

Shipwrecked

The endless corridors
of white and grey
where the dust settles in
the fading light

Shipwrecked in a bed on wheels
nobody wants to know you now
shipwrecked in a bed on wheels
nobody cares of how you feel

The words been spoken and
nothing's left to say
which way the wind will blow
doesn't matter anymore

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Echoes, echoes in the distant
talking, talking, talking indistinct
Laughing, laughing like an error
silent, silent passing like the
clouds

The endless playing with
the fence of steel
feeling trapped like hell
and there's no one to tell

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