

Shattered in history  
Shattered in paint  
Oh, and the lengths that I'd  
Stay up late  
But brought to my space  
The wonderful things I've learned to waste

I shoulda known  
That I shouldn't hide  
To compromise and to covet  
All what's inside  
There is no design  
You'll have to decide  
If you'll come to know if I'm the faithful kind

Time and again  
(Got all that I need)  
Time to be brave  
Content to the phrases  
That at dawn, we ain't mazes  
Just some kind of pages

This for my sister  
That for my maple  
It's not knowing the road I'd known as a child of God  
Nor to become stable  
(So what if I lose? I'm satisfied)

Am I dependent in what I'm defending  
And do we get to know what faith provides?  
Fold your hands in to mine  
I did my believing  
Seeing every time

I know it's lonely in the dark  
And this year's a visitor  
And we have to know that faith declines  
I'm not all out of mine