

Destination

[SITD:]

forgotten aims and destinations
i have seen the downs of life
when i reflect on what you've done
tearful moments will survive

i don't care what you are sayin'
i was displaced, i felt quite torn
between the so-called promised land
and the place where i was born

a thousand days have passed away
it's so long, that i've been gone
words i'd lost, but found again
time goes by and life goes on

that's my city's coat of arms
where coal dust is everywhere
where my feet first touched the ground
there i breathe a familiar air

you are my comfort, you are my joy
you make me feel complete
you belong to me
you are everything i need

all my roads - they lead to you
all my road - they still tend west
where my feet first touch the ground
i want to be laid to rest

a silver-coloured church
a rooted lime green tree
two silver mining hammers
a red lion above me