

Considering Lily, The Pieces Fit

I was like a jigsaw with pieces missing, square peg and round hole
I'd try to climb a ladder but always slipping, high jump short pole
I was stained till he came and cleansed me,
I was torn till he came to mend me
It was a match made in heaven from the moment we connected

His grace for my shame
His death for my blame
His stripes for my pain,
And the pieces fit
His joy for my grief
His hurt my relief
My doubt his belief
And the pieces fit
And the pieces fit

I was like a story without an ending, a mystery with no clue
A maze where each direction is deceiving, with no one to lead you
I was confused till his answers reached me
Unaware till he came to teach me
It was a match made in heaven from the moment we connected

His grace for my shame
His death for my blame
His stripes for my pain
And the pieces fit
His joy for my grief
His hurt my relief
My doubt his belief
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Its no wonder I've been made whole
since I surrendered my heart and my soul

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