

Barlow Girl, Song For The Broken

I am the comfortable secure
The definition of this western world
And I have perfected deceit
Even I believe I'm above saving
I'll never let You see
I am the broken
I am the bruised
I am the poor ones
I have been used.
It takes me falling to the ground
To admit to fully needing You
Then when I am breathing my last breath
"Come and save me" I will cry to You
'Cause pride has not let me say
I am the broken
I am the bruised
I am the poor ones
I have been used.
Bring me to my knees,
Why does it take so much pain for me to see?
If strength is only found when I am on my knees,
Why is it so hard to show that I am weak?
I am the broken
I am the bruised
I am the poor ones
I have been used.