

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 coming home today, he's on his way