Means To Believe

Oh, Sleeper

You're building a ship with no sails,
And setting out to brave the open sea.
You're standing for your God,
But becoming something so far off.
Don't you see the irony?
He gave me a train with no tracks.
With no wood to build or burn for steam.
Despite all I lack,
If I derail he'll turn his back,
Don't you see the irony?
If the blind can see You,
And the lame can meet You,
Would the dead embrace You,
If you never gave them the means to believe?
And that makes no sense to me...
He gave me a voice that speaks out,

But paired it with a mind that's filled with doubt.
If I'm to find the sun, I need something more than
Song to pull me from this cave of questioning.
Give me sand to build a home,
And watch all the walls fall on me.
I can't change what I am,
The lions always kill the lambs,
But don't you see the irony?
Don't you see the irony?
If the blind can see You,
And the lame can meet You,
Would the dead embrace You,
If you never gave them the means to believe?
And that makes no sense to me.
Will I... embrace You? Will You
Ever give me the means to believe?
Answer me, please...

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