

All To Be Home

Music and Lyrics by Andrew Heinrich © 2007

My hold is empty
My sails, they hang unfurled
Soon will be opened
The swansong that calls me across the wide world
Must be heeded
No matter how far I might roam
For my heart is needed
And needed in turn is her own

I have not seen her
I have not witnessed the rain in her eyes
Her thundering smile
Or the wind in her step or the crest of her lips
Since she sailed with the tide
She sailed with the tide

The ocean is calling
On the salt sea as we pull away
The stars, they are falling
Like pathways to heaven
Burning like guides for the fallen
To find their way back to God
And I am done stalling
It's long past the time
To sail back into her arms

May they wrap me like armor against all the pain
The spell of her charms
And the weight of her arms
Are only a few leagues away
On the breeze

Past the storm
Past the long road of lonely moonlight
Past the cannon's dark roar
And the white sandy shore
And the monsters on the ocean's dark floor

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