I Am

Circus Maximus

I'm searching for a place to land
You have my life unguarded
Like the deserts miss the rain
I feel the pain
I reach to you my weary hand
A petty man so blinded
Can't wait for you to understand
It's just who I am...
Reaching deep, and if I can
The I will know...
Underneath my skin it will show
Although I've have been wounded
I know that time will heal
The scars we bear
And that we'll make them our own
I reach to you my weary hand
A petty man so blinded
Can't wait for you to understand
I need to know...
Who I am...
Reaching deep, and if I can
Then I will know...
The stream of life will flow
With judging eyes
Who'll pass the test
Unlike before, distinct from the rest
I'm touching down on naked ground
Then walk away without a sound
I'll try my best to realize
All too often I've tried to change
Destination known like the back
Of my hand
And still with every time when it slipped
Out of range
The trace it left remained unchanged
A fragile trust... in faith I lust
I reach to you my weary hand
A petty man so blinded
I can't wait for you to understand

I need to know...

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