

Jars Of Clay, Truce

Faultless in the eyes that I could never open wide enough to see me through
Much to my surprise it never orbits around the things you should hold me to

I stand here...wondering
And I'm waiting

Chorus:

My ear is twisted in all the thoughts
A glimpse of truce just because
It's always almost never close
I close my eyes, hide the distance

Enchanted by the face of peace and when it turns to sunken eyes and waterfalls
Unsatisfied with simple things entangled in the chords, I can't take any calls

I stand here...wondering
And I'm waiting

[Chorus]

Waiting around for some kind of peace
Hoping you find me in my need

My ear is twisted
A glimpse of truce just because

[Chorus]