

# Home To Millions

Diorama

Your wait forever attitude  
Makes you a member of the club  
Obscene, naked as a worm  
Dressed like a president

Are you alive?  
Where is your limit?  
You sleep in her palace all the time  
Where is your limit?  
And never wake up

Your voice, too mad to be ignored  
Avoids their greedy smiles in bars  
Detentions cloaked in secrecy  
Good sense equals success

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Home!

She won't be waiting in the rain  
She'll find her own way home  
Oh last remains of reality  
It's not what you want it to be

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