

# Born and Raised

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All blossoms die in the light of our new culture  
Find your belief in that which cannot be discovered  
Countless lessons lie in every fever dream  
A million voices asking, what does it all mean?

I've lost all direction  
I've lost all my direction  
And now I wish, that I would have believed  
Could have believed

Escape, escape  
Nature's indifferent hand  
Retreat, retreat  
To the bliss of our creation

We were born and raised  
To live beyond  
The heft and weight of a world undone  
Like a bird from the north  
Our hearts will roam in search of warmth

Two hands come together to pray for greater yields  
Two poles of a compass guided by a field  
In the mind of every man, two ghosts dance  
Was this place made, or was it here by chance?  
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Uncountable numbers written in new fallen snow  
I can hear the claws of the beast tapping at my window  
Nihilist sleeps and in dreams he sees god's face  
Realize even disbelief requires a leap of faith  
From birth to death, we search for what's yet to be known  
We and hope and pray and ask, but we are never shown

Born and raised to live beyond  
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