

David Wilcox "Silent Prayer"

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From Turning Point
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I used to pray for rescue by burning up my pain.
That's the only kind of prayer I knew back then.
It was a fire of desperation for any wings in flight
Like a beacon from my lifeboat late at night.
As long as I was waiting
Under the empty sky out there,
I would feel that sorrow burning like a rescue flare.
I'd fear there's nothing to believe in, nothing that would
care.
And the fire of desperation,
That's my silent prayer.
That's my silent prayer.
That's my silent prayer.

I want to smash the windows. The congregation's
asleep.
I want to feel the wind blow and let the spirit free.
I can't, I can't stand to sit there where their God is
pocket-size.
I want to feel what's real and will not compromise.
This rage I blaze inside me
Into the empty sky out there,
When I feel that sorrow burning like a rescue flare,
I fear there's nothing to believe in. Nothing that would
care.
And the fire of desperation,
That's my silent prayer.
That's my silent prayer.
That's my silent prayer.

She cuts 'til she's bleeding to scream out from her skin.
And he tightens the tourniquet deep within.
Friends fall so fast.
We call it suicide.
You just scream in silence over time.
This pain you blaze inside you
Into the empty sky out there,
When you feel that sorrow burning like a rescue flare,
You fear there's nothing you believe in. Nothing that

would care.
And the fire of desperation,
That's your silent prayer.
That's your silent prayer.
That's your silent prayer.
That's your silent prayer.
That's your silent prayer.

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