

## Tracing Back Roots

### We Came As Romans

Eight years ago I committed a sin  
And there were many more that followed with  
Some that changed my mind  
Some that broke me down  
But all of them made me who I am now  
All of them made me who I am now  
All of them made me who I am now

I lived in the bliss of ignorance  
And slowly sank into self-doubt  
I had to answer my own questions  
As I attempted to crawl out

After these years on the road  
Was this really my home?  
Why do I feel so alone?  
In my chest there's a hole  
Why do I feel so alone?  
Why do I feel so alone?

In my chest there's a hole  
I've tried to keep it full  
But there's a break in the hull  
Depression floods like frozen water's cold  
Is this life drowning me?  
I am a ship lost out at sea

Eight years ago I admitted a dream  
To chase it I had to give up everything  
But the things I've learned and the things I've found  
All of them made me who I am now  
All of them made me who I am now

After years on the road  
It was never my home (never my home)

After years on the road  
It was never my home (never my home)

My home is in the words you sing  
Every letter of the notes you bring  
Every story you tell of feeling alive  
When you hear these words  
And you change your life  
You change your mind, the way you think  
These words last forever on your skin in ink

(Oooh, oooh)  
My home is in your heart  
(6x)