

## **Dirt Poor Robins "Finally Home"**

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Ashes at our feet  
Hours turn to sand  
Hear the curse cry out  
The blood is on our hands

So what can we gain?  
All our grasping for the wind  
And where is meaning to be found?  
If this life is all we have  
All we have

Still hope cannot forget  
We sojourn but a while  
This life cannot be kept  
But on the other side

Something better, something more  
Someone there worth living for  
Raise the dead my Savior calls

I'm finally home  
I can look at Your face  
And no longer wonder  
I know Your embrace  
It's more than a vision  
This hope that I hold  
You're truly the Father  
And I am Your own  
I'm finally home

Finally home  
Something better, something more  
Someone there worth dying for  
Raise the dead my Savior calls

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