

Oh, to be so rested that we can withstand these long years  
We sweat in the wilderness  
Carving and squeezing the fat from the land  
From the birth of the sun god at morning  
We struggle beneath him, breaking our hands  
Yeah, there is no rest for us  
There'll be no peace for us  
Not one second's rest for us  
We have been here so long

Though our numbers may be small, there's more of us  
Rot you will and fertilize our dirt for us  
This is our home  
Yeah, we're on our way home  
On our way home  
Yeah, on our way home

While you are warm and safe  
Just think of us shivering, beautifully brave  
Fear all that patience we've saved  
Know that we're coming back...  
Black Sheep who've formed a pack  
Do you hear our footfalls creeping back up to your walls?

Creeping back home!

Though our armies may be less, there's more of us  
Yeah, rot you will and fertilize our dirt for us  
This, too, is our home  
Yeah, we're on our way home  
We're coming home  
Tired of being cold  
And we don't care if your doors are closed

Well, once upon a time, we were drinking from the golden flask  
Well, once upon a time, when the sun would shine, we could bask  
But now that's all gone  
Why do we live in exile?  
We come out at night  
We love the night  
We know it's all downhill from here  
We know we're right, we know we're right!  
We know it's all downhill from, all downhill...

Ahhh, ahhh  
Ahhh, ahhh....

Knock, knock...  
We're back!EmbedShare Url:CopyEmbed:Copy