

Plankeye, Who Loves You More?

I stir my cup and think of you; It's just the little things that break me
But it's not right to hold you so tight; I end up wrestling with God over you...
Whose hands are safer? Who could steal you from His grip?
It separates the ocean, with a brush so effortless...

There is nothing to worry about, because who loves you more than Jesus?
So here again I find myself and everything I've ever loved,
at the foot of the cross with three nails

There is nothing to worry about, because who loves you more than Jesus?
If I hold onto you, will I let go of Christ? Will I end up denying Him in abundance of thrice?
Will I end up in the end with less than I started with? When I surrender...