

The Swan & The East

Tow'rs

Morphine swims inside your bloodstream
Plead the night, the swan and the east
Disappear from my sight

He spreads his wings with such irony
Something so cruel makes something so free

Please come soon, Lord knows I want you to come
Home is a relative term, sometimes hope is the same
As help I've learned

Morning shatters the words that we think
Wincing the night
I had so much doubt in my mind

He spreads his wings with such irony
Something so cruel makes something so free

Please come soon, Lord knows I want you to come
Home is a relative term, sometimes hope is the same
As help I've learned

Home, home