

Dropping Daylight, Answering Our Prayers

Picture a fire, built by desire
Hoping the world is not alone.
And it burns all night but its never in sight,
Just like a ghost among the trees.
And we're living our lives.
Falling through time.
We try to find reason for all the rhyme.

Did they tell you believe?
Did you ask what that means?
Did they tell you to keep your eyes to the sky?
Well we're hurting down here.
And we're living inn fear.
So help me to see the reasons why.

Is anybody there answering our prayers?
Or did we do this to ourselves?
Would anybody dare to question the air,
Searching for answers in the clouds.

We need something to touch.
Is that asking too much?
Something that we can understand.
Are we chasing a ghost?
An unearthly shadow,
Simply a product of our own hands.

Is anybody there answering our prayers?
Or did we do this to ourselves?
Would anybody dare to question the air,
Searching for answers in the clouds.

We're hurting down here,
And we're living in fear.
So help me see the reasons why.