

Time In Malta, I Only Hope

We've walked a million miles so far
Seems too late to turn back now
The silence weighs on me so hard
Like a cross upon my back
Could I be wrong?
I don't know what's right for you
A pot calling the kettle black, the kettle black
I was looking at the conflict through biased eyes

I can only hope that you find you're home
I can only hope that I find my own

I took it so personally when our paths began to part, split apart
I didn't think about your freedom
Just my own

We've walked a million miles so far
It seems too late to turn back now
Not now!

Arrogance!
Arrogance!
Arrogance!
Arrogance!

I took it so personally when you found your own path
But listen, my path is changing too, Everyday!

I hope...
I hope...
I hope...
I hope...
I can only