

Empty Pages

Lera Lynn

Empty pages, empty prayer, empty chest, all the same
No one's gonna know your name if you can't cry and make it rain

Aching bodies, swimming head, a heart that's lost at sea
If someone came to rescue it, I doubt that it'd be me

Clouded eyes, your setting sun, beside who you will be
But there's still time to make the trek and light by which to see

Heart of gold and intention will never set you free
Most ears refuse to hear the truth, most eyes refuse to see