

Your Last Call

Pyramaze

Out of sight, out of mind
With nothing left to say
Loner in a foreign place
A careless runaway

My perception of the world
Grew different from the rest
Something's wrong within the maze
As everybody else transgressed

No more pretending to be fine
No more feeling last in line
Always the center of disgrace
Always afraid to show my face

I was lost in the dream of salvation
You held the reins to your own decreation

Progressive thoughts always were
Dangerous and bold
The narrow-minded shook their heads
And truths remained untold

One day you'll acknowledge what
I once tried to prove
That this old west community
Is nothing more than flesh to you

No more pretending to be fine
No more disciple of the sun
I won't be part of your regime
I'm not a victim of mainstream

I am lost in the dream of salvation
You hold the reins to your own decreation

It's out of my reach, it's out of my hands
Your whole kingdom stands to fall
It's out of my reach, it's out of my hands
Your last call