

I came to be here in the garden  
I came to walk alone  
To hear the quiet conversation  
Between my footsteps and the stone  
I came to find some self-acceptance  
I came searching for my truth  
But something's telling me to go where  
It's far too dark to look

Oh, I can see you Mara  
I see you standing there  
You're with me in the dark  
I hear you questions in the air  
Oh, Mara, why do you stand there?

You have come here in the silence, uh  
In the breath between the ring  
The storm distorts the garden's beauty  
And leaves me wondering again  
Distracting you is not the answer  
If the question you relay  
Is not how to design something  
But why build it anyway?

Oh, I can see you Mara  
I see you standing there  
You're with me in the dark  
Your questions working through air  
Oh, Mara, why do you stand there?

Oh, Mara, why do you stand there?

Have you come here weak and hungry  
To feed upon the scraps?  
Do you sit patient in the bushes  
Waiting to attack?  
But I won't stop my feet in anger, no  
Or beat upon my chest  
Instead I ask that you allow me  
To talk with you instead

Oh, I can see you Mara  
I see you standing there  
You're with me in the dark  
Your questions working through air  
Oh, Mara, why do you stand there?

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