

Postcard To God

Vanden Plas

Surrounded by a cover like a shield for all the faith
Surrounded by this pine and never ending days
I'm living in a prison but I dare to die outside
That keeps my will alive
And we're sending out a message
And we're sending out a prayer
And the voices asking every night
Is there anybody there
Somebody knows, somebody knows
When I pray I can say
All my believing in just one word
When I pray then I may
Sending an unwritten postcard to god
And now you buy me roses
And some needless little things

You're singing me a song
In a tune that no none sings
I'm longing for these memories
They keep me warm and safe
You throw 'em in my grave
And I'm sending you a message
And I'm sending you a prayer
All the echoes whisper in my ear
Is there anybody there
Somebody knows, somebody knows
When I pray I can say
All my believing in just one word
When I pray then I may
Sending an unwritten postcard to god
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