

THE WORLD

**I'll travel the world,
For you.
Chains don't hold me down,
With you.**

I've dreams, coming out my ears,
adventures, expeditions, words that appear.
And the world, feels like my oyster,
a sea of possibilities, as I ride on your shoulders.

But I hate shellfish, so I'll call it my omelette,
And pray I'm not selfish as I pick up this gauntlet.
It's a responsibility, to carry your message,
And from my mess, you make it, give it the name *blesséd*.

(Chorus)

'Cause the soil that I'm on, is moving beneath me,
For I'm on the run, in this life that's temporary.
Backpack strapped on, guitar in my hand,
and a smile on my face, that says I'm in with your plan.

For the rhythm of my heart, is locked onto yours,
wisdom's melody is in me, please take the applause.
For I stand, knowing your power,
your strength when I'm weak, I'm the bud, you're the flower.

(Chorus)

So despite the idols that this planet conveys,
the stigmas, the trends, the accepted ways.
May I cling to you, my firm foundation,
let's change the world, with this generation.

I lean not on my own, but on your understanding,
'cause as certain as the sun rises, my home's where I'm landing.
And while butterflies flutter by, and wood turns to ash,
You're eternal in your promise, even when I fall back.

(Chorus)

