

Gentle Giant, The Runaway

He is the runaway, Lie low the wanted man
Mask his elusive face, Soon he will getaway and free is his
future no more aimless time to spend
And evading, he's escaping
Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more.

Run in the underwood, Cover and hide the trail
Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow on his
tail.

And yet his joy is empty and sad.

All thoughts are scarred with the prison cell and freedom
seems like freedom's hell
Hopes stained with strange regret, His dreams are dreams
for that he cannot get.

And yet his joy is empty and sad.

Lose all identity, Vanish in own denial
Seeks only lies and hide, Truth never brought to trial.
And caught in his own net, he looks to find endless life and
evading, he's escaping
Four dirty walls and a bed in a cage his home no more.

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Senses like sharpened sword, Guards for the shadow on his
tail.