



Maybe

Deep inside the forest
there's a door into another land
here is our life and home.

We are staying
here forever in the beauty of this place
all along, we keep on hoping.

Maybe
there's a world where we don't have to run
and maybe
there's a time we'll call our own
living free in harmony and majesty
take me home, take me home.

Walking through a land
where every living thing is beautiful.
Why does it have to end?

We are calling
all so sadly on the whispers of the wind
as we send a dying message.

Maybe
there's a world where we don't have to run
and maybe
there's a time we'll call our own
living free in harmony and majesty
take me home, take me home.

Thom Pace

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