

Too Many Miles

The Waiting

I don't think you had in mind
When you set my city on a hill
For it's walls to be built up to keep the light in
Brick on brick I'm building still But the moon still shines
The stars seem brighter
I see you through the haze
So, I remain unfazed I don't think you were intending
When you pitched this tent you call your home
For it to be a place always in need of mending
With a bed as cold as stone My roof caved in, the weight of unbelief and
My eyes half closed, my vision getting weak and
Still I see you, I know you'll never fade
So, I am not afraid

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