

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