

A Prayer for the Unborn

Gary Numan

So, I prayed
But you weren't listening.
Making miracles?

So, I begged
But you were far away.
Saving souls perhaps?

So, I screamed
But she was very small
And you have worlds to mend

So, she died
And you were glorious
But you were somewhere else

If you are my shepherd
Then I'm lost and no-one can find me
If you are my saviour
Then I'm dead and no-one can help me
If you are my glory
Then I'm sick and no-one can cure me
If you light my darkness
Then I'm blind and no-one can see me

If you are my father
Then love lies abandoned and bleeding
If you are my comfort
Then nightmares are real and deceiving
If you are my answer
Then I must have asked the wrong question
I'd spit on your heaven
If I could find one to believe in