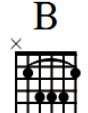
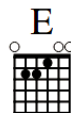
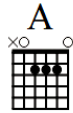
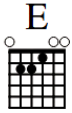
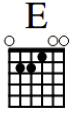


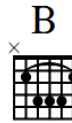
I'm Coming Home



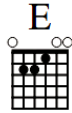
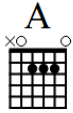
The sun is dropping to the hill, I feel it in my soul, that must be my soul



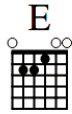
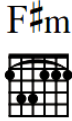
And the evening air is sweet and still, the light is turning gold,



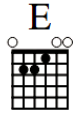
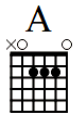
the light is turning gold.



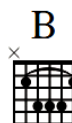
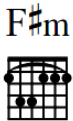
Did I help the world, to hold the line?



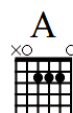
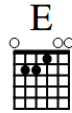
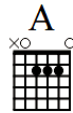
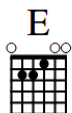
Was I there against injustice or to guard what's mine?



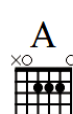
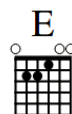
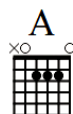
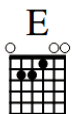
Was it worth the grief, and the damage done?



A universal fight or just a game for one?



I'm coming.....I'm coming.....I'm coming.....home.....



I'm coming.....I'm coming.....I'm coming.....home.....

Light is fading from the day
and draining from the sky
draining from the sky
Life is dark and far away
I need to say goodbye
I think I said goodbye

A door is closing
between me and you
A door I will never
again walk through

The way divides
Our day is gone
Now memories must give us strength
to walk the road we find ourselves upon

I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming home.....
I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming home.....
I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming home.....
I'm listening, I'm listening, remember.....