

Coming Home

Ulver

I have been thinking
About my life lately
These old streets
This same old song
Of smoke and mirrors
And sweet, sweet revenge

Sigh my heart
But do not break

I have to make right
The things that went wrong
To forgive and forget
There is honor among thieves

How to come clean
With these dirty hands
They hold me down
With a strangling love

My family
My children
My haven
My hope
What have I done
To leave you here