

## ALL THE WRONG PLACES

inside shimmering stained fractures of glass  
in wisdom of words gilded in gold  
the urge to believe i could truly embrace  
the faith of another as mine to enfold

in a life stained in grief, fracturing me  
despairing for words to give breath to it all  
the urge to conceive of a means of escape  
to become someone else to cushion my fall

*i went with the masses to all the right places  
read the best books, left no page unturned  
at the end of the day, in all those right places  
i remained searching, alone*

in a world stained with sorrow, fractured by pain  
you spoke words of life to those living in death  
the urge to release us of all that would bind us  
to sever its hold with your dying breath

*you came, alone, to all the wrong places  
what desolation did you choose to see?  
you came, alone, to all the wrong places  
and there...*

*you come, alone, to all the wrong places  
leaving your home to hang on a tree  
you come, searching, in all the wrong places  
and there...*

*you find me*

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**This song comes from  
the CD *Upside-Down*  
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