

Lifehouse, Eighties

when you find your castle on the hill
with the bars on the windows
will you burn the bridge behind you
will you ever come out and see the sun again
or will you hide
and now how long has it been
since you've seen the light

make your way on the stairs
to the top of your tower
stone cold floors
hardwood doors
lead you to your room of plastic flowers
they still look the same
drenched in water
it comforts you to think that they're alive

it could have been easier than this
if you threw it all away
what would you miss
it could have been too much of a chance to take
the silence in your head would have to break
your grip is slipping faster
looks like you'll have to face yourself after all

step outside the shadows of your cage
strangled truth
stolen youth
is written on every line of every page
it's your story
do you want it back
you have to decide if it is worth it
swim across the swamp to the other side
run until you're out of breath
and when you look back they'll be nothing left
but a memory fading quickly

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