

**Maybe**  
(Thom Pace)

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1) Deep inside a forest  
there's a door into another land.  
Here is the live I need.  
We all stay,  
here forever of the beauty of this place,  
ah, ah, ah,  
we keep on hoping.

**R. Maybe, there's a world we don't have to run.  
Maybe, there's a time we call our own.  
Living free in harmony and majesty,  
take me home, take me home.**

2) Walking through a land  
where ev'ry living thing is beautiful.  
Why doesn't have to end?  
We are calling,  
oh, so sadly on the whispers of the wind,  
as we send  
a dying message.