

The Outcast

Voivod

doorway in sight
not a second too late
into the night

siren, spot light
wailing wolves at the gate
into the night

mad dog patrol
roaming 'round the grounds and
all set to go

hiding alone
somewhere from the blood hounds
all set to go

running all day, in every direction
finding his way, to civilization
everything's gonna work out
yes, everything's gonna work out

he used to stand by his window, you
know
the view was so good, he wanted to go
and now that he's back on those same
old streets
he's locked in again, and falls on his
knees

running away
that is all that he knows
time and again

he fades away
and forgets where he goes
time and again