

Jesse Sykes

"Hard Not to Believe"

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It's hard not to believe
The tender heart
Will fool you so
Overflowing matter
I am naked, out of reach
Silent and complete

But it hangs, constantly
This division, inside me
It's hard not to believe

Those floating clouds
Up on the ridge
Are hungry ghosts in waiting
The one that I'm beholden to's
Relentless glow has faded

Sit down for the feast
oh, the one's who need it least
It's hard not to believe

I was born to be loved in
The golden age of chatter
That endless rope, it pulls me where
The tender-hearted gather

Sit down for the feast
Oh, the one's who need it least
It's hard not to believe

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