No Place Like Home

Subterranean Masquerade

I'm digging myself, a small hole, will call it home
We'll get a dark purple carpet so I will never fall, will never sink inside this hole
And make it be a part of me, a part of you, a part of us
So join me in my home

I'm digging a tunnel to another world
To when civilizations were controlled by big gray animals
Survival is the key for life, the hunter - Allah on his side
And no one really knows his right from wrong.
So what changed? Still feels like home!

Running from the horror of civil depression
From the time before the time
Claiming the remains of a glorious presence
A chapter that slowly dies
Birthmark represents an unspeakable rage
Can you see, my forehead burning?
Pretentious fairies counting heads
Mortal Inventory, roots to collect

But there is no other place.

I will be digging you a small hole, to call home
So you will always feel welcome, all on your own
But when you need a break from it all
Pack a few bones to accompany the road
And remember that there is no place to come back to
There was never a home

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