

-A boy has been raised to believe in God. Never has he fully understood why he believes. Though he cannot question for fear of frightening peers, he still searches for answers.

I can only hope
That everything you tell me is righteous
Because I cannot see it all.
I can only inherit it for my own safety.
With no revelation of what this all means
I'll keep believing there is something
And only hope that I am living life with a meaning.
But who are you? Who are you, god?
What am I looking for?
Am I afraid to search so I can keep my image clean?
Or should I cross this line, because I feel so alone?
I'm only feeling alone.
Am I the only one who feels like I'm living a perceived lie?
With no revelation of what this all means
I'll keep believing there is something
And I can hope I'm living life with a meaning
Or am I living life for nothing?