

Caedmon's Call, Not Enough

I mount up with waxen wings
High to reach the sun
And I am no further than
Than when I first begun

So I build a mount to Athos
To shape Your form against the sky
With my home in Your hands
Show all the people why
Show all the people why

Everything I do
It's not enough for You
Everything I do
It's not enough
It's not enough for You

In the garden of my pride
The lamented lime tree
Too stupid to cry for rain
Fruitless and choked out by weeds

So I write a book of life
Using the best words I can find
For some struggler to snuggle up
When the world becomes unkind
And when the world becomes unkind

Everything I do
It's not enough for You
Everything I do
It's not enough
It's not enough for You

I find direction in eastbound clouds
And long for what they might have
But when I step into its midst
Its substance I cannot grasp

So I paint a portrait of You
As if You had human disguise
With oil and canvas to be clay
To open up their eyes
Like You opened up my eyes

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