

# Flatfoot 56, The Long Road

It's been two long years since I started on this road  
longing for that place I call my home  
and in the battlefield, in the sun, and in the sand  
I will never forget my home land  
It's a long road, and you're waiting at the gates for me  
Standing on this battle ground, I see my Father before  
carrying the cross I should have bore  
so for him I will run the race marked out before me  
because His stripes have set me free