

Doubt / / Full

The Convictions

I think it's time
I think it's time to come clean
This disbelief is killing me
Oh God, bring me back to life

Yeah yeah

Bring me back

Can I believe?
How can I believe in things unseen?
How could a man-made book be any proof to me?
This world is broken and corrupt
I can't feel grace, hope, or love
None of this seems to make sense to me

I'm losing. I'm failing
I think I've lost it all

I'm losing it all
I try to fight this but fall
And lost it all
I lost it all
I'm searching for faith
But I can't feel your grace
So where are you?
I can't find you!

Where are you? The faithful
Where are you? I need you

Can I believe?
I'm not perfect, I feel worthless
Why would you ever save a wretch like me?
Can I believe?
How could one man's blood ever keep me clean?
No substance. No soul. No atlas. No home

I'm dead inside
Can you even tell?
These questions burn in me:
Why send a good man to hell?

Why?! Why?! Why?! Why?!
Why is this world doomed to burn?
Burn!

There must be, there must be, there must be something more
If truth exists, it must exist beyond ourselves

I'm losing it all
I try to fight this but fall
And lost it all
I lost it all
I'm searching for faith
But I can't feel your grace
So where are you?

I can't find you!

Where are you?

There must be something more

Where are you?

I need you

Where are you?

I need a revival

I can't find you

I need a revival

I will never deny my faith in the unseen

I will always believe

I will never again fill my head with doubt

My savior, Christ, cast these demons out!

It's time I come clean

No questions could ever separate you and me