A.F.I "But Home Is Nowhere (Demo Version)"

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Twenty-six years and, seems like i've just begun, to understand my, my intimate is no one.

When the director sold the show, who bought its last rights?

He cut the cast, the music, and the lights.

This is my life, this is eternal.

(How did I ever wake up here?)

Discarnate, pre-natural.

(My price to disappear.)

Absent of grace, marked as infernal.

(Ungrated in dead time, and left me disowned.)

To this nature, so unnatural.

(I remain alone.)

Twenty-six years and, still speaking in these tounges. Such revelations, went understood by no one.

When the new actor stole the show, who questioned his grace?

Please clear this house, of ill aquired taste.

This is my life, this is eternal.

(How did I ever wake up here?)

Discarnate, pre-natural.

(My price to disappear.)

Absent of grace, marked as infernal.

(Ungranted in dead time, and left and me disowned.)

To this nature, so unnatural.

(I remain alone.)

Give me, something, real.

I Lay strewn, across the floor, can't solve this puzzle. Everyday, another small piece, can't be found.

I lay strewn, across the floor, pieced up in sorrow. The pieces are lost, these pieces don't fit, pieced together incomplete and empty.

This is my life, this is eternal.
(How did I ever wake up here?)
Discarnate, pre-natural.
(My price to disappear.)
Absent of grace, marked as infernal.
(Ungrated in dead time, left me disowned.)
To this nature, so unnatural.
(I remain alone.)

This is my life, this is eternal.
(How did I end up here?)
Discarnate, pre-natural.
(These are the prayers to disappear.)
Absent of grace, marked as infernal.
(Ungrated in dead time, and left me disowned.)
To this nature, so unnatural.
(I remain alone.)

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