

Never Here

Thousand Below

And now I lost the feeling.
Why do I feel like home was never here?
And now I lost the feeling.
Why do I feel like home was never here?

Do you see the paint chipping off the walls?
Marks of anger, marks of love.
Will I remember this at all?

Why does it happen every time I leave,
weighing the cost of the life I lead.
I want to be everywhere I'm not,
paying the price of the world I see.

And now I lost the feeling.
Why do I feel like home was never here?
And now I lost the feeling.
Why do I feel like home was never here?

Do you see the paint chipping off the walls?
Marks of anger, marks of love.
Will I remember this?

Do you see the paint chipping off the walls?

And now I lost the feeling.
Why do I feel like home was never here?
And now I lost the feeling.
Why do I feel like home was never here?
(Home was never here.)