

Skillet, I Can

Looking on the sad times, the guilt and all the shame
I have learned to submit my existing hurts and pains
All the grief I've learned to set aside

'Cause I am, I am, I am
Feeling underrooted feeling undermined
Can this grace of God cover me this time?

When I feel the pain I know why I feel strange
When I hear the rooster crow I am ashamed
Jesus on the cross and this cross upon my back
I have learned to submit then I whine about my lack

Sometimes I drop my cross, deserve a little rest
That's when I run to you and I nail your feet and your wrist

I'm feeling underrooted feeling undermined
Can this grace of God cover me this time?

Do you really love my soul, even after I hated you?
Do you really know my name, can I really come to you?
Are you really more faithful than the changing of the seasons and the morning sun?
Do you really know my name, can I really come to you?
I can, I don't care if the rooster crows
I can