

I have many questions for You
My mouth is so full I cannot chew
Are you listening, are you listening?
My friends are hurting, they are hurting

It's not black or white, it's in between
Colors of a storm are most fitting
Is there an answer in the silence?
Are we asking the wrong questions?

How ignorant man to simply think
We can't control a storm with pen and ink
If I could, for you I would write
To make the darkest parts give us life

It's not black or white, it's in between
Colors of a storm are most fitting
Is there an answer in the silence?
Are we asking the wrong questions?

Have we given orders to the morning?
Or told the dawn its place to be?
Can we bind the chains of Pleiades?
Or command the sea, command the sea?

Who are we that You are mindful of us?
Who are we that You are mindful of us?
I guess that's the part we just have to try and trust?