

To the Hilt

The Devil Makes Three

Woke up - still in a dream
nothing's the same
can't pronounce my name
I open my mouth
words come out
that make no sense
for a stranger's ear
in a foreign language
in a foreign land
now I'm an alien
on a different planet
it makes it clear - I understand
we are all strangers - in a foreign land
burn the bridges
forge ahead
to the hilt
back home I feel insane
nothing's the same
except for my name
I open my mouth
words come out
that make no sense
for my lover's ear
in my native language
in my native land
I'm still the alien
on a different planet
it makes it clear - I understand
I am a stranger - in my own land

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