

## To Return

Chevelle

To return to the cold  
It isn't much fun  
To touch the trees no one has known  
Go rest your head  
Cause you can't miss this

Poor boy became  
A slave to use  
Now despair moves in so close  
Too many years free at last  
He didn't know so learned to speak  
He clears his throat  
Cause you can't miss this

Poor boy became  
A slave to use  
Rebuild what's left  
Of this child, so weak  
Sorry, changes, trample the plan  
Death, stores, victims  
Once more

(4x)  
Keep on burnin' through the noose

Keep on...

Poor boy became  
A slave to use  
Rebuild what's left  
Of this child, so weak

To return, to the cold  
It isn't much, but I'm free at last