

Empty Room

My Sister's Machine

Here I sit and I count the hours
The days turn into a stream
These empty walls are filled with power
Of things that aren't what they seem
The home fires are burning tonight on
The memories left laying out here on the ground
The home fires are burning tonight on
All of our dreams lost, we're getting old and not making
a sound
If I could have it all anyways
Would the pain be the same
And if I could make it all go away
Would I see anything outside of my empty room
All's in order now the mood here is tame
The air holds nothing, no shame
So here I sit still thinking it over
In a room that eats up the pain
The home fires are burning tonight on
The memories left laying out here on the ground
The home fires are burning tonight on
All of our dreams lost, we're getting old and not making
a sound
If I could have it all anyways
Would the pain be the same
And if I could make it all go away
Would I see anything outside of my empty room