

MoeDeLL, Going Home

When I hear the laughter
the soul rises up again
in a dream I wonder
before I could never feel

And I swear it wont be the same this time

Far away from angry
I'm taking it all with me
Well I trouble with it later
the soul is ready to leave

And I tried to take it all the way
I'm going home again

I cant endure this habit
of letting it slip away
I need to find an anchor
to keep me grounded

Well all I see are habits
the fingers they wrap around
Well they're in a perfect order
The labels facing out