

I talk to the empty air  
I guess it's some kind of empty prayer  
To no one who's never there

It doesn't matter if they exist  
I'm aesthetically atheist  
It only matters I pray for this

You took the prodigal from my heart  
And gave me a safe place to fall apart  
You know all about me now

I was a typical crash and burn  
Spent a life that I'd never earned  
It wasn't ever enough somehow

I'm rooted in this place  
I'm watching your silent face  
I'm sensing my saving grace  
Is rooted deep inside of you

Had so many trials of style  
Exponentially growing wilder  
Til I was right on the edge of it

And it was all down to me I guess  
I must be some kind of holy mess  
I only wanted you to exist

My conscience is still intact  
I just thought that I would mention that  
It doesn't matter it's just a fact

Aesthetically atheist  
Cos I'm not sure that I would pass the test  
I only wanna be sure of this

I'm rooted in this place  
I'm watching your silent face  
I'm sensing my saving grace  
Is rooted deep inside of you

The measure of consequence  
Is how far down you go before you have the sense  
To pray for deliverance

I prayed for it more or less  
A lot of empty words I guess  
I only wanted you to exist

I'm rooted in this place  
I'm watching your silent face  
I'm sensing my saving grace  
Is rooted deep inside of you