

# The Garden

Ed Prosek

A pitch-black night, I'm lost in the emptiness  
I guess that I was always destined to end up like this  
But I heard we tend to a garden in our hearts  
It's how we know where we've been  
I've never found the piece where this wilderness ends

And I'll make sure to plant you a rose when I'm  
On my way back down  
And I'll bang my chest and I'll howl like a ghost but I  
Wish you could hear me now

I wish you'd hear me now  
I wish you'd hear me now

We've planted rows, we fall just like all those before  
When we drop our petals for the first ones who open the door  
And all my life I been running from a dream  
And I don't know where I've been  
But I've never found a piece in the garden within

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