

Lyrics: Campfires By Gatherer

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I had dream last night,
the kind that kills your appetite.
I dreamt all the friends I had had died.
So don't take long when it comes now.
Not everybody's gone and your sympathy for me is running dry.
And you swore to christ you found god,
in the love we made before you lie dead on your lawn.
This is where I'm supposed to be with you.
So when you get back,
I'll be home.
We can have our love.
It's like feeding a dog his bone,
so he never leaves his home for the rest of his days.

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