

Half Hearted Hero

"Home Part 2: 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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