

Beliefs

We Came As Romans

What is this whispered thief?
Is it a lie? Is it a lie?
Does fabrication begin at belief?

Who steals my years to keep all to themselves?
Is it only just the ground we stand upon?
Is it only just the ground we stand upon?

Is it only just the ground we stand upon?
I've asked you, yet heard no reply.
Is it only just the ground we stand upon?
Will I just soak into this earth when I die?
Have I fallen before I finished?

Who answers my questions when ears do not listen?
When silence speaks at volumes.
I have heard no reply, heard no reply.

This doubt that clouds what I perceive as truth.
The unnerving sense that there is nothing left.
An illogical view where purpose is gone.
Who wills these groundless conceptions?

Find faith in life, in whatever will keep you breathing
Find faith in life, in whatever will keep you believing.
Whatever will keep you believing.
That we, we are not meaningless.
That we, we are not meaningless.

Retain what you have learned
Because love is an endless wonder.
It's a never-ending knowledge,
This is our only solution.

I believe in me.
I believe in you.
And I believe that we are not meaningless.
(In whatever will keep you believing we are not meaningless)
(In whatever will keep you believing we are not meaningless)

I believe in me.
I believe in you.
And I believe that we are not meaningless.