

Inhabited "British Saints"

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I say it's not my fault
As I run and hide behind the walls that I have made
To keep you out
Can you see me?
Can you hear me?
I'm crying, I'm dying, I'm trying
To find the light

And I'm crawling over myself
And I'm falling
Please show me

What is real, what is real
I can feel, I can feel but reality is far from what I see
I can't see, I can't see
Please heal me, yeah I'm calling
Yeah I'm calling

I look into Your eyes
And quickly realize You know me all too well
Everything I'd never tell
Then You show me
That You carried
The tears, and the fears, and the years

That cripple me

And I'm reaching
I want to touch You
I'm running, please show me

What is real, what is real
I can feel, I can feel but reality is far from what I see
I can't see, I can't see
Please heal me, yeah I'm calling
Yeah, I'm calling

Please show me

And I'm crawling over myself
And I'm falling
Please show me

What is real, what is real
I can feel, I can feel but reality is far from what I see
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Please heal me, yeah I'm calling
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