Born and Raised

Tangled Thoughts

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?
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
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Like a bird from the north
Our hearts will roam in search of warmth
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
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
We were born and raised, born and raised
Born and raised, born and raised

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