

# Footsteps

Artano  
Soiree

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I find my father's footsteps  
Deep in my frozen childhood dreams  
    Forever nine years old it seems  
He appeared so overpowering  
When life had not yet broken him  
Quick-tempered, temper towering  
But memories are becoming dim

What has become of you?  
What has become of me?  
When will we see eye to eye?

Hands can feed a family  
Hands can lead a family – home

Now time`s reduced the future  
I'm a father now as I'm a son  
    Considering what I won't have done  
I keep my walls so tidy  
The pictures are inside my head  
I fight nightmares inside of me  
I'm heading for the light instead

What has become of you?  
What has become of me?  
When will we see eye to eye?

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I remember days of doubting  
And nights assured me he was wrong  
    Might not have felt that way for long  
We've had some room for living  
Most of the wounds have long been healed  
Forgotten or forgiven

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And all the scars at least concealed

What will remain of you?  
And what will remain of me?  
When will we see eye to eye?

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