

Adam Watts, Meaningless Things

It is a lie if it freezes your soul
You can chase an attractive wind
When it blows

But if you can stay in the light
And let flesh be lonely
Cries become praise for the lord

We can be kings of meaningless things
Or we can be slaves of love
We can be kings of fallen things
Or we can be slaves of love

Our eyes are wide
And our ears hear it all
Can we filter the whole wide world
Through a small string of thoughts

We're living today on the heels of the failing theory
That we all die, so we should live it up

A cry of love, a cry of pain's enough
To leave us trying to find something our hands can touch
To numb the day
A thousand things will not cure weakness
Only a fall to grace a turn to the face of the lord