

Sixpence None the Richer, Within A Room Some

I breathe the mist
Floating about the stars
I can caress
With velvet hands
I breathe the mist
Floating within, without this pen
This pen between my fingers
Messiah
I know you are there
Within, without me
Holding me
Messiah
I know you are there
Catching, carrying
This beautiful mess
Escape the pain
Within a room somewhere
Escape the pain
So deep inside the soul
I have no key
No map to find