

# Downhere, Making Me

Well the poet is stuck in the mud  
And the dreamer is finding his way home from the stars  
And the visionary's watching his feet  
'Cause the sentimental fool is numb again

Simple hand, simple eye, nothing to write home about  
Yet the artist chisels at the stone  
Curious, the child tugs the fingers of the bigger  
He wants to see the face that is his own  
He's not alone

Lord Help me be the one You're making me, yeah  
Lord help me see the one You're making me  
The one You're making me, the one You're making me

Well we push it off and pull Him in  
We fist His lips and we kick His shin  
We post a sign, turn and throttle away  
And barely listen to a single word He has to say.  
By his eye a tendril fell  
He cast a word, but not a spell  
It's all tied up? it's all done  
I was a cancer, but you have made me a son

Lord Help me be the one You're making me, yeah  
Lord help me see the one You're making me  
The one You're making me, the one You're making me

I feel the wild whims of the wicked as I wonder whether  
Ashes burn twice or these thoughts be put under a fire  
To be burned as I have tried to learn from the whisper of His will  
While I am standing still  
And the night fell fast, I crashed and blast my prayers like through a megaphone  
Aimed all of my feelings at the ceiling  
Cuz I want to know who I am  
And if I really have a Home

Lord Help me be the one You're making me, yeah  
Lord help me see the one You're making me  
The one You're making me, the one You're making me