Land Of Shame

Vast

Looking out my window staring
At the things that I can't see
If I listen closely
I can hear, I can hear, I can hear a dying dream
I'm wrapped up in the warmth
Of an unforgiving mind
I'm on vacation
In another time
And we can thank the TV
We can thank the men of old
For this legacy of hate
Somehow, somehow they have sold
I'm wrapped up in the warmth
Of an unforgiving game
I'm on vacation
In the land of shame
When the pigs are flying
And it's freezing cold in hell
Maybe we'll forgive the children, baby
Only time can tell, yeah, yeah
If I listen closely
I can hear, I can hear, I can hear a dying dream

I'm on vacation
In the land of shame
We'll be alone together
In a world we call our own
We'll be alone together
In a place that doesn't feel like home, yeah, yeah
I can hear, I can hear, I can hear a dying dream
Dying dream
Dying dream
Dying dream
We'll be alone together
In a world we call our own
We'll be alone together
In a place that doesn't feel like home
We'll be alone together
In a world we call our own

We'll be alone together
In a place that doesn't feel like home
We'll be alone together
We'll leave this land of shame

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