Hopechapel Hill

Gravenhurst

Shapes born of darkness the landscapes within a cry of indifference my future moves in the man on the tv has a sermon for me a fear of the future ashamed of the things that I've seen it is nothing at all I say as I fall to the floor still I'd like to know all the things that make my freedom flow you'll never control all the things that this world puts you through have as much of a grip on it as it has on you the next thing I'm crying can't remember my name the faces the voices calm words of support all amount to the same to see beyond this day look deep in their eyes to a place you avoid see yourself staring back in disguise it is nothing at all I say as I fall to the floor still I'd like to know all the things that make my freedom flow you'll never control all the things that this world puts you through death just walked in and I didn't have time to undo all the things that I wouldn't have said had I known it was due and the things you try hard to avoid are sat in the next room

Songwriters
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