

# Coming Home

Amebix

I just buried a friend  
He had come to the end  
But I can't help feeling that it needn't have been  
Caught in the flak  
There was no turning back  
So he gave up his life for some psychopath's dream

So we're leaving the front  
Having taken the brunt  
Now we're tired of the slaughter in some foreign land  
So the leaders of the war  
They fight alone on the shore  
Our mutiny over they are left on the sand

We stand as one  
We are an army now of many thousand strong  
They stand alone  
To fight for ravaged land to gain their worthless throne

The boys are coming home

I see within my mind  
A vast and lonely plain  
Great armies meet in no man's land  
To clench their hands in friendship  
For the first time  
The dark tide is ebbing  
A mass of tired humanity drifting toward the dawn

We are coming home