

The Explosion

"Closer To The Moon"

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Sydney says that nothing is "just" anything
She doesn't like to use the word when she prays
I guess trusting is the hardest part of having faith
It's dangerous to hope that things will be okay
Well maybe fog and fear keep our eyes from seeing
clear
I think Sydney could be right, she could be right
But if the stars that shine are in any way a sign
I think someone's out there putting up a fight
Someone's right here holding us tonight
Frederick rarely hears the voice of God
He says the silence is the answer most of all
When the world has explanations for every miracle
How else would we have ears to hear him call?
It's not a steady rain, it's more a longing or a pain
It's in the aching that he knows there's something more
Well I have never heard even a single spoken word
except the rhythm of a wave upon the shore
Like watching dancers through a crack in the door

Well my grandpa says commitment is the key to love
Fifty years of sometimes twilight, sometimes dawn
He says there were the years he wasn't sure about
But the love he chose was worth the pressing on
Well I'm a river's flow, some days I'm fast some days
I'm slow
I think Grandpa could be right, he could be right
Some days I fill the edges, then I'm shallow and
pretentious
It all depends upon the rain I got that night
I should never base my faith upon my sight
I must decide where I am flowing, decide where I am
going
So when I'm full of deep unknowing I'll still see
When the silence gets accusing, when I'm winning or
I'm losing
Does assurance come from choosing to believe?
If the stars that shine are in any way a sign
I think someone's out there putting up a fight
Someone's right here holding us tonight
Someone must be shining down that moonlight

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