

## Where You Belong

Seventh Avenue

I would laugh - if I could  
Won't know if you understand  
I could cry in this dry  
But your foul fly wasn't my

Don't want to hear about the stuff  
Say that for you this all is enough  
Search for a mystery kind of magic  
Nothing which mom and dad know it

That's not good and that's not right  
So be afraid - it will be night

Seeing is believing - but dying is what will come  
Irony is receiving - you quest where you belong  
Waiting for tomorrow, waiting for a sign  
And in all your sorrow you lose your mind  
Believe me, dying is what comes  
And your quest where you belong

I would if I could  
Show you my confidence  
And I would, if I was able,  
Lay my grip on your table  
The devil is a liar  
He tries to tell you lies  
You need a desire - not wrong true eyes

You believe in the power of love  
This belief for you is enough  
Don't tell me lies for a nice price  
That you don't want the paradises rise

Seeing is believing - but dying is what will come  
Irony is receiving - you quest where you belong  
Waiting for tomorrow, waiting for a sign  
And in all your sorrow you lose your mind  
Believe me, dying is what comes  
And your quest where you belong

Don't be the jester of now  
Live your life faster than a crow  
For a time beyond time and space  
It's the end of the human race

That's not good  
That's not right  
So be afraid  
It will come the night