

# Novembre, Homecoming

Just ride those notes and all that sand again  
You'll find the same will of spreading our wings upon this graceless land  
The sea continues to break on all that sand  
And no stars keep on shining on my hands  
Same wish, same gold, same fields of dreaming red  
Same darkened sky of hopeless clouds above our withered heads  
You'll never step my skyline once again  
No never see my oceans once again