

Almost Home (III)

Evergreen Terrace

Go!

Breaking down was not an option.

Having never been forgotten.

A show only a pro could've left beaten.

Crying. something to drown in.

Maybe mistakes brought us to this place and helped him.

Maybe it's fate and it was his time to end.

Stay and count the days,

We're almost home,

Where do we go from here Now that we've torn wide open our broken bodies in the way?

Where do we go from here With only two words spoken?

This nights will never be the same.

111 months, 111 flights all part of the outcome of 111 nights

But time was not thrown away,

Just thrown in a secret space,

A space of five heads of gold, a space no one ever holds,

No matter the fights or the laughs.

No matter the good or the bad.

A part of us so in joy

Machines will move on and destroy.

Still destroy.

Still destroy.

Stay and count the days We're almost home,

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