

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
Childhooddreams
Juvenile dispair

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...

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Nothing here remains of you
On my way home