

My Sleeping Slave

Phideaux

I leave you on the way
I have to go, you have to stay
And so I walk away
I did not want it this way
But he who understands
Must makes his plans
And stand alone
When faced with all the proof
The living truth, how else to go?
Inside what do you find, will it be pain?
Will it be cold shame?
But know: there is a day
There is a way you can come home
So on and on I stay
I'll try to hold on for that day.

Be still my sleeping slave
It's time to wake up from the grave