

## For Sunday

Name Taken

For Sunday

For 17 years I've let this go, I've let this go  
No one cares now, not even I now,  
that this familiar place has never once felt like home

So when you think that you have the right to say,  
why doesn't your heart burn like ours?  
I'll let the ashes go, this wound you can't replace  
No one including you cared to comfort the flame

But when voices sing and lift to promises that I've never seen,  
then and only then do I truly feel home in this hope

So befriend me and smile to my face, I swear I'm lying this time  
I've never been so far away when these regrets are worthless to me  
And God why do I blame them?  
I'm begging you to forgive me

So when you think that you have the right to say,  
why doesn't your heart burn like ours?  
I'll let the ashes go, this wound you can't replace  
No one including you cared to comfort the flame

But when voices sing and lift to promises that I've never seen,  
then and only then do I feel home in a hope that will embrace the sky

So when you think that you have the right to say,  
why doesn't your heart burn like ours?  
I'll let the ashes go, this wound you can't replace  
No one including you cared to comfort the flame

Because you can't see me,  
so don't pretend like I owe it to you, like you saved me  
It's not of your hands  
I owe nothing to you  
You never reached out when I needed anyone