on which you feed
When the people can believe
The things they read
Wee been brought up to feel left out
Eclipsed by the shadows of our doubtThe pieces rise and rearrange
And all the smiling faces seem so strange
With tacit symmetry and prose
I feel the doors behind me closeYoue here alone inside this crowd
Youe faced the world and made us proud
But when the bitterness returns
There nothing left to hide the burnsIe waited
Ie written on promises and dreams
A thousand times
Still relegated to these linesLike water untainted the sad.
Quixotic trail Ie left behind
Somehow it echoes in my mind
And it almost feels like coming home

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