

Far Away

Grendel

With a spiraling storm of tension
In the dead of the night
Uttering words that we should never mean
Blood and murder resting heavy
On the tips of our tongues
Despair and anger in every scream

Then like thunder in the air
The words they spread like lightning
Now is this what we truly believe
As I'm walking out the door
And drive toward the daylight
I think that I begin to see

With the pedal to the metal
In the morn's early lights
The blood is boiling hot in my veins
Pressed back into the leather
Just the horizon in sight
With the background slowly slipping away

Then the screeching in the air
Of slamming breaks on tires
I'm driving back to what could have been
As I'm walking through the door
And you take me in your arms
I know what I can clearly see