New England

Gostwyck

Made my way through grass up to my knees toward the storm upon the hill,
my bones they shake, my bones they shake.
You held me closely one last time and whispered softly in my ear,
itâ€™s all a dream.

Never ceases to amaze me how you make the boy in me a warrior,
chasing after shadows to the sun,
under purple skies I strike the stone,
and start a fire of my own,
in this kingdom I call home.

The silence of the night it breaks my fall, I fill my head with fantasy,
the creatures run, the creatures run.
The majesty of it revealed, New England home to where I built,
this harmless faux.

Never ceases to amaze me how you make the boy in me a warrior
chasing after shadows to the sun,
under purple skies I strike the stone,
and start a fire of my own,
in this kingdom I call home.

Lyrics Submitted by Darren

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