

Caedmons 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