

Slow Motion

Funeral Suits

At the edge of the world I watch over you
Wind rushing out of my arms
When the night takes a hold you start to unfold
Crushing the light out of dust
We were lost on the stones, lost on the stones
Lost on the stones in the storm
I'm not coming home, not coming home
Not coming home that feels wrong

In my dreams I see your face
But you ask for unconditional faith
I ask can I stand but you tell me to kneel
When I'm lost in confusion just how should I feel

Under the sea we're walking beneath
We're writing our lives in the sand
From the moment I woke and opened my eyes
I knew it was out of my hands
We were fated to roam, fated to roam
Fated to roam far beyond
Now when I come home, when I come home
When I come home I'll be strong

In my dream I see your face
But you ask for unconditional faith
I ask can I stand but you tell me to kneel
When I'm lost in confusion just how should I feel

Does it keep you awake?
When the sun hits your eyes?
You're finding it hard to remember
The feelings we buried inside
Are you finding it hard to remember?

We're coming home
We're coming home
We're coming home
We're coming home

In my dream I see your face
But you ask for unconditional faith
I ask can I stand but you tell me to kneel
When I'm lost in confusion just how should I feel