

Born and Raised

Daylyn

All blossoms die in the light of our new culture
Find your belief in that which cannot be discovered
 Countless lessons lie in every fever dream
 A million voices asking what does it all mean?
 I've lost all direction, I've lost all my direction
And now I wish that I would have believed, could have believed
 Escape, escape, nature's indifferent hand
 Retreat, retreat to the bliss of our creation
 We were born and raised to live beyond
 The heft and weight of a world undone
 Like a bird from the north
 Our hearts will roam in search of warmth
Two hands come together to pray for greater yields
 Two poles of a compass guided by a field
 In the mind of every man two ghosts dance
 Was this place made or was it here by chance?
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 Uncountable numbers written in new fallen snow
I can hear the claws of the beast tapping at my window
 Nihilist sleeps and in dreams he sees God's face
 Realize even disbelief requires a leap of faith
From birth to death we search for what's yet to be known
 We hope and pray and ask but we are never shown
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 Our hearts will roam in search of warmth
 We were born and raised, born and raised
 Born and raised, born and raised