

Fusebox Poet

"The Explanatory Gap"

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Peering into purple skies watching the stars collide
They whisper softly in my ear as one by one they die

Uncertainty washes over me like a river and I find it
hard to believe
The truth is somewhere out there staring back at me

Looking up into the skies (looking up into the skies)
Asking will we ever meet our maker
A question no one can disguise (a question no one can
disguise)
Will we ever meet our maker?

You claim the truth will set you free, so don't you point
at me
The evidence is stacked so high, but you refuse to read

Uncertainty washes over me like a river and I find it
hard to believe
The truth is somewhere out there playing tricks on me

Looking up into the skies (looking up into the skies)
Asking will we ever meet our maker
A question no one can disguise (a question no one can
disguise)
Will we ever meet our maker?

Looking up into the skies (looking up into the skies)
Asking will we ever meet our maker
A question no one can disguise (a question no one can
disguise)
Will we ever meet our maker?

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