

# Officer Negative, The Pile If Broken Tools

Drawing back, now I see  
The pile of, broken tools  
Beneath the dust, in the darkness  
Some were useful once, but like me some never been  
We all lie stagnant, with our hands around our necks  
Rusted with, discussions from the past  
First shaft of light, sting my eyes  
But I welcome the warmth, to burn the scars

But I hold so closely, the things that I despise  
Someone make me useful, something give me life  
I had a taste of something real, but I quickly shut the door  
Just want to leave it all, on the pile on the floor  
I've opened up before, that's how I've been destroyed  
Shattered by those I love, my hinges are rusted shut

I know what I must do  
Pry open my heart again  
In faith that you oh God  
Will never do the same

Drop all that I've become, it's so hard to let my whole life go  
Like a soft breeze, you blow it all away  
Scales have finally been removed, the scars start to fade  
Is this it? The truth I've been looking for  
It is! Jesus I give it all  
Come, make me new again