

## Hypothesis

There can be oaths in the shadows  
There can be no bows or arrows  
To 'fend yourself from yourself  
There can be demons on your shelf

## Butterflies

For there's a spark in the lighthouse  
That guides the steps to every dream  
For there's a chance that any mouse  
Feels how you feel knows what you know  
Then you aren't alone as you seem.

There can be cold passions on earth  
There can be death within a birth

Papers can bear both ink and blood  
An axe can cut both wood and bone  
There can be rage that comes in flood  
There can be pain on the same tone.

## But

For there are lines in the desert  
For there's a star beyond our sky  
For there's gold beneath the dirt  
For there's a song devoid of lie  
There can be hope, for you and I  
There can be hope, for you and I