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
[x6]

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