

# Maybe

Galbraith, Declan

Deep inside the forest  
there's a door into another land,  
here is our life and home.  
We are staying  
here forever in the beauty of this place  
all along, we keep on hoping...

Maybe,  
there's a world  
where we don't have to run,  
and maybe,  
there's a time we'll call our own,  
living free in harmony and majesty,  
take me home, take me home.

Walking through a land  
where every living thing is beautiful.  
Why does it have to end?  
We are calling  
all so sadly on the whispers of the wind  
as we send a dying message.

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where we don't have to run,  
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take me home, take me home.

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Take me home.