

Exile

Paralysed Age

The underground fell to the ground and fighting made no sense
I laid down my arms and took my legs in my hands
I had to walk away
I had to walk away
I dream of coming home

Blood I can smell and tears in my coat
A burning burning dream
My past is present always there
Scars left in my heart

The mirrors fighting not to lose the sense
I hold my head up high
The winds are chiming like the ones at home
Against the north I cry

I dream of coming home
The exile burns my brain
The exile eats my heart
The exile tunes the sound
The exile cuts me down

I dream of coming home