Daniel Lemma "Haze"

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I clung to a delicate straw
It broke in my hand
I'm at the mercy of strangers
In a foreign land
Now I'm waiting on guidance
- Now I'm waiting on a sign
And I'm running for my life
But there's nowhere to run

And the ground shook and rumbled me Rippled miles around It all shook with terror and I'm not making a sound

Should we stumble Should we loose our ways Much too late now to matter, babe Now we're lost in the haze

Ain't no two ways about it We sank like a stone Now I'm looking at ashes and Scars cover my bones

Should we stumble
Should we loose our ways
Much too late now to matter
Now we're lost in the haze

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