

Beanbag, Face I Paint

My life has always been damaged by the holes in me.
It's what I call humanity.
My thoughts have always been the windows for my pleased eyes.
I kept chasing vanity.
My mind has got a physical attraction to yearn for satisfaction.
It chokes my heart so I can't see us, my mind starts to rust.
It started out malignant and underneath the face I paint.
When I was on my own, I began to focus in on anything but God.
Although I lie
Although I cheat
Although I am still incomplete
Although I am just what I am
And all my goodness counts for nothing, You give me life.
And You take my heart.
Even though my mind has got a physical attraction
to yearn for satisfaction
You take my heart so I see Jesus.
My heart's with you at last