

Going Home

Venerea

We've been through this so many times before
Nothing changes and I think I'm going home
Affection has turned into affliction
Nothing changes and I think I'm going home

Intentions running high but our ambition's low
We're torn away with nowhere left to go
We made our different choices, then we changed our ways
Still we're grinding on

We're not enough
Not want I want
We're giving up
We've come and gone

I'm tearing you, you're tearing me apart
Nothing changes and I think I'm going home
The way you look at me, I look at you
Nothing changes and I think I'm going home