

# Burst, Home Bound

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