

Soldier & Child

Anything Box

In the place that we call home, we always suffer. Many people seldom
Know, they waste their lives away. What they seem to hold inside their
Tiny fragile hearts, what they seem to whisper turned instead into a
Dream...
Do you feel like a soldier, do you feel like a child.
The soldier is marching, the child begins to cry...
The child begins to cry...
Something out there calls to me
(Can you hear the voices)
My existence can not be
(There has to be a reason)
Always so near me, and always so clear. Always just loud enough
to
Tear into my soul...
Do you feel like a soldier, do you feel like a child.
The soldier is marching, the child begins to cry...
The child begins to cry...
"Today, there's no way we're going to live through out these
Loneliness of times...it fills my empty life..."
Do you feel like a soldier, do you feel like a child.
The soldier is marching, the child begins to cry...
(Repeat to end)