Hangnail, Survey Of Self

My eyes are open wide and I can't stand the view of what's been held inside It runs much deeper than skin, it's more than casual, and I'm defecting again My senses are getting slow

When I fall flat on my face I know for sure, I feel secure that you won't give up on me I've been there countless times before You've never failed, you never walked out on me

I'll never comprehend the grace you've shown to me Your patience has no end I want to give you a return on your investment in me Something I've never earned Something that I can show

I'm aware you're looking over me constantly A prodigal is coming home I'm aware you're waiting there for me constantly A prodigal is cominng home today, he's on his way