

Scott Matthews, Prayers

What you want, is what I need
I'm holding on for the things I believe

I left my bed and locked my flat
So I looked to the sky to search your step
I've been searching for you with my friends

What you need is what I want
the same as me, I keep holding on
What you want, is what I need
I'm holding on for things I believe

I left my bed and locked my flat
So I looked to the sky to search your step
I've been searching for you with my friends

Smokeless flame (?)
like a church bell rings
thought the mist there's a trace
of such a beautiful face

I'll clear the way for your your view
I'll make no excuse
pockets full of abuse
I've been searching for you

I left my bed and locked my flat
So I looked to the sky to search your step
I've been searching for you with my friends

Cloudless space
it's a mission I make
I breath free from the haze
suddenly I'm awake

Into a mind I read
I hear the silence speak
A voice flows like leaves
and says to my feet
that sadness can be of just you and me. (?)