

Yngwie Malmsteen, Pictures Of Home

Somebody's shouting
Up at a mountain

Only my own words return
Nobody's up there
It's a deception
When will I ever learn?

I'm alone here
With emptiness eagles and snow
Unfriendliness chilling my body
And whispering pictures of home

Wondering blindly
How can they find me
Maybe they don't even know
My body is shaking
Anticipating
The call of the black footed crow...

Here in this prison
Of my own making
Year after day I have grown
Into a hero
But there's no worship
Where have they hidden my throne...