

# Gary Numan, A Prayer For The Unborn

So, I prayed  
But you weren't listening.  
Making miracles?

So, I begged  
But you were far away.  
Saving souls perhaps?

So, I screamed  
But she was very small  
And you have worlds to mend

So, she died  
And you were glorious  
But you were somewhere else

If you are my shepherd  
Then I'm lost and no-one can find me  
If you are my saviour  
Then I'm dead and no-one can help me  
If you are my glory  
Then I'm sick and no-one can cure me  
If you light my darkness  
Then I'm blind and no-one can see me

If you are my father  
Then love lies abandoned and bleeding  
If you are my comfort  
Then nightmares are real and deceiving  
If you are my answer  
Then I must have asked the wrong question  
I'd spit on your heaven  
If I could find one to believe in