REVERSE

Behind bars Dressed in green Talking trough Some radio

I'm here But not really No not truly Present

Crooked floor Symbolizes something that was not before Now she's out the door Makes her way to fight another make-believe war

Leg drums Leaf blower, wind And I'm sleeping through it all I'm breathing after all

My eyes open Waking up for half an hour I got to guard this god damn tower Maybe this way I can find her

And I'm wishing I was back home

I'm wishing I was back home...