

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.