

# Brooke Fraser, Hosea

I just spoke silence with the seeker next to me  
She had a heart with hesitant, halting speech  
That turned to mine and asked belligerently: "What do I live for?"  
I see the scars of searches everywhere I go  
From hearts to wars to literature to radio  
There's a question like shame no one will show: "What do I live for?"  
We are Hosea's wife  
We are squandering this life  
Using people like ladders and words like knives

(CHORUS)

If we've eyes to see  
If we've ears to hear  
To find it in our hearts and mouths, the word that saves is near  
Shed that shallows skin  
Come and live again  
Leave all you were

To believe is to begin

There's truth in little corners of our lives  
There are hints of it in songs and childrens eyes  
It's familiar, like an ancient lullaby  
What do i live for?  
We are Hosea's wife  
We are squandering this life  
Using bodies like money and truth like lives

(CHORUS)

(BRIDGE)

We are more than dust  
That means something  
That means something  
We are more than blood and emotions, inklings and notions, atoms on oceans