LAND OF THE LIVING

Where in the land of the living will I

find my way to the place that I was born

that no country has ever owned

Out in the fields and the trenches

crying for a holy witness to see what we’ve seen

in the darkness of this dream

Arise from the ashes

flying out of the depths

it’s time to come home

return to your sweet nest

Chains that have bound us and tried to defines us have always deceived

but they’ll turn to dust in the moment we trust that the truth is we’ve always been free

Back in the land of forgetting

with broken wings they still kneel down to pray

as the priests turn away

And in the fields of repentance

I beg forgiveness for the lies I believed

and the truths I deceived

But I put the devil on the table

I showed my hand as you ran closer away

from the pleasure and the pain

Arise from the ashes

shining out of the depths

it’s time to come home

return to your sweet nest

We see the trees for the forrest

like the ones who came before us

living just the same with the losses and the gains

In the depths of the ocean

I swam through the currents of emotion

grasping for the shore

seeking shelter from the storm

There is no end or beginning

what was is and shall forever be

adrift upon the endless sea

It’s time to come home

return to your sweet nest

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