

I am Home, Pahmoten
Original melody & lyrics from *Ireland* by Garth Brooks
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“Lyt Chware”

They say Anwa is breathing with each wave that finds the shore.
Her soul rises in the evening for to open twilight's door,
Her eyes are the stars in heaven, watching o'er us all the while,
And her heart is in Pahmoten seen by only emerald eyes.

Pahmoten, I am coming home,
Where your warm embrace lets me know I'm not alone.
I am reaching out, won't you take my hand?
I'm coming home, Pahmoten.

Even when our fears are heavy, or we're caught in bloody war,
We will keep our joy around us, reminds us what we're living for.
If a storm comes in the morning, before sunlight hits the sky,
We'll dance with the rain around us, and sing as if today we'll die.

Pahmoten, I am coming home,
Your laughter rings and makes light weary bones.
I am reaching out, won't you take my hand?
I'm coming home, Pahmoten.

In the quiet, I will listen; I can hear Her calling me,
To remember all Her lessons that lead us to our destiny:
Put trust in each other, and in the sun's strength above,
Always pay heed to beauty, and do all things out of love.

Pahmoten, I am coming home,
May I show your honor wherever I may roam.
I am reaching out, won't you take my hand?
I'm coming home, Pahmoten.

When we find ourselves on hard times, that's how life sometimes may be,
For the weight and chain that bind us make our freedoms true and sweet.
What gives us strength unyielding to banish evil, dark and cold,
Is the solace of Pahmoten that heals any broken soul.

Pahmoten, I am coming home,
I can smell your cooking fires and hear oaths made of stone.
I am reaching out, won't you take my hand?
I'm coming home, Pahmoten.
Oh, I am home, Pahmoten.

In the quiet, I will listen.
I can hear Her calling me.