

Returning

Delerium

Could we all be dreaming
Of the suffering forming clouds on our feelings
Could the wars be in our heads
Could our children be safe in their beds
Oh, where will I be when I wake up?

Oh, will I be returning home
Or to the questions burning a hole in my heart that is turning
to stone
When I wake up
Where will I return?

Could this be our punishment?
The floods and fires, the bombs and liars
For our Mother's discontent
Could production be a slave?
To the devil on a full rampage
Oh where will I be when I wake up?

Oh, will I be reurning home
Or to the questions burning a hole in my heart that is turning
to stone
When I wake up
Where will I return?

Where will I return?

Oh, will I be returning home
Or to the questions burning a hole in my heart that is turning
to stone
When I wake up
Where will I return?