

# 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