

My Only Home

As I Lay Dying

Like a swarm of flies colliding with a moving windshield
So are our lives on this never-ending road
I have left behind my mark only to be later washed away
And was consumed with the allure despite the inevitable decay

When did the road that I'm on become my only home?
When did this become the one place I truly know?
(I truly know)

A journey making us like weeds
Where the wind steals our splendor
But spreads it to the distant fields
Despite our fragile imperfections
Yet shaking walls and wearing wheels
Can never capture my heart the way you do

When did the road that I'm on become my only home?
(My only home)
When did this become the one place I truly know?

I am missing what makes me whole