

Faith

Parov Stelar

You know
in the darkest hour
how to listen to the grass growing up.
You say
when the coastline lights are waving
that they shine like precious threads of pearls
and your house of clay
built by the river
hosts your faith in serendipity
and your house of clay
built with your strong arms
hosts your faith in serendipity
what I've been waiting for, you are, you are...
you know...
so i keep carrying on...
so i keep carrying on...
only hope can be above it all... above it all...