

Faith

That yet to come will knock upon our door,
And when we let it in, must meet our eye:
It is the thing it is and nothing more.

Consumed by fire, forgetting what it's for,
We seek afar the how, the when, the why:
That yet to come will knock upon our door.

Our hopes cannot be heard above the roar
Of rain and wind which sometimes seem to sigh:
"It is the thing it is and nothing more."

We dream of flying too where eagles soar,
But overlook that birds must learn to fly.
That yet to come will knock upon our door.

If we should wreck and wash up on the shore,
We'll stagger to our feet and say goodbye.
It is the thing it is and nothing more.

But if we find the love we knew before,
We'll struggle underneath a single sky.
That yet to come will knock upon our door;
It is the thing it is and nothing more.