

Donna Lewis, Sixth Sense

running out the door
running through the gates
setting up the soldier force

amplify the fear
do I have the faith
relying on the ghost in front of me

and I can see
the coldest eyes
and I can see
the hopelessness

lightning flash
time stands still
hanging high
dark and cold
I wish I was popular
adoring eyes around me

and I can see
the coldest eyes
and I can see
the hopelessness
and I can see
the damaged and the damned
and I can see

that you don't know that
you're broken
and you're not here
and you're not real
and I'm sorry
it's a dead dream
you're a nice man

and I wish
I wish
I could
purify the fountain

and I wish
I wish
I could
purify the fountain

and I wish
I could.....