

Ricochet, The Red Line

winters of emotion were crawling through her mind
awakening the scent of ancient times
reaching for these seasons while trying to pretend
brave worlds showing up in any kind

she often thought of jagged-edged arrows
remaining in her heart
pain was on this path she followed, tearing her apart
if you only took my hand I showed you a way to carry on
to claim your stakes in life no matter
what else turns out wrong

lost in silence, killed like a mockingbird
the wound might be healed - the scar won't stop to hurt

watch the thin red line - wherever you see it
take her back to life - truth will show us the way
is it the end?
or just a long road to nowhere - calling again

has she seen the torches writing on the wall
the sentence ends "but still judged far too light";
recognize the voices, can you hear them call
the yearnings of a thousand leaving nights

thinking of the jagged-edged arrows
remaining in our hearts
pain is on this path we follow tearing us apart

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watch the thin red line - wherever you see it
take her back to life - truth will show us the way
catch hold of this rope -
who keeps his head up high never lives in vain
who keeps his head up high never lives in vain