

Lost Boy

Taproot

Sitting in motion the notion of pulling away
Setting emotion's erosional ocean to keep you at bay
Time is of the essence a presence to right what's wrong
Knowledge crying lessons unpleasant the method for what you long

Taking over, it's been so long
Moving forward, it's where you belong
Taking over, it's been so long
Moving forward

You look up and a view
Something's missing, something so askew
You take in, interpret
Is this a clue? Something at all to do with you?

Lost boy, taking over
Where would you go?
Moving forward
Is it where you belong?
Taking over, where would you go?
Moving forward

All eyes all knowing and growing, they turn on you
No smiles are showing or glowing, controlling, so what did you do?
Judgments now continue as the engine is slowing down

Taking over
Exit woman with a frown
Moving forward
Dressed in black, in her hands an orchid from the ground
Where will she go?
Moving forward