

Coming Closer

Brainstorm

They ask for your trust, but if you do trust them they leave you stranded

With your disillusion. They, who are they?

In a room so dark and painful

When fingers rule your eyes

Just trapped inside a cage

No fear, no trust nowhere to run to

But reaching for the skies

And falling onto your knees

It's hard to trace

An empty face

Has faded with each passing year

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I swear I know how it feels

From land to shining sea

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We deserve what we see

In the land of the free

Wish that my thoughts were so simple

Meaning of life, a reason to believe

Swallowed in by your peers

Destructive atmosphere

Or just an excuse

No use in pretending

Ain't no pride in it at all

Is when you're standing out in the cold