

Wait

The Dear Hunter

I lost my faith when I was young
I clenched my fist to bite my tongue
I leave awake from all the things that I had done
Cause there wouldn't be a thing when I moved on

Then I said wait
Are our bodies really piles of dirt?
And is the soul just a metaphor?
I keep my eyes from looking too far up
I fear that there is a heaven above

I stood in lines to bow my head
I'd fold my hands and speak in tongues
To whisper worries to the dead
But I could tell no apparition heard a single word I said
But I'd still call my fear in to the air

Then I said wait
Is my body really part of the earth
And is there blood running through my veins?
I'll know when I turn to dust
But I fear the answer isn't enough
So, will I never know heaven or hell?
Or is eternity something worse?
I keep my eyes from looking too far up
I fear that there is a heaven above
(heaven above, heaven above)

I want to give it up
I want to give it up
I want to give it up
But I just need it too much

Wait
Is my body really part of the earth?
And is there blood running through my veins?
I'll know when I turn to dust
But I fear the answer isn't enough
So, will I never know heaven or hell?
Or is eternity something worse?
I keep my eyes from looking too far up

A fear that there is a heaven above
A fear that there is a heaven above
A fear that there is a heaven above
I hope there's not a heaven above