

## Forward

Dillon

My train of thought derailed  
Heading nowhere  
Lost track of time  
A standstill full of despair  
When the longing grows  
Minds take hold  
Hands unfold, letting go

My train of thought derailed  
Heading nowhere  
Untraveled paths ahead  
I came unprepared  
When the longing grows  
Minds take hold  
Hands unfold, I let go

Moving forward  
Forward  
Forward  
Forward

Moving forward  
Forward  
Forward  
Forward

Moving forward  
Forward  
Forward  
Forward

My train of thought derailed  
Heading nowhere  
A place in time where ends meet  
Who will guide us there?  
When the longing grows  
Minds take hold  
Hands unfold and let go

Moving forward  
Forward  
Forward  
Forward

Moving forward  
Forward  
Forward  
Forward