

BrainStorm, Comming Closer

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

Coming Closer
I swear I know how it feels,
from land to shining sea
Coming Closer
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