

Home II

Dotan

Broken stones, broken lightning
This house of doubt is all we know
Chasing down the silver linings
Of wounded minds and wounded souls

Oh oh oh
We are coming home, we are coming home
Oh oh oh
We are coming home, we are coming home

Screaming minds all around us
Safe and sound like the rhythm of snow
All young dreams, where have you gone now?
These roads were paved with the golden song

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