

# 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