

# 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