

To Return

Chevelle

To return to the cold it isn't much fun
To touch the trees no one has known
Go rest your head 'cause you can't miss this Poor boy became
A slave to use Now despair moves in so close
Too many years free at last
He didn't know so learned to speak
He clears his throat 'cause you can't miss this Poor boy became
A slave to use
Rebuild what's left
Of this child, so weak Sorry, changes, trample the plan
Death stores, victims, once more Keep on burnin' through the noose
Keep on burnin' through the noose
Keep on burnin' through the noose
They keep on burnin' through the noose
They keep on Poor boy became
A slave to use
Rebuild what's left
Of this child, so weak To return to the cold
It isn't much
But I'm free at last

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