

Brave Saint Saturn, These Frail Hands

In this broken place where I was born,
it seems there is no peace,
and the very soil we walk upon,
is filled with tears that never cease.
And you can trace the scars of hopelessness,
like sweat upon the backs,
of all the outcast and downtrodden,
water slips through cracks.
Hold on, hold tight.
And I am overwhelmed with grief,
to see such suffering,
for those who lack the voice to speak,
all those of us left stuttering.
May this not prevail,
dear Lord, Your love will never fail.

chorus

And these frail hands,
they tremble as they pen perhaps their last.
And these weak words,
can never say what cannot be surpassed.
I need Your love,
and most of all I want to feel Your peace.
I need Your love
Let everything that You are not decrease.

When the concrete of the world,
becomes too cumbersome to lift,
and the cataracts of fear and doubt,
cloak truth beyond what we can sift:
and darkness, darkness bleeds its way,
when crippling anguish clouds our sight,
the ghosts of dusk have bared their teeth,
set their claws to bring the night.
Hold on, hold tight.
Darkness can't perceive the light,
though lightlessness has chilled us numb,
and though its wings may cloud the skies,
the dark shall never overcome.
Light of the World,
Your love, has never failed.

Your love,
Your mercy,
Your light unending.
Your hope,
Your peace,
Your strength my heart is mending.
Daylight.
Save Me.