

I swear this isn't the end, but I still feel so alone,
Even when I'm surrounded by my best friends.
Word's can't penetrate, A tree in the wind, I bend.
Falling faster into the depths, I'm falling, I'm falling.

Under such depression, I can barely even catch my breath.
Words can't mend and love does not sink in. Why can't I see your face?

Clawing at my chest, looking for some sort of reprieve
I swear this isn't the end, but when will I feel comfortable in my own skin?
Clawing at my chest, looking for some sort of reprieve. I swear this isn't the end.

Knowing fundamental truth doesn't seem to matter,
After such tremendous abuse.
'Cause I've worked this ground since my youth,
And still, the land has yet to bare any sort of fruit.

I'll continue to toil and plow,
Hoping one day I'll make you proud.
'What have I got to show?'
As I wipe the sweat from my brow.

So tired, so tired of showing love so deep,
That most aren't even willing to feel.
See what I've seen,
Open your eyes and recognize that this is real.

This season brings darkness so profound.
I've become lost and can't seem to be found.
Contorted, racked with pain, I know I should feel free,
yet I continue to sing this sad refrain.
I can't sleep and food has lost it's taste. God, I'm so sick of this place!

And I'm touched by the hands of a brother,
And like a rush, passing through my exterior,
I hear my name, a hush. A son, loved by a father.
I've been made alive again. I'm alive again.