

Shattered in history
Shattered in paint
Oh, and the lengths that I'd
Stay up late
But brought to my space
The wonderful things I've learned to waste

I shoulda known
That I shouldn't hide
To compromise and to covet
All what's inside
There is no design
You'll have to decide
If you'll come to know if I'm the faithful kind

Time and again
(Got all that I need)
Time to be brave
Content to the phrases
That at dawn, we ain't mazes
Just some kind of pages

This for my sister
That for my maple
It's not knowing the road I'd known as a child of God
Nor to become stable
(So what if I lose? I'm satisfied)

Am I dependent in what I'm defending
And do we get to know what faith provides?
Fold your hands in to mine
I did my believing
Seeing every time

I know it's lonely in the dark
And this year's a visitor
And we have to know that faith declines
I'm not all out of mine