

# Purgatory

Simon Curtis

One, two, three

One way or the other  
Chasing voices in a field of sound  
Friend, foe, or brother  
Feel so tied to the middle ground

Words get lost in the story  
Sifting through pages, but can't find the mark  
Stagnant in my purgatory  
Standing on sages, alone in the dark

I live when believing  
A fleeting moment in a patch of sun  
Mirrors keep deceiving  
They don't show me when I look in one

Words get lost in the story  
Sifting through pages, but can't find the mark  
Stagnant in my purgatory  
Standing on sages, alone in the dark

I've been so blind to what's been happening  
I live my life always with definite purpose  
But now I find that somewhere I lost sight of things  
I'm left wandering, where do I go?

Words get lost in the story  
Sifting through pages, but can't find the mark  
Stagnant in my purgatory  
Standing on sages, alone in the dark