

Fates Warning, Don't Follow Me

through another late night confession
told to a captive audience
and YOU listen with your ear to the door
waiting for pearls of wisdom to fall
like open secrets overheard
through the cracks in the wall

with calculated candor YOU play the part
of a trusted confidant
moving closer for a better view
looking for more than eyes can see
on the tattered pages
of an open diary

if YOU want to know
just what I see
look at yourself
and don't ask me
and if YOU want to know
where we're going
keep your distance
and don't follow me

like an old friend with nothing left to say
you'll find i'm not who YOU thought i'd be
as YOU contemplate the silence
waiting for pearls of wisdom to fall
from the still uncertain heart
that beats behind the wall

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