

You come from far away
looking for a place to stay.
No matter where you go
they say that you can't stay.

You can't decide what's wrong or right,
frustration overcomes the pride.
You only want some sleep,
you only want to spend the night.

It is tragic to hope for magic,
it is tragic, so dramatic.
Yes, it is tragic to hope for magic,
it is tragic, so dramatic.

A stranded stranger masqueraded
noble gestures complimenting.

My sentiment, temptation's hand,
I know you think you're clever
since you tell me vivid lies
that I believe and then repeat to feel alright.

It seems like nothing mattered
to you or anyone
until one day it happened...
The silence has begun!