

I wake up.
A new day has come.
It seems so hard to get out of bed.
Sometimes I question.

'What is it for' it gets hard to find meaning in the routine.
I've tried so hard to do it on my own.
Sometimes I feel like giving up.
But I've got to try.

Why don't I try?
Try to find the meaning of this life.
I know that god has his reasons.
Peace of mind it comes and goes all the time.

When will I learn to trust?
Concentration has left me now.
I can't see your face everyday.
Abstruse thoughts they tear me apart.

I must see your face everyday.
All the time I look into your eyes and then turn away on my own
.
Will I find the plans you have for my life?
This life just seems too short.

Concentration has left me now.
I can't see your face everyday.
Abstruse thoughts they tear me apart.
I must see your face everyday.

Make my life yours.