

Visions Of Atlantis, My Dark Side Home

Blinded by the tears I shed while
Pricking my soul with needles
From out your eyes,
Can't imagine it's too late,
I could have seen it coming, now I realize.
It's not what it should be
Drowning in my memories
I'm drowning...
I'm living in my darkside.....
My darkside home,
Light is painting shadows where I used to go.
My darkside home,
Paper boats on water carrying all my hope.
What is it you want, what is it you need?
Your steps through my door won't tell me indeed.
Out in the porch I see the path you take is fading
In front of me.
It's not what it should be,
Blurred edges all around me
I'm living in my darkside.....
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