

A perfectly symmetrical design  
Delicate, unaffected by the  
Hands of time

Can one know intentions  
Of what has created you  
Can one ever be certain  
That their perception is true

Show me your inner workings  
I trust you implicitly  
This must be what gods are for  
Carry me across the water

Hold my hands to meet horizons  
Things I'd never see alone  
This must be what gods are for  
Carry me across the water

Could it be that I have been wrong  
Could it be the answers  
Have been here all along  
No look to make things awkward

These things are understood  
With confidence it catches  
And we wish to god it would