

All mixed up; turned around  
What are you thinking about?  
What were we talking about now?  
Emotion-free, euphoric state  
Too little, too late

You pray for rain in hopes that it'll wash away  
Well let's be honest  
You don't have that much faith  
I think it's too late if you're looking to save face  
I see you slipping from that throne of grace

Focused on opening up  
You're thinking too loud  
All this comes as the comedown  
At least you can say you tried to pray for them

You pray for rain in hopes that it'll wash away  
Well let's be honest  
You don't have that much faith  
I think it's too late if you're looking to save face  
I see you slipping from that throne of grace

Why do we ask for these selfish ways?  
Are we the only ones that need saving?  
I think we were foolish in thought  
Then again I'm probably wrong  
I'm probably wrong

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Well let's be honest  
You don't have that much faith  
I think it's too late if you're looking to save face  
I see you slipping from that throne of grace