

# Blueprints

Amoral

Packed my bags and stormed away  
left you here for dead  
I thought I knew it all  
for which there's something to be said

Oh, won't you help me find my way?  
Oh, guide me to a better day

Did you foresee me returning  
crawling back on my knees  
Saw the ego and the damage done  
going through pockets for the master key

Hills reviving memories  
Shores spilling secrets from my side  
Streets telling stories  
worth holding onto alright

They say home's where the heart is  
and I've been homeless for years  
It took a gentle summer breeze  
to finally dry off the tears

Hills reviving memories  
Shores spilling secrets from my side  
Streets telling stories  
worth holding onto alright

Hills reviving memories  
Waves drawing blueprints in the sand  
Streets in all of their glory  
reaching for my hand

Packed my bags and stormed away,  
left you here for dead...