

Forward

Dillon

My train of thought derailed
Heading nowhere
Lost track of time
A standstill full of despair
When the longing grows
Minds take hold
Hands unfold, letting go

My train of thought derailed
Heading nowhere
Untraveled paths ahead
I came unprepared
When the longing grows
Minds take hold
Hands unfold, I let go

Moving forward
Forward
Forward
Forward

Moving forward
Forward
Forward
Forward

Moving forward
Forward
Forward
Forward

My train of thought derailed
Heading nowhere
A place in time where ends meet
Who will guide us there?
When the longing grows
Minds take hold
Hands unfold and let go

Moving forward
Forward
Forward
Forward

Moving forward
Forward
Forward
Forward