

Utopia, The Martyr

Why, why was I born to know what I must know
I can see the sky, but I can't see the ground below
Where do I go
Falling in a trap where traitors wait
Lost love is the bait
But the martyr never knows
He is caught in a dream of his own
When it's over where does he go
Who really knows
Time stands between me and my home
So long ago
I can't stand to wait
But I can't force my body to go
Where do I go
Crying, he is blind to everyone
And that's how its done
And the martyr never knows
Who really knows
I know in my heart
I could change the world
With just this guitar
Who really knows