

The Art Of Soul Searching

A Faylene Sky

Open your lungs and believe that there is nothing here, nothing here for you.

Let's hope you realize the dreams inside you lead you to the truth.

We pray on the weak as we pray for forgiveness.

I've always heard the meek shall inherit the Earth.

There's nothing left to give if we've given up.

Part of me is waiting to hear you, part of me is waiting to hear your voice.

Part of me is waiting to hear your voice. A voice to silence. Silence all the rest

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I've always heard that the meek will inherit the Earth.

But we're so full of ourselves and so cruel to each other,

And it's just a matter of time until none of us matters.

(Hold out, hold your ground.

Show where you stand in this crowd.

Tonight we loose ourselves.)

And leave our past behind.

Leave it all behind.

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