

Grace Unknown

Hanson

Just before the sunrise
You can see the moonlight
Mingling the night and day
Some things you can't recover
Until you discover
Where the blue and gold turns grey

Longing for something you just can't touch
Every day grows a little longer
Every heart feels a hunger

Looking for a place
Searching for Grace Unknown
Scattered like ashes
Living on a turning stone
Looking for a place
Searching for Grace Unknown

Connected by a chalk line
Dying on the grapevine
Breathing in the smoking gun
Picking up the pieces
Trying to conceive of
The losses from the wars we won

Though the world grows quiet your thoughts won't rest
And you can't escape the night
You don't see an end in sight

Looking for a place
Searching for Grace Unknown
Scattered like ashes
Living on a turning stone
Looking for a place
Searching for Grace

Any time the silence starts to feel like home
I can hear my heartbeat

Looking for a place
trying to find space
Scattered like ashes
Searching for Grace
Looking for a place
Trying to find space
Scattered like ashes
Living on a turning stone
Looking for a place
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