

# 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