

Half Hearted Hero

"Home : If These Walls Could Talk They Would've Written This Song"

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I can't come home to an empty hello;

I'd rather not be greeted at all, the word is so hollow.

I can't come to believe that we've sunk this low

And we seem to continue to fall; first you then we follow.

I'm holding the rope now, at least we've got one another.

Please don't let go now, save my sister and brother.

I can't walk down this street and not start to cry;

I see a broken door and sunken eyes that see right through.

I can't talk to you now and hold back my tear;

I fear that I've created all of these lies to try and uplift you.

Take me home. A home is more than four walls,

Some rooms, and a set of halls.

The structure that lives inside can't be subject to divide.

A home is more than a house; a house you can live without.

A home must be built with love, and those you've been thinking of.

I fear I'm loosing ground. This city is all that I need.

This skyline right before me.

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