

# 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?