Good Riddance, Pisces Almost Home

The sense of fear on which you feed when the people can't believe the things they read we've been brought up to feel left out eclipsed by the shadows of our doubts

The pieces rise and rearrange and all the smiling faces seem so strange with tacit symmetry and prose I feel the doors behind me close

You're here alone inside this crowd you faced the world and made us proud But when the bitterness returns there's nothing left to hide the burns Buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurrrrnssss

I've waited i've written out promises and dreamed a thousand times still regulated to these minds like water untainted the sad quixotic trail I left behind Somehow it echoes in my mind And it almost feels like coming home.