

# Way Home

Saint Deamon

It is all clear to me now, I have found my way  
Can you see me for what I've become, or will the past live on?

Live as one on our own, fallout stand alone  
Once an outcast, a lowlife, I'm finding my way home

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All the people gathered around, but too blind to see  
Once I lived with rage in my mind, put the world aside

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Oh, finding my way home  
My way