Caedmon's Call, Coming Home

You say you want a living sacrifice
Well I am a burnt offering
Crawling off the alter and
Back in to the fire
And with my smoke-filled lungs
I cry out for freedom
While locking and chaining myself
To my rotting desires

AND I HATE THE STENCH,
BUT I SWALLOW THE KEY.
AND WITH IT STUCK IN MY THROAT, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
CAN YOU HEAR ME

I'M COMIN' HOME, I'M COMIN' HOME
I'M COMIN' HOME, I'M COMIN' HOME, BUT I'M STILL A LONG WAY OFF

I am shelled-shocked, and I have walked
Through the trenches full of tears
With the mortars of memory
Exploding in my burning ears

You stripped the trees of Lebanon
And now you're stripping me
Of the bark of false morality
And the bite of selfish greed
Can you hear me?

I'M COMIN' HOME, I'M COMIN' HOME
I'M COMIN' HOME, I'M COMIN' HOME, BUT I'M STILL A LONG WAY OFF

WILL YOU RUN TO ME? WILL YOU COME TO ME?
WILL YOU MEET ME, WILL YOU GREET ME,
WILL YOU DRAG ME HOME 'CAUSE I'M STILL A LONG WAY OFF

I'M COMIN' HOME, I'M COMIN' HOME
I'M COMIN' HOME, I'M COMIN' HOME