

# Wasteland

Rita Springer

I was a barren land  
Cracks in the ground  
Screaming for rain with empty hands

Was it your master plan  
To lead me here  
Learn how to search and teach me to thirst again

God can you open  
Open up the sky and let it cry  
God can you open, open up my eyes to see the light

Is there any hope  
Is there any hope  
In the wasteland  
Is there any hope  
Is there there any hope  
In the wastelands

You were a desert stream  
When the heat was so high I was pressed to the side  
You were my relief

You're an oasis of peace  
A shelter with shade while I'm praying for rain  
You're still what I need

Is there any hope  
Is there there any hope  
In the wasteland  
(In the wasteland)  
Is there any hope  
Is there there any hope  
In the wastelands  
(In the wastelands)  
Can you build a home  
Can you build a home  
In the badlands  
(In the badlands)  
Can you build a home  
Can you build a home  
In the badlands  
(In the badlands)

Walk-in through the city turn this place into a wasteland  
Fire on my feet I turn this place into the dry lands  
Walking on the earth making stars from the dry sand  
Turn these elements into this city made from my hands  
Rising out from nothing momma walked so I could run the track  
Riding on a dragon made from fire cuz I made it back

Made it back double all my paper then erase the stacks  
Leave my legacy up on this earth you'll remember that

Fixated on images turn that image to infinite  
Blast the world make it limitless  
Limit me you can't limit this

Universally you should see you can't limit me  
Tried to drown me under but I glow deep inside the sea

Craft a different line from mind in mine  
Fly to high you gon touch another sky  
Blind side turn a blind eye  
Hit your blind side from the right side  
If I walk slow Imma pick it up  
I'm etch my soul into the timeline  
Imma shock the stars Imma split the clouds  
Imma bring it in like a riptide

When I'm out of all my options this time I got one  
One lil text to the lord most high  
Who they think they stoppin'  
Try to stop this flow you couldn't touch it  
Who you think you blockin'  
Way too fast got God up on my dash  
Who they think they clockin'

I'm all out of options looking for promise  
(Who the think the clockin')  
The badlands so hopeless had taken me hostage  
(Who the think the clockin')  
When you're running in circles looking for shelter  
Waiting for springtime and hating the winter  
(Who the think the clockin')  
Picking up pieces believing for better  
Your miracles come sometimes in the desert  
Sometimes in the desert

You are not alone  
You are not alone  
In the wastelands  
You are not alone  
You are not alone  
In the wastelands