

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