

Lost
Weak with tired eyes
I am staring at light
The shadow of the Sun,
Rising red
I am able to see

Better than,
It's better than
All that you could have imagined
Eyes closed, still see
Images of light
Can't forget what you are

Fall on your knees
Your misery's welcome

Bow your head
Crawling on desperate,
Shaking hands
And pray that they don't see
Your fall from grace
Scouring the gutters
To find your worth,
But you'll never find it

"Father,
I'm on my knees
Begging, begging
Turn your head,
Look away"

Turn your head and look away

"Father,
I am here
Begging
Turn your head and look away"