

I'll make it Home

Words and music by Krista Westenhoffer

Lonely, lost and forgotten, She sits and cries
Looking up she raises the question, "why?"
Finding her way, She gets up off the floor
And she finally gets the answer she's looking for

You were born, From this throne, Like a diamond is worthy
You'll hold your own, You will prove, Yourself home
Come fire, Come rain, You'll brave this storm
But you're not alone, And with heaven to hold your hand you'll make it
home

Filled with new understanding, She sits up tall
Knowing she's royal by birth she heeds the call
With faith in her step, And courage in her stride,
She finally sees herself through heavens eyes

I was born, From this throne, Like a diamond is worthy
I'll hold my own, I will prove, Myself home
Come fire, Come rain, I'll brave this storm
But I'm not alone, And with heaven to hold my hand I'll make it home
I'll make it home

I was born, From this throne, Like a diamond is worthy
I'll hold my own, I will prove, Myself home
Come fire, Come rain, I'll brave this storm
But I'm not alone, And with heaven to hold my hand I'll make it home

Heir to the throne
I'll make it home
I'll make it home