

Downhere, So Blue

Shallow capacity is bearing all I see, and I know
It's disease, it's loss, it's death knocking at my door
I click these thoughts to something else, something more.

I'm so blue, you're so blue.

Detached harmonies, all the airways scream dissonance
And we know of broken life, broken homes,
Broken hearts and broken bones,
Recycling the paper of a crying world's suicide note and
We're so blue, so blue.

See the world spinning round
A sucking hole that souls go down
Embrace the sorrow of today because repentance finds a way
Only His blood can heal our wounds
Only His blood can heal our wounds
And if repentance finds a way, what's left today to be... blue?

A final symphony,
The precipice too close, you're scaring me -- back away
Sin is real, it doesn't feel, It always, only always, steals.
Run to the cross the only joy that's real.