

The Voice from the Cardboard Castle

Is your world too small to hold us?

Exiled to the shadows,
Being lonely, being lost,
Off the walls of no tomorrow,
We can hear our echoes tossed,
We can hear our echoes sounding,
Like a trumpet, like a drum,
Like a harbinger of ruin,
Or a judgment yet to come.

You are tireless in your shunning,
Out of sight and out of mind,
Yet you still can feel the faces,
You have left to walk behind,
Will you never stop to question,
Never know we have a dream,
Never hear the song within us,
Take us merely as we seem,

Only simple-minded exiles,
Only lepers at the door,
Litter living on the highway,
Wondering what we're living for,
Just the slow and the misshapen,
Just the angry and confused,
And the helpless, hopeless rabble,
And the battered and abused.

Please don't let us fade and falter,
'Til we simply disappear,
Like the lost words of our drama,
To the heart that will not hear,
Did you know the acts that cage us,
Could be steps to set us free,
And we're not so very far apart,
Or different, you and me.