

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
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I see you slipping from that throne of grace