

# Christian Kjellvander, Homeward Rolling Soldier

With sleepy eyes we made our way across  
Where friendship's found friendship is often lost  
With valiant wishes of becoming ends  
But there will be no such with you my friend  
I'm going home, going home  
To be where my water meets my stones  
I'm going home, going home  
The social traveller journeys on his own  
Darkness you can't see where you're going now  
There never was light in your eyes some how  
Who's to blame when something living is dead?  
So many words should have stayed in your head  
So many thoughts should not have left your bed  
I'm going home, going home  
To tend to the lover and the dog  
I'm going home, going home  
He who yearns to age must firstly grow  
That which is your prime you do not know  
Boy boy boy boy  
I'm going home, going home  
To drink from the chalis of another  
I'm going home, going home  
To mount and feed and groom and ride alone  
For he who is myself I do not know