

Sense Of Home

Harrison Storm

For these words he won't come around here
And his eyes won't see
And you know he won't come around here
He needs it to be

It's like something evil is taking a hold, nothing deep here
It's like we're losing our sense of home
Just disappear
Just disappear

Tell your mother you're leaving here
Tell your brother you're going away
Tell your mother she needs to reassess herself
And this will be the only way

Sometimes he tries to reassure himself
That it's all still there
But most times he just cries to himself
Sunk deep into his chair

Tell your brother you're listening to his dreams
Tell your sister she is all you need
Tell your mother she is the only one, and your father has made
you all that you've become
'Cause these words aren't meant for anyone else, but your family

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And your father has made you all that you've become