

If I could rearrange my words,
I'd say what I mean.
If I could learn to count the cards,
I'd risk everything.
Imagine how brave I'd be
If I knew I'd be safe.
If I could only know the end,
I'd be a prodigy of faith.

If I had a treasure map, oh the answers I'd find.
I'd dust off the artifacts 'til I made 'em all shine.

Everything I know is borrowed, broken or blind,
And what I've seen of beautiful feels merely implied.
Is it the treatment of symptoms or a touch of divine?
I guess the truth is that the truth is of complex design.

How I ache to know.

God knows that I know we're little boats in the great big sea.
Setting sail after sail in the hopes of finding a breeze.

Every compass I have followed I've trusted and denied.
So it goes with an ever-changing definition of right.
Is it the treatment of symptoms or a touch of divine?
I guess the truth is that the truth is of complex design.

If ignorance is bliss, then I guess I'm in heaven.
But this hesitant kiss sends me back to the grasp of the sea.

Setting sail after sail in the hopes of finding a breeze.