

Anah Aevia, Mexico City

What a perfect web you weave.

Placed to cloud my eyes.

I wipe away awkward silences with longing words.

In the end there will be words crashing and knees bowing.

Now numb the consequences and repent.

Scream with the sound of a thousand nails being driven through your palms.

Oh Lord, behold my imperfections.

I long to see the day when I kneel before you with a servant's heart.

Humility receives what truth proclaims.

In the end there will be words crashing and knees bowing.

In the end there will be words crashing and knees bowing.

Oh Lord, behold my imperfections.

Sustain my heart.

Grant me the heart of a servant.

Sustain my heart.