

Who Am I

The Glass Child

There was a man in my dream saying listen;
You are a child of a wandering kind and
you need to follow the stars for your reasons, dont ask why
And now I swallow my tears as he whisper
Holding on learning to be strong
Im reading bibles and poets of wisdom, asking whyNow I hold my breath
when they say Im blessed
Hold me tight tonightI confess
This is all a test
How long can I survive?Im dropping wax in the mid of my palms now
Open up, feel the wound, pour the salt
And I am slow-walking after my call
Hes calling meI spend my days making up for the passed one
Holding on to my life best I can
come throw me into the eye of the storm
Just come give me some more
Who am I?Im wearing guns on the back of my feet now
Learning sounds pressing hard to the ground
Im waking up with an ache and a fever
Im aliveAnd as Im making my way by the river
Making friends with the homeless men
and Im learning life from a lifeless believer
Im aliveAnd I hold my breath
when they say Im blessed
Hold me tight tonightI confess
This is all a test
How long can I survive?Im dropping wax in the mid of my palms now
Open up, feel the wound, pour the salt
And I am slow-walking after my call
Hes calling meI spend my days making up for the passed one
Holding on to my life best I can
come throw me into the eye of the storm
Just come give me some more
Who am I?Cant they see Im all alone
This road is now my home
I went to find some piece of mind
Whats living meant to be?Im researching for myself
Im my own heaven and hell
And will I find some piece of mind

within this shell?Im dropping wax in the mid of my palms now
Open up, feel the wound, pour the salt
And I am slow-walking after my call
Hes calling meI spend my days making up for the passed one
Holding on to my life best I can
come throw me into the eye of the storm
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