

Hibernation brings out the best in me ,
When I can't stand myself,
Or the things I've seen.
I guess the otherside of the grass isn't always green.

I thought it was all the same,
Aim high like they always say,
But the small print reads a different way.

And I'll stand on my own two feet you will not defeat me.
No white flag or admit defeat cause that's not my way.
I'll walk the depths of this earth,
Misguided, struck off and burnt,
Before I lay this to rest,
And get this weight off of my chest.

Again I'm homeward bound
My anchor won't set in deeper ground
Lost not found, My direction has lost me again.

And I can't take this constant feeling of misplaced guilt,
It wasn't me this time, last time or ever will be,
And if I continue to feel this way,
I think I'll lose myself and what I set out to be.

Homeward bound,
Lost my sense of direction.
Lost not found,
And I'm falling down
These grey skies now,
Covered my horizons ,
For too long now.

And I'll stand on my own two feet you will not defeat me.
No white flag or admit defeat cause that's not my way.
I'll walk the depths of this earth,
Misguided, struck off and burnt,
Before I lay this to rest,
And get this weight off of my chest.