

What's in your sight
Is it light
Or the darkest night
Swirling around your head
Are you dead
Cause your skin's so white
And I remember the words you said, to me
You said that life can't always be, what you want it to be
So you see
The accidental tears in your empty tragedy

Let it be
And take this key, from me
And rediscover the One
Who set this fire in me
(This is not the day)
(For you to throw it all away)
(The life you've got, is like the breath of God)
(It's such a lovely thing to face)

Tell me is it true
That you
Had been there too
I've seen it all before
And the door
That your life went through
It's in pieces on the floor
And you find
That the careless life has left your dreams all behind
And its time
To turn your life back to the forgiving love so kind

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(The life you've got, is like the breath of God)
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(Well it's not the Son)
(That you run from)
(So confront the one who put the loneliness in your heart)
(The art, the missing part is your second start)
(So let the Son rise in your ear)
Well it's not, the Son
That you, run from
So confront, the one
Who put the loneliness in your heart
The art, the missing part
Is your second start
To let the Son rise in your heart

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