Melanie De Biasio, The Flow

What's that look upon your face
It seems you've got a lot to say
But no words come
The flow seems to be gone
Let's sing the way through it
How about a new way to pray

Too much pressure on your back
Fever's high when you payback
But freedom is here and come
And hope seems to hold on
Let's love the way through it
How about a new way to pray

I see worries burning inside your chest
It's hard to let them go
You belong to somewhere
For some reason
'cause hope seems to hang on
Let's dance the way through it
How about a new way to pray