

# 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 hoplessness

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 hoplessness  
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.....