

The One Missing

Closeup

When I heard about the rising of the evil
I thought how low can it still get?

And you told me that the point of all deceible,
You plant water you get wet.

Then you argue that the stories you believe in
are the ones not drawn with blood.

But when I asked you 'bout the rumors 'bout your leaving,
You cracked a smile, said they were true.

Would it be too much
to ask you how you're feeling,
when the Wolf is at the door?

How come you say now that
the stories you believe in
have been never heard before?

Once you told me bout the swans and where they're hiding,
today a frown lies on your mug.

And today the little stories you set riding
never deal 'bout bliss nor luck.

Would it be too much
to ask you how you're feeling,
when the Wolf is at the door?

How come you say now that
the stories you believe in
have been never heard before?