

The sirens that called me here
to a place that might endear
They don't want me to go
and so they hold me
to their chest out of fear

Comfortable at last
Comfortable at last

and A feeling wells up inside
wondering what it'd be like
to return

And the sun that shines down upon
golden beaches I gaze upon
remind me it's too late
to leave this place
for the storm has long begun

Comfortable at last
Comfortable at last

And although not long ago
the words now echo hollow
The pages turn to dust
like the man that made them

And I wonder
I still wonder what it'd be like to return

Now I see the storm subside
By my hands the winds, the tides
Hear me now the inanimate, at last
Raging seas, now seas of glass

And so I return
And so I return
And so I return