Sarah Masen, Hope

We'Il be taking off our clothes to sing We'Il be wearing our own skin We'Il be taking off a whole lot more Just so we can sing Just so we can sing

Hope is coming out tonight Knocking at the door You've got to let that stranger in Looking at your soul Looking at your soul

A peeling and a shedding mind Changing what we are worth Blessed are the meek somehow Taking in the earth They are taking in the earth

And all this talk of love and peace And wanting something true Well peace can cut the rope sometimes That's holding on to me and you That's holding on to me and you

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No sentimental bags of gold To occupy the hurt It?s knowing what the demons sold When falling to the earth When falling to the earth

Now I am stretching out across the land Trying my best to understand While fear is barking like a dog But I am holding out my hand Still holding out my hand

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