

Means To Believe

Oh, Sleeper

You're building a ship with no sails, and setting out to brave
the open seas
Your standing for your God by becoming something so far off,
Don't you see the irony?

He gave me a train with no tracks, with no wood to build and burn
for steam.
Despite all I lack, if I derail and turn his back,
Don't you see the irony?

If the blind could see you and the lame could meet you or the dead
embrace you, if you never gave them the means to believe.
And that makes no sense to me.

He gave me a voice that speaks out, but padded with a mind that
's filled with of doubt.
If I'm to find the sun,
I need something more than song to pull me from this cave of questioning.

Give me sand to build a home and watch all the walls fall on me
.
I can't change what I am, lions always kill the lambs.
Don't you see the irony?
Don't you see the irony?

If the blind could see you and the lame could meet you or the dead
embrace you,
If you never gave them the means to believe.
And that makes no sense to me.

Will I embrace you?
Will you give me the means to believe?
Answer me...Please.