

(Banton - Hammill)

I will arise:  
in the depths, I will open my eyes;  
as my breath almost fails me, survive.

Wait - there's something unclear,  
there's something I fear now drawing close.  
Could it be you? Whose is that voice?  
Is it now time to make a choice?  
Ah - that irrational pain!  
This ridiculous brain now bursts with joy.  
Could it be me? Could it be now?  
Should I begin to take my vows?

I will return:  
as I live, as I breathe, as I burn  
I swear I will come through,  
with my hands stretching out in the dark,  
with my eye pressed up tight to the glass,  
wondering if it's all been true.

Wondering, wondering, wondering...

Wondering if it's all ... wondering if it's all been true...