

## 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?