

The Grey of Truth

You trap me with your black and white
There's no way through a maze with just one door
The straight as narrow as a razor's edge
My mind can wear your mask of truth no more
My messy faith in contradiction
Clashes with your simple absolutes
Yet whitewash hides but never cleans
And hearts still ask what pretence only mutes

*So I'll swim in the silver grey of truth
I'll let my love be bound by freedom
I'll swim in the silver grey of truth
And let the love of loves now set me free!*

I hold within my fragile grasp
The question marks which nag and bother me
But when I try to clutch the how and why
Like sand, the answers fall into the sea
To trust a word of peace
Before it's silenced by the claims of noisy proof
Is far more hard to do and yet
The only way to know the grey of truth

So I'll swim...

Faith is a mystery to me, yet I still believe

*Will you swim with me in the grey of truth?
Will you let your love be bound by freedom?
Come, swim in the silver grey of truth
And let the love of loves now set you free!*

Words and Music by Monique Lisbon
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