

Attica Blues, Enter

Backstreet ways
Crowded dorways
The darkness scares you
Do you dare to look into those eyes
Their kindness must disguise
Ulterior Motives
Will you ever know if the shadow's that
Follow are only yours
Don't look behind
Keep your eyes on the road
Trust Yourself
But none else
My friend
Extend a hand
But beware
Of the ones that bite

Synonymous with the anonymous
No one knows you
When you know no one
The life you lead is one of solitaire
Samaritans run the streets
And yet to me they seem ever empty