

Doubt

Sleeping at Last

Talk is cheap
Show me what you believe
What do you make
Of such a violent history?
The poster reads:
"Heaven waits!
Sign up for guarantees"
I'm pretty sure
There's no such thing as certainty

I suppose, faith and doubt
Are two sides of the same coin
In this mystery

Who are we to question
Who are we to answer
Like it's a matter of heads or tails
I don't want to lose this
And I don't want to forget
There could be magic
Behind the veil-

Beyond perception
Poor signal, lost in translation
There could be something there

What do we know
About the heavens and below?
We're only kids
Trying on our parents clothes-
We've got their maps
And we'll make some all our own
But in the end
We belong to
A lineage of lost souls

As the coin flips
We just can't help it
We'll always predict how it all unfolds

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Like the secret ingredient

In some sacred recipe
As it turns out
My unholy doubt
Is the very thing
That helps me believe