

Confide, Millstone

Honestly, were you sleeping? Reach out, touch me now.

Where can I take my dirt filled head?

Where can I leave my past where no one can see?

I'm at the foot of your cross but I'm a wreck.

I'm stumbling, I can't see straight.

Oh will you still love me when I am selfish and I never seem to show you my face?

I need to ask, what is the name of God on my lips?

Is there something I missed? I'm holding on by my finger tips.

I should know where to draw the line but sometimes I get dragged in and I can't face the consequence.

I want to see the world through your eyes, I want to see how hurt you are.

I want to take out my insides and bury the bad in the earth. I'm thinking...

Is there a stone around my neck? Am I somewhere else instead?

Oh will you still love me when I am selfish and I never seem to show you my face?

I need to ask, what is the name of God on my lips?

Is there something I missed? I'm holding on by my finger tips.

I'll sit for hours until I can't think anymore about the world we live in without love, but you're still here.

Is there a stone around my neck? Am I somewhere else instead?