

I'm lost to the world soon to be forgotten
Living in the shadows, searching for belief
But my anger is gone and the anvil is broken
The pieces on the ground melting in the silence

I keep my head above the surface
Trying to breathe
Looking for land

I keep an eye at the distant horizon
Waiting for help
Clutching the sky

My fear is my cross, heavy on my shoulders
Learning to be patient, burning to be free
So my spirit is strong but my body is broken
My father in the fire, dying for survival