

The Waiting, I Need You

Some time since we've spoken I admit that I do not see
Your signs and wonders anymore
Look now, I am broken
Ran around enough to find me
Crawling again across Your floor because I need You
Each and every day Yeah, I need You
In each and every way It's me short of breath
My last one I'd gladly give
You If You will search until I'm found
The angels and nature will Cry in disbelief to see that

The King is crawling on the ground because
There's nothing like need to make me want You
There's nothing like need to bring me near
There's nothing like need to make me love You
My desperate need My desperate need You hear
Face down, facing You It's a bitter sweet position
Craving mercy from Your hand
Stand up and walk again
Richer from Your wealth of kindness
And all the more I understand that.