

Blueprints

Amoral

Packed my bags and stormed away
left you here for dead
I thought I knew it all
for which there's something to be said

Oh, won't you help me find my way?
Oh, guide me to a better day

Did you foresee me returning
crawling back on my knees
Saw the ego and the damage done
going through pockets for the master key

Hills reviving memories
Shores spilling secrets from my side
Streets telling stories
worth holding onto alright

They say home's where the heart is
and I've been homeless for years
It took a gentle summer breeze
to finally dry off the tears

Hills reviving memories
Shores spilling secrets from my side
Streets telling stories
worth holding onto alright

Hills reviving memories
Waves drawing blueprints in the sand
Streets in all of their glory
reaching for my hand

Packed my bags and stormed away,
left you here for dead...