Returning

Delerium

Could we all be dreaming
Of the suffering, forming clouds on our feelings?
Could the wars be in our heads?
Could our children be safe in their beds?
Oh, where will I be when I wake up?Oh, will I be returning home?
To the questions burning a hole
In my heart that's turning to stone
When I wake up where will I return?Could this be our punishment?
The floods and fires, the bombs and liars
For our Mother's discontent
Could production be a slave
To the devil on a full rampage?
Oh where will I be when I wake up?Oh, will I be returning home?
To the questions burning a hole
In my heart that is turning to stone
When I wake up where will I return?Where will I return?
Where will I return?
Where will I return?
Where will I return?Will I be returning?Oh, will I be returning home?
To the questions burning a hole
In my heart that is turning stone
Will I be returning home?
When I wake up where will I return?

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