Losing Sight

Memphis May Fire

Wake me up, wake me up!
I can?t remember when enough was enough.
I used to be so in love with this life I live before it was corrupt.
Take me back to the me that wanted this more than anything,
the me that said I would give up everything just to live one night in the life I?m questioning.
Where is the inspiration I need?
How could I hate this?
I used to crave this!
I tell my stories as a form of release.
I need them just as much as they need me.
I always said I?d never waste a single second of this, but sometimes I find myself slipping through the cracks.
How could I be such a hypocrite?
I think about it all so far;
what we?ve been through, who we were, who we are.
These days the weight of the world is on my shoulders.
I never thought it would be this hard.
They come to me to show them how they?re supposed to be.
I don?t want to let them down.
Lord give me the answers they seek,
The strength to give to the weak.
Give me the desire to plant the seed.
This is so much bigger than me.
I think I?m in over my head.

Jet lagged & restless & always beat down.
The rooms are full but I?m always alone.
This load is too much to carry on my own.
I always said I?d never waste a single second of this,
but sometimes I find myself slipping through the cracks.
How could I be such a hypocrite?
We hold their hearts in the palms of our hands.
I don?t want to take it for granted.
I don?t want to waste the gift that I?ve been handed.
I dig deep for what I know I need; to keep pushing forward, to keep moving!
But they expect so much from me.
I?m just a person, a human being.
I feel dead inside.
So burnt out from all I?ve seen.
Maybe I?ve gone blind from always being in the spotlight.

I always said I?d never waste a single second of this, but sometimes I find myself slipping through the cracks.
How could I be such a hypocrite?
We hold their hearts in the palms of our hands.
I don?t want to take it for granted.
I don?t want to waste the gift that I?ve been handed.
Why does the fire in my heart grow dimmer with each passing day?
Where is my passion?
Where is my flame?

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