

When you ask me, who I am:
What is my vision? And do I have a plan?
Where is my strength? Have I nothing to say?
I hear the words in my head, but I push them away.

'Cause I stand for the power to change,
I live for the perfect day.
I love till it hurts like crazy,
I hope for a hero to save me.
I stand for the strange and lonely,
I believe there's a better place.
I don't know if the sky is heaven,
But I pray anyway.

And I don't know
What tomorrow brings
The road less traveled
Will it set us free?
Cause we are taking it slow,
These tiny legacies.
I don't try and change the world;
But what will you make of me?

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With the slightest of breezes
We fall just like leaves
As the rain washes us from the ground
We forget who we are
We can't see in the dark
And we quickly get lost in the crowd

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