

Someday

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I believe in the rest of the story
I believe there's still ink in the pen
I have wasted my very last day
Trying to change what happened way back when

I believe it's the human condition
We all need to have answers to why
More than ever, I'm ready to say that I
Will still sleep peacefully
With answers out of reach from me until?

Someday all that's crazy
All that's unexplained
Will fall into place
And someday all that's hazy
Through a clouded glass
Will be clear at last
And sometimes we're just waiting
For someday

We are born with a lingering hunger
We are born to be unsatisfied
We are strangers who can't help but wander
And dream about the other side of?

Every puzzle's missing piece
Every unsolved mystery
More than half of every whole
Rests in the Hands that hold you for someday?.