

Hannah Cohen

"Void"

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Riding down the streets of envy,
Looking for some recognition.
That would make me really happy:
If they desired my position.

Prom-time princess, beauty queen;
See all the admiring faces.
Chasing after blind ambition,
They don't see the King of Heaven's graces.

'Cause what I want is you;
What I need is truth.
Will someone tell me that for a change?
Nothing ever holds in a world lukewarm,

So come and fill the empty space inside of me.

Wish upon a falling star
And dream of your perfection.
It fades away held up against your failures
And dying self-opinion.

Beauty's on the late night TV,
Showing off the next big thing.
Turn it off... I'm lost.
I forgot who I was.
Jesus, won't you tell me I'm worth something?

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