

Ricochet, Silent Retriever

Prologue:

youth was shorter than it seemed
violently redeemed by what I call my spell

pain is drifting through this soul
pursuing the goal of my strong belief
grief follows near behind
struggling for my mind - embracing what is left

will this ever release the cure for my disease
a silent retriever, silent retriever
to keep my will completely still

hope dashes all my downs
raises me from grounds
of my glowering eyes
shame is skulking through this scene
disturbs the peace between
the things I'm standing for

will this ever release the cure for my disease
a silent retriever, silent retriever
to keep my will completely still