My Way Home

Close Your Eyes

The beauty of a living thing
is not the atoms that go into it,
but the mystery that they were put together.Teach him to hate.
to hate not for himself
but for the ones he see's around.
For the women and children,
the helpless, the broken, and his country burning down.
the seas are rough, his tension's high, so start the storm and watch him die.
and let it ride, let it ride
til it all falls down and there's nothing left.i know my way back home
resides in you alone.
and distant lights make it clearer.
i'm searching for the morning star.teach him to fear.
a fear of the unknown, a fear of going there alone
until he thinks he can't take it.
He'll bend and he'll break and
as a coward he will roam,
'cos i don't wanna fight but sometimes i do.
i'm practi- cally dragging the elephant into the room.
is this more than you were prepared to commit to?the seas are rough, his tension's high, so start the storm and watch him die.
and let it ride, let it ride til it all falls down and there's nothing left.I know my way back home resides in you alone.
and distant lights make it clearer.
i'm searching for the morning star.The beauty of a living thing
is not the atoms that go into it,
but the mystery that they were put together.
(The battle's starting, the fight begins; with bravery, now he's running in. He doesn't fight to kill, just to defend.)i know my way back home, resides in you alone.
and distant lights make it clearer.
i'm search- ing for the morning star.
the war is over, the fighting ends, his bravery did not bend.
(i don't wanna fight, but sometimes i do.) i don't wanna fight.
Singing one last hymn.
let's start again, let's start again. let's start again,
let's start again. let's start again, let's start again.
let's start again, let's start again.

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