

The Ghosts of Home

Fates Warning

Where I come from, no one's home
Twisted branches overgrown
Skin deep roots over broken bone
Dust and glass and the ghosts of home
Knock at the door, no one's home
Empty rooms and shadows flown
Down these halls fading memories roam
Hand and hand with the ghosts of home
Another new horizon
Familiar scene of childhood dislocation
Fingers traced the colored lines
Another road, another destination
You said goodbye to empty rooms
And farewell to the walls and windows
Waved to no one in particular
As the lights went out and the doors behind you closed
Home again, home again
Stranger in a strange land
You walk the halls nervous and unseen
Keep your head down don't raise your hand
Alone in the crowd, a ghost in the machine
Home again, home again
Half remembered neighborhoods
Twisted branches in dying woods
Broken bones and childhoods
Broken homes in lost boyhoods
Summer wars in the woods
Fleeting blood brotherhoods
Hoped to run but never stood
Wished to stay but never could
What did you hope to find
Home again, what could you find?
In doorways and window panes, in broken glass and faded frames
Can clocks turn back, the years unwind
Are you still hiding there now
A ghost, trapped behind those walls?
So goodbye again to empty rooms
And farewell to walls and windows
Print them once more in your memory
As the lights recede and the road behind you grows
Home again, home again

Songwriters

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