

The Search

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Searching for my place
Wondering what I will become
Sketches in my mind
Visions of what I will find
Brick by brick I build
Searching, trying to find
Shelter from my fear
Someone who care
What lies ahead
Will I fly
Without a sound
Fulfilled or regretful
Are the image they see
Reflections of me
I wonder what the future will be
As the bricks are laid
Slowly I see where to go
Who will comfort me
Stay by my side until dawn
Will I rise or fall
Turning the corners ahead
Stumbling, wishing I
Knew how to fly
What lies ahead
Will I fly
Without a sound
Fulfilled or regretful
Are the image they see
Reflections of me
I wonder what the future will be
What lies ahead
Will I fly
Without a sound
Fulfilled or regretful
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