

July For Kings, Is This Home?

[Did he go home?]
[He flew out tonight.]
Walking all the world is white
[I'm definitely going to come see you in February]
and all the sky is black [...]
this place is calling me
The memory is clearer now
the memory has always had this haze

And on the other side it's warm and green
a single voice is singing
of my destiny

And so I turn around again
I stop-
[the only people for me are the mad ones]

Is this home?

Walking round my fears
with every step my body dies
and all the feeling turns to cold

Still fighting for some direction
some perception as to
where my heaven
can be found

And though each time I start to
walk it starts to slowly disappear

I can hear that voice again
but each time
all is lost
in the snow

So I turn around again
and so I turn around

Is this home

And if this all is a lie
then I am not afraid
to keep my head up
pain is lasting still I'm asking

Is this home
is this home
is this home?

Walking all the world is white
and all the sky is black
this place is
calling me