

Media Age

Ours

Vanity is the plague as I turn from the media age
Broke the mirror and crashed and I
Watched some get swallowed by fame
There are blades in the grass as I walk
With the miracle sun

I was praying, I was choking on zen
I was dreaming, of some and forgiveness
There were days when I thought
I would fall through the wallowing grains
Still I wander through this maze

As we play, the fires are burning
As we sleep, war rages on
And we break, love will pull us together

Now the leaves
They've all turned to grey
And my dreams
My dreams have changed
As the days became darker I wondered if people could change
Still we wander through this maze

As we play, the fires are burning
As we sleep, war rages on
And we break, love will pull us together
Love will pull us together

Love, Love will pull us together

Love
Love will pull us together

Love, love, love
Love will pull us together

Love
Love will pull us together

Love
Love will pull us together
Love
Love will pull us together
Morning's come
And a breeze blows through my heart
Fire's out
And the freeze overgrown
The harvest gone
But the seeds of my will are strong
So please
Come home