

Schaeffer, Make Us See

He sits in a hospital bed, metal in his legs.
But he will not give up the fight, even if it means more surgery.
Oh the tragedy is that you and me cannot see the beauty till we feel the pain.
Then it transforms everything
Well hold on to the memories of the wounds that bleed to make us strong.
And well hold on to the scars received from the pain and grief to make us see.
He looks at the ceiling all day in constant pain.
Yet he will not lose hope, even if it means breathing through machines.
Well hold on