

Home

The Wytches

Trees touch the sky,
Flickering of light,
Shadows walk by,
Staying up with the night. Rusty black bin,
Should have thrown my brain in,
Hide from the world,
You keep my eyes. You're out of this world,
You're taking me home,
But I want to know where everyone's gone.
You're out of this world,
You're taking me home,
But I want to know where everyone's gone.
Where everyone's gone. I pull myself out,
From my lungs shout,
Give life a try,
Before you pass me by. I can't blame you,
For not looking back,
Do you still stumble around this town? You're out of this world,
You're taking me home,
But I want to know where everyone's gone.
You're out of this world,
You're taking me home,
But I want to know where everyone's gone.
Where everyone's gone.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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