

Burst

"Home Bound"

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There is a place where hindrance is dead
Visions gone wild in a burning red
Dream my friend
Ever in rest
With your head in your hands
And your gaze fixed firmly ahead
We are safe here
A black winged angel watching over you
And you dream
And I pretend
Sleep is all I ask
Rest from all these bitter ends
I've found a place where I won't be missed
Steering clear from those jaded eyes
I've murdered apathetic
Your numb sense becoming my fix
And I dream
Far away from these tortured lands
Cast away
Spewing out the bile
Purge me of the vile
Home
Home
It's there
I want ou to see

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