**The Air**

Sometimes you can feel hopeless.   
  
Broken dreams and empty promises  
Crowd your mind  
  
  
Failing continually, you eventually give up  
  
What's the point in being good if it seems to get you no where  
  
What's the point in having ideals  
If you have to keep breaking them?   
  
Selfishness is not such a bad option  
  
Then at least you can stop feeling bad about your self  
  
  
Yes, there are still a million things to do to save the world  
  
Yes, the pain in the stomach is still there  
  
Yes, the brain still hurts from too much thinking.   
  
  
But at least you can forget your own worries for a while  
  
At least you can let the body, as broken as it may be, take control, just for a while   
  
At least you can surrender to the noisy confusion of everyday living.   
  
Perhaps God has no plan  
Perhaps life makes no sense  
Perhaps everything is just unfolding  
With no sense of right and wrong.   
  
Yes, the pain remains  
Yes, the dreams fall apart  
Yes, the people forget  
  
But nothing matters too much does it?   
Nothing can really shake the unshakable  
Nothing clouds the joy that has always been there, as invisible as the air, and just as vital.