

Coming Home

The Tea Party

When frightened by change
Serenity clings to my sleep
And wonders remain
Their world will inherit it's meek
And wicked's the taste
You feel when the mysteries arise
I've fallen from grace
Because of her treacherous eyes

You don't know
So alone
I'm coming home

And beauty's disdain
Attends to these virtuous lies
She tries to restrain
The ardent and amorous eyes
And wicked's the taste
You feel when mysteries arise
I've fallen from grace
Because of her treacherous eyes

You don't know
So alone
I'm coming home

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