Name Taken, For Sunday

For Sunday For 17 years I've let this go, I've let this go No one cares now, not even I now, that this familiar place has never once felt like home So when you think that you have the right to say, why doesn't your heart burn like ours? I'll let the ashes go, this wound you can't replace No one including you cared to comfort the flame Because you can't see me, so don't pretend like I owe it to you, like you saved me It's not of your hands I owe nothing to you You never reached out when I needed anyone But when voices sing and lift to promises that I've never seen, then and only then do I truly feel home in this hope So befriend me and smile to my face, I swear I'm lying this time I've never been so far away when these regrets are worthless to me And God why do I blame them? I'm begging you to forgive me But when voices sing and lift to promises that I've never seen, then and only then do I feel home in a hope that will embrace the sky