

A perfectly symmetrical design
Delicate, unaffected by the
Hands of time

Can one know intentions
Of what has created you
Can one ever be certain
That their perception is true

Show me your inner workings
I trust you implicitly
This must be what gods are for
Carry me across the water

Hold my hands to meet horizons
Things I'd never see alone
This must be what gods are for
Carry me across the water

Could it be that I have been wrong
Could it be the answers
Have been here all along
No look to make things awkward

These things are understood
With confidence it catches
And we wish to god it would