

PFR, Anything

Nothing I can say
Will matter anyway
Just a faint display
With me in the middle
No more empty words
Will anymore be heard
All my minds and verbs
Mean very little
Like whispers thrown against the wind
Empty phrases caving in

It doesn't mean anything without you
Just a nice melody without you
Without your spirit to sing
Of the hope and the joy that you bring
Without you it doesn't mean anything

Nothing I'll ever do
Could ever hold a candle to
The love displayed when you
Said you forgave me
And what I know of love
Is that I'm not deserving of
The one you called your son
The one sent to save me
Like love holding the hand of hate
You choose to love me anyway

It doesn't mean anything without you
Just words that I say without you
Without your spirit to sing
Of this change of the heart that you bring
Without you it doesn't mean anything