

I still remember that day in December
When I turned my back and ran away,
Flames of a passion replaced by an ember,
Growing slowly dimmer everyday.

And I still remember that foolish endeavor
Holds in needless pain and suffering,
Falling apart while avoiding surrender,
I've been led astray.

I'm running home,
Back to your arms where I belong.
I won't let go this time.

Thoughts of redemption
Decay at the mention
Of the sinking sands that brought me here.
How can forgiveness
Contain this infection,
Lying dormant in a state of fear.
Why should the blameless be sold as the ransom
For these people's self-inflicted tears?
Walking alone
Choosing death as the anthem,
I've got one thing clear.

I'm running home,
Back to your arms where I belong.
I won't let go this time.
I don't care
What they tell me, what they say I've done,
I'm all yours now.

I still could erase
The mistakes that I've made,
I could kill the remainder,
I could wipeout the plague,
But I don't see the sense,
In a comatose state,
Where the blind lead the blind
And the rest share my fate.
And if there's one shred of life left
In this miserable heart,
And I would rather remember it
Than go back to the start.
Because when all has been said,
And the rest has been done,
This pain, this pain, this pain,
Will guide me home.

I'm running home,
Back to your arms where I belong.
I won't let go.
I don't care
What they tell me, what they say I've done,
I'm all yours now.