

# Praying

Witt Lowry

Yeah, lately I've been  
Yelling up at the sky like, "What is my purpose?"  
Forgive me, every day I'm reminded, I'm far from perfect  
My hurt, it can drown my tears and my eyelids, they feel like curtains  
I'm holding them by a string, all they care is if I'm still working  
And lately I feel ashamed to feel pain, I keep to myself  
I'm too raw for your label, too real to fit on your shelf  
And I know that there's more to life than to dwell on my fucking self  
But I share it for when you feel like there's nobody there to help  
But I hope

I hope you're somewhere prayin', prayin'  
I hope you're somewhere prayin', prayin'  
I hope you're somewhere prayin', prayin'  
Maybe I should spend more time prayin', prayin'

Lately I've been  
Yelling up at the sky like, "What is my purpose?"  
It's hard to find the time for you now that I'm always working  
It's beautiful, yet scary how love can be so uncertain  
I'm tryin' to just be better, I promise I'm always learnin'  
Forgive me for making promises I knew I couldn't keep  
Forgive you for the hate you would spill at times when you'd speak  
Forgive me for not prayin' as often before I sleep  
Forgive you, not for you—but forgivin' you, now for me  
See, my soul is all I have, do they even care when I spill it?  
That void inside your heart, see, your Instagram—it won't fill it  
When I cross your fucking mind are you fine or do you still feel it?  
They told me that time can heal, but it's me who I need to heal it, now I

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