

Requiem

Eamon

Is this really real
I see angels with broken wings
Crawling through the flames
Screaming out in eternal shame
So many pathways
Am I lost, or can I be saved?
Ooooh, I'm burnin' up
Such torturous pain

Am I broken?
Am I breathin?
Was I chosen?
Am I leavin?
Whoa, I don't know where else I can go?
Man I'm so alone, and it's so cold

Is this really real?
Tormented soul with lying tongues
Slithering like snakes
Like prison walls
I can't escape
Then I hear the trumpets play
Take my hand and pull me away
Guide me to the light
And hold me forever

Am I broken?
Am I breathin?
Was I chosen?
Am I leavin?
Whooaa, I feel like I'm so close to home
Don't leave me alone
Feeling so warm

(Bum Bum Bum Bum...)

Am I broken?
Am I leaving?
Was I chosen?
Am I leaving?
Whooa, thank God I'm right where I belong
No longer alone, 'cause I'm safe at home, home, home