

# The Abandoned One

Communic

Days are passing, weeks are counted  
Two weeks, four weeks, six weeks gone  
Where am I now, I'm missing home  
Behind locked doors they await my plea  
Do they all see through me, do they all know?

I'm sending this message to all  
Hoping sometime it will reach a shore  
Someone to find, bring back hope  
I will wait - cold and forlorn

Does it matter where we are  
In an orphan home, or in a mansion of gold  
All these people with no place to call home  
Too bad no one cares  
Who decides where the journey starts

A tidal wave will bring me safe away  
Until I reach a distant shore  
I've been away for a long time now  
No one is waiting for me I know  
Time will erase all my darkest dreams  
I'm still counting days

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Behind locked doors they await my plea  
Do they all see through me, do they all know?  
No one is waiting for me, I know...

It's all going to get better now  
Fool's paradise - the promised fields  
Thinking positive, not the opposite  
After the tide, a new dawn will rise

It's all going to get better now  
The beholder comes, to clear my head  
Thinking positive, not the opposite  
Six feet under, the end to it all will come

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