

# Bride, Day By Day

I'm sick; I've tried not to show it  
I pray to God that no one has noticed

But I grow weaker day by day  
My face is pale my hair turns gray  
It's hard to find the joy I once knew  
What has crawled into my bones?  
Made me brittle, made me old

All of my dreams are about God  
When I dream about God  
When I dream its about God

Confusion is my enemy  
Restore my soul of faith from reasoning

Jesus save me from obscurity  
From the hour, the moment of grief

But I grow weaker day by day  
My face is pale my hair turns gray  
Hard to imagine the boy I once knew