

# Scythe, On My Way Home

Do you remember once when we were young  
Dreams are born in the childhoodsun  
Haven't you heard about the place called life  
I once was a part of it, I have it in mind  
Sometimes dreams are gone, throw it all away  
Away from your life, just slippin' away  
From this time we have now  
From this time we have now

Hopeful into the next year  
Dreams and darkness throw the pain away  
Flying into the past years  
Childhood dreams  
Juvenile despair

Wake up sinner it's the last train  
Jump off the circle of eternity  
Nothing here remains of you  
After the great, vast fire  
Born to die, to be scared, to be silent  
Homeless, aimless, mindless  
in the silent woods  
Last exit to forgotten times to pasttimeworlds, oblivion  
Realize how empty your mind can be  
Tell me now and realize  
The dead visions of years  
On my way home...

Hopeful into the next year  
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Nothing here remains of you  
On my way home