

Dre Feriante**"Searching"**

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You're searching and searching
You're trying so hard to find
A little bit of meaning
For your life
Well don't ask the world
If you're still searching
For that thing called meaning
'Cause here is what they'll say
You just happen to be
You're just here by chance
Yes you evolved
And that's that
You won't get me
To believe that nonsense
People let's get real
The truth is
You are loved
You are not by chance
You're perfectly created
And you were formed by
The potter's hand
By the dust of the ground

But I still see people searching
I still see lost faces
All around the world
I see people wondering
Why am I here
Why am I here
Am I supposed to be
Or am I just by chance
Do I have meaning
In this life I'm living
It's time to stop searching
Stop wasting your life
'Cause I got the answers
If you got the time
You see there is a God
Who lives up in heaven
He created the world
For us to live in

Yes all our days
Have been ordained
Even before our birth
He knew our names
He knows who we are
He knows who we will become
God's love for man
Cannot be undone
He created
Our very inmost being
He knit us together
In our mother's womb
And He breathed into us life
Can't you see that gravity
It's perfectly set just for us
And the air we breathe
It's not too much
It's just enough for us
The way that the sun
It sets the planets into motion
But the scientists say there was a bang
And bang bang
All of a sudden there was something
But then how do you explain the birth of a child
To the beautiful sunset
All of this is far too perfect
To be an accident

It's time to stop your searching
For this thing that we call meaning
For the fact remains
That we all got it
We're a miracle we're a masterpiece
We are supposed to be
We are not by chance
We all have meaning
In this
Life we're living

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