

Ajalon

"The Long Road Home"

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I. So it's Come To This

Beneath the face of an August moon.
Encircled by a gang of angry clouds.
Down the corridor of a silver beam. motes of dust
wander aimlessly.
I startle them away with a wave of my hand.
They scatter along my unfinished thoughts.
So, it's come to this.
I gave all I had to attain this world.
I have gained nothing but sorrow.
Here I wait as the storm clouds gather.
For my road to end, for what more can there be?
Surely there is no way for me to turn around and start
again.
Or is there?
Can it be there is another way?
A guide, to take me to another chance?
If I called His name would He rescue me,
From this fairy tale minus happy ending?
Could it be that this Savior would draw close to me, and
take me home?

II. Famous Last Words

I used believe that I was meant for greatness.
Now I understand that greatness was not for me.
I don't think there's a man alive who even knows my
name.
Lets face it, I'm destined for mediocrity.
Sometimes I think about the way things might have
been.
And the words of a young man to naive to see.
It's all right, I can handle it, I'm in control.
Now I lie awake in bed afraid of tomorrow.
And I'm amazed they haven't carted me away.
My friends never believed that I would get this far
But me I'm more surprised that I had the nerve to stay.
And now I'm hanging on to a broken limb
And it's a long way down.
And a betting man wouldn't give me one more day.
But it's all right, I can handle it, I'm in control.
Meaningless, all is meaningless.

III. Brush With Life

Thunder bellows for attention, like an angry father.
Lightning pops staccato flashbulbs, blinding sleepless eyes.

The wind howls a requiem for the unseen,
Unceremonious passage of innocence
Gone forever, in deep unechoed sighs.
I stand before the Son of Man , I cannot hide my tears
of shame.

I wait for Him to turn away but to my surprise He calls
my name.

Do you think you've been alone? I have walked your
every step?

I understand the pain you feel. I carried it down angry
streets.

Child! Look upon My hands and My feet,
The wound in my side, and the stripes on My back.
All of these that you see I gladly bore. that through My
suffering you may live.

He strokes my cheek with nail scared hands.

And the truth in His eyes cuts to my bone.

I did this all for you, that you may never walk alone.

With voice now firm He calls to me

Follow Me, and leave your past.

The time has come for you to choose, to live redeemed
of die enslaved!

I look into the eyes of god, and slain in spirit fall to my
knees.

I cry to my Lord. Forgive my sin! I cannot bare to live
this way!

I lift my eyes to meet a gaze that heals me to this very
day.

Lord! I choose to follow you!

IV. Free At Last

Free from this madness my old life is sent to the dust.

Gone is the ruin I dwelt in for all of these years.

Free from this prison I start on a voyage of trust.

No more the victim of hollow deception and fear.

I fly among loved ones in ten thousand years of
romance.

We wait as a bride to be wed to the Lord of the dance.

Now comes our champion in royal array.

In promised return He is come here to take us away!

V. The Long Road Home

I have stood at the edge of destruction looked into the
chasm.

I saw my face among those who would not believe.

Somehow, and I don't know why but my eyes were

opened.
I was shown the truth and given a heart to receive.
The One who has called all the stars to assemble and
set them in place,
Has come to me and I'm sure I was awake when I saw
His face.
He has taken my hand and set my feet upon the long
road home.

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