

# Faithless

Rush

I've got my own moral compass to steer by  
A guiding star beats a spirit in the sky  
And all the preaching voices -  
Empty vessels ring so loud  
As they move among the crowd  
Fools and thieves are well disguised  
In the temple and market place

Like a stone in the river  
Against the floods of spring  
I will quietly resist

Like the willows in the wind  
Or the cliffs along the ocean  
I will quietly resist

I don't have faith in faith  
I don't believe in belief  
You can call me faithless  
I still cling to hope  
And I believe in love  
And that's faith enough for me

I've got my own spirit level for balance  
To tell if my choice is leaning up or down  
And all the shouting voices  
Try to throw me off my course  
Some by sermon, some by force  
Fools and thieves are dangerous  
In the temple and market place

Like a forest bows to winter  
Beneath the deep white silence  
I will quietly resist

Like a flower in the desert  
That only blooms at night  
I will quietly resist