

Pilot Speed, A Kind of Hope

I dreamed a garden full of light,
Just you and a man in white
He tears the apples from your eye,
Just to navigate your rise
Waiting for the moment
When the night becomes kind
There's a shadow creeping through here,
Will it reach your heart and mind?
Standing in the corner,
Too tired to sense defeat
You long to take this with you,
Yet yearn to be set free
I've wasted words of love and faith,
Their true meaning came too late
Now they're just whispers in the dark
Just scars upon your heart
Scars...
Waiting for the moment
When the night becomes kind
There's a shadow creeping through here,
Will it reach your heart and mind?
Standing in the corner,
Too tired to sense defeat
You long to take this with you,
Yet yearn to be set free
There's a kind of hope
You hold onto
When the way is dark
And there's little to lose
A kiss good-night
The trap we spring
Don't turn me out!
I've gold to bring
A kiss good-night
The trap we spring
Don't turn me out!
I've gold...
I've gold to bring
Waiting for the moment
When the night becomes kind
There's a shadow creeping through here,
Will it reach your heart and mind?
Standing in the corner
Too tired but I see fine
Are you holding up?
Is this situation dire?
There's a kind of hope
You hold onto
When the way is dark
And there's little to lose
Can you build a life
From on your knees?
When the cost you paid
Is the price you seek