

The Prodigal Son

The Great Commission

They say home is where the heart is.
Well my heart has grown black.
They say you can't go home again.
But this time I'm never, never going back.
This world is not our home.
Our home.
In this world I'm not along, alone.
This path it is my own.
But I keep running back.
I keep running back,
I keep running back, running back to You.
This time is ours.
It's so hard to let You go.
To let You go.
They say home is where the heart is.
Well my heart has grown black.
They say you can't go home again.
But this time I'm never, never going back.
I keep running back.
I keep running back, running back to You.
This time is ours.
It's so hard to let You Go.
To let You go.
I'm coming back home.