

Close Your Eyes, Erie

I am weary and useless
My body has been beaten and broken by the storm
I need Your hands to carry me.
Because I don't know if I can make it home.
And my heart starts to wonder
Will I feel the warmth of Your fire again?
Or am I lost forever?
Will I suffer until the end?

I can see my breath
I feel the chills up and down my spine
I'm trying to fan the flames
This fire has already died.
My hands can't stop shaking
I'm so ashamed of what I've done
I'm begging you to guide my way
And bring me in out of the cold

The isolation kills me.
I can feel these walls closing in.
the embers in my heart are dying
I can't keep them lit.
I felt so empty
I couldn't help but run
What good could I do
With all the damage I have done?

Can this fire be saved? or is it too late?