

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