

Thomas

The Convictions

God hear these words born from my mouth.
I'm on a cloud composed of doubt.
Questioning everything that you've done.
This voice inside my head,
Is it you
Or is it me?
Are you even there?
And am I really set free?
How can I believe in something I cannot see?

From the dirt we came and this name we claim.
They speak in tongue but nothing seems to change.
I want to believe, I really do,
But in this world I can't seem to find you!

Where are you when your people corrupt my thoughts?
You. Where are you when I'm doubting salvation?
Where is my faith?

What keeps us believing? [x2]

First there was nothing
Now you're here, now you're here.
There's no questioning.
I am God,
Eternal love.
On worlds below and life above.

We are victims of this culture
We are victims of this life.

Doubting our faith
When it looks us in the eye.
"O, ye of little faith - why did you doubt?"