

The Chamber Of 32 Doors

Genesis

At the top of the stairs, there's hundreds of people,
running around to all the doors.
They try to find, find themselves an audience;
their deductions need applause.

The rich man stands in front of me,
The poor man behind my back.
They believe they can control the game,
but the juggler holds another pack.

I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.
I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.

I'd rather trust a countryman than a townman,
You can judge by his eyes, take a look if you can,
He'll smile through his guard,
Survival trains hard.
I'd rather trust a man who works with his hands,
He looks at you once, you know he understands,
Don't need any shield,
When you're out in the field.

But down here,
I'm so alone with my fear,
With everything that I hear.
And every single door, that I've walked through
Brings me back, back here again,
I've got to find my own way.

The priest and the magician,
Singing all the chants that they have ever heard;
and they're all calling out my name,
Even academics, searching printed word.

My father to the left of me,
My mother to the right,
Like everyone else they're pointing
But nowhere feels quite right.

And I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.
I need someone to believe in, someone to trust.

I'd rather trust a man who doesn't shout what he's found,
There's no need to sell if you're homeward bound.
If I choose a side,
He won't take me for a ride.

Back inside
This chamber of so many doors;
I've nowhere, nowhere to hide.
I'd give you all of my dreams, if you'd help me,
Find a door
That doesn't lead me back again
- take me away.