

A Way Back Home

Ari Hest

Along the street, in every store
On your TV, under your door
In your face, forever more, forever more

In a quiet hiss, or a piercing scream
When you're awake, and in your dreams
You are the mark, of another scheme, another scheme

If I could find a way back home
Where all that's left is skin and bone
A place where I can be alone
I need to find a way back home

We've grown immune to sorry sights
Brought to us in black and white
We hear the bark but lose the bite, but lose the bite

If I could find a way back home
Where all that's left is skin and bone
A place where I can be alone
I need to find a way back home

If I could find a way
To rid myself
Of all I've been taught to feel
If I could find a way
To erase the day
And start clean with something real
If I could find a way