

## FAITH

I tried to remember your face,  
but I can't make it out no more.  
seeing through frosted glass  
It's just like hands had touched my faith  
before I even realized  
They would fade again.

Bridge:

Nobody knows where all that mystery has gone  
Nobody knew right then who he would become.  
It's not just that you lose it, it's that you fail to hold on  
They won't give back a day you have lived.

Bridge 2:

And as all of you faces  
make up a final one  
Still I really don't know  
what else I should have done.  
But there must be a reason  
for the plan to go wrong  
Well I'm used just to believe in faith.

1998  
( April )